Gc
942.7201
C42r
v.77
1784664

REYNOLDS HISTORICAL
GENEALOGY COLLECTION

ALLEN COUNTY PUBLIC LIBRARY
3 1833 00728 9264

189
Chetham Society. Publications
Old Series
Vol. 77

COLLECTANEA ANGLO-POETICA:

pt. 4

OR,

A BIBLIOGRAPHICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE

CATALOGUE

OF A PORTION OF A COLLECTION OF

EARLY ENGLISH POETRY,

WITH OCCASIONAL EXTRACTS AND REMARKS

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL.

BY THE

REV. THOMAS CORSER, M.A., F.S.A.,

RECTOR OF STAND, LANCASHIRE; AND VICAR OF NORTON, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

4

PART IV.

PRINTED FOR THE CHETHAM SOCIETY.

M.DCCC.LXIX.

189

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

1784664

REMAINS

HISTORICAL & LITERARY

CONNECTED WITH THE PALATINE COUNTIES OF

LANCASTER AND CHESTER.

PUBLISHED BY

THE CHETHAM SOCIETY.

VOL. LXXVII.

PRINTED FOR THE CHETHAM SOCIETY.

M.DCCC.LXIX.

THE NEWBERRY LIBRARY

17866

COUNCIL FOR 1868–9.

JAMES CROSSLEY, ESQ., F.S.A., PRESIDENT.

REV. F. R. RAINES, M.A., F.S.A., HON. CANON OF MANCHESTER, VICE-PRESIDENT.

WILLIAM BEAMONT, ESQ.

THE VERY REV. GEORGE HULL BOWERS, D.D., DEAN OF MANCHESTER.

R. C. CHRISTIE, ESQ., M.A.

REV. THOMAS CORSER, M.A., F.S.A.

JOHN HARLAND, ESQ., F.S.A.

W. A. HULTON, ESQ.

WILLIAM LANGTON, ESQ.

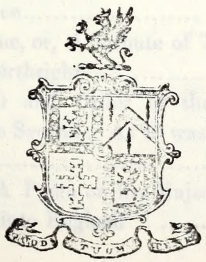
MAJOR EGERTON LEIGH.

REV. JOHN HOWARD MARSDEN, B.D., F.R.G.S., CANON OF MANCHESTER.

REV. JAMES RAINE, M.A., PREBENDARY OF YORK.

ARTHUR H. HEYWOOD, ESQ., TREASURER.

R. HENRY WOOD, ESQ., F.S.A., HON. SECRETARY.



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2014

https://archive.org/details/chethammiscellan77chet

CONTENTS.

		A.D.	page
CHAPMAN (George).	*Σκια νυκτος.* The Shadow of Night	4to 1594	283
——	Ouids Banquet of Sence	4to 1595	285
——	Ouids Banquet of Sence	sm. 8vo 1639	289
——	Euthymiæ Raptus: or The Teares of Peace	4to 1609	290
——	An Epicede or Funerall Song: On the Most disastrous Death of the High-borne Prince of Men, Henry, Prince of Wales, &c.	4to 1612	293
——	Andromeda Liberata	4to 1614	296
——	The Georgicks of Hesiod	4to 1618	298
——	Pro Vere Autumni Lachrymæ	4to 1622	301
——	A Iustification of a Strange Action of Nero	4to 1629	303
——	The Whole Works of Homer Prince of Poetts in his Iliads and Odysses. Translated according to the Greeke	folio n. d. [1616]	304
——	The Crowne of all Homers Workes, Batrachomyomachia, or the Battaile of Frogs and Mise. His Hymnes and Epigrams. Translated according to the originall	folio n. d. [1624]	307
CHARLES I.	Monumentum Regale	8vo 1649	309
——	A Faithfull Subjects Sigh on the universally-lamented Death and Tragicall End, of that Vertuous and Pious Prince	4to 1649	311
——	Stipendariæ Lacrymæ, or, A Tribute of Teares	4to 1654	313
——.	King Charles his Birthright	4to 1633	317
CHARLES II.	The Form and Order of the Coronation of Charles the Second: As it was acted and done at Scoone	4to 1651	319
——.	Anglia Rediviva: A Poem on his Majesties most joyfull Reception into England	4to 1660	321

	A.D.	page
CHAUCER (Geoffrey). The woorkes of Geffrey Chaucer, newly printed, with diuers addicions, whiche were neuer in printe before .....folio b.l.	1561	322
—— The Workes of our Ancient and lerned English Poet, Geffrey Chaucer, newly printed.....folio b.l.	1602	325
—— The Works of our Ancient, Learned, and Excellent English Poet Jeffrey Chaucer: as they have lately been compar'd with the best Manuscripts. folio b.l.	1687	327
—— The Works of Geoffrey Chaucer, Compared with the former Editions, and many valuable M.S.S. By John Urry ..... folio	1721	328
—— The Ploughman's Tale. Shewing by the doctrine and liues of the Romish Clergie, that the Pope is Antichrist .....4to b.l.	1606	330
—— Amorum Troili et Creseidæ Libri duo priores Anglico-Latini.....4to b.l.	1635	334
CHESTER (Robert). The Anuals of great Brittaine 4to	1611	339
CHETTLE (Henry). Englandes Mourning Garment 4to	n. d.	350
CHURCHYARD (Thomas). The Firste parte of Churchyardes Chippes.....4to b.l.	1575	354
—— The Firste part of Churchyardes Chippes .....4to b.l.	1578	364
—— A Lamentable, and pitifull Description, of the wofull warres in Flaunders .....4to b.l.	1578	364
—— A generall rehearsall of warres .....4to b.l.	n. d.	366
—— A light Bondell of liuely discourses called Churchyardes Charge .....4to b.l.	1580	368
—— The Worthines of Wales.....4to b.l.	1587	371
—— Churchyards Challenge.....4to b.l.	1593	377
—— A Musicall Consort of Heauenly harmonie called Chvrch-yards Charitie 4to	1595	382
—— A Trve Discourse Historicall .....4to b.l.	1602	385
CHEWT *or* CHUTE (Anthony). Beawtie dishonoured written vnder the title of Shores wife 4to	1593	390
CLAPHAM (Henoch). A Briefe of the Bible 12mo	1596	396
—— אלהים or Ælohim-triune.....4to	1601	398

	A.D.	page
CLEVELAND (John). The Character of a London Diurnall...4to	1647	400
—— J. Cleaveland Revived: Poems, Orations, Epistles, and other of his Genuine Incomparable Pieces, never before publisht .....sm. 8vo	1659	403
—— The Works of Mr. John Cleveland, containing his Poems, Orations, Epistles, collected into one Volume. sm. 8vo	1687	405
CLYOMON. The Historie of the two valiant Knights Syr Clyomon Knight of the Golden Sheeld, sonne to the King of Denmarke: And Clamydes the white Knight, sonne to the King of Suavia...4to	1599	407
COLLINS (Thomas). The Penitent Publican 4to	1610	410
COLMAN (W.). La Dance Machabre or Death's Duell.....8vo	n. d.	414
COLSE (Peter). Penelopes Complaint: Or, A Mirrour for wanton Minions 4to	1596	421
COLVIL (Samuel). The Whiggs Supplication. .....sm. 8vo	1695	424
—— The Whiggs Supplication 12mo	1710	427
CONINGESBYE (Harry). The Consolation of Philosophy.... . sm. 8vo	1664	427
CONSCIENCE. Robin Conscience, or Conscionable Robin .. ... sm. 8vo b.l. [*circa* 1635]		431
—— Robin Conscience: or, Conscionable Robin...sm. 8vo b.l.	1662	434
CONSTABLE (Henry). Diana. Or, The excellent conceitful Sonnets of H. C. 12mo	1594	435
Conusaunce Damours. Here begynneth a lytell treatyse cleped La Conusaunce Damours .....4to b.l.	n. d.	438
COOPER (An.). ΣΤΡΑΤΟΛΟΓΙΑ or the History of the English Civil Warrs, in English Verse. .sm. 8vo	1662	441
COPLAND (Robert). The Hye way to the Spyttel Hous.. ... 4to b.l.	n. d.	445
COPLEY(Anthony). A Fig for Fortune 4to	1596	455
—— Wits, Fits, and Fancies .....4to b.l.	1614	461
CORBET (Richard). Certain Elegant Poems .....sm. 8vo	1647	463
—— Poëtica Stromata or a Collection of Sundry Peices in Poetry .....sm. 8vo	1648	469
CORBET (Richard). Poems. The Third Edition 12mo	1672	470

		A.D.	page
Corbet (Richard).	Poems. The Third Edition 12mo	1672	472
Coryat (Thomas).	Coryats Crudities 4to	1611	472
——	Coryat's Crudities; Reprinted from the Edition of 1611. 8vo	1776	477
——	The Odcombian Banqvet 4to	1611	479
——	Coryat's Crambe..... .....4to	1611	480
Cotton (Roger).	A Direction to the waters of lyfe ...4to b.l.	1590	484
——	An Armor of Proofe, brought from the Tower of Dauid. 4to	1596	486
——	A Spirituall Song: conteining an Historicall Discourse from the infancie of the world.....4to	1596	494
Cowley (Abraham).	Poetical Blossomes 4to	1633	497
——	Poeticall Blossomes. The second Edition enlarged.. sm. 8vo	1636	499
——	Poetical Blossomes. The third edition ....sm. 8vo	1637	501
Crane (Raph).	The Pilgrimes New-yeares-Gift .....sm. 8vo	n. d.	502
Cranley (Thomas).	The Converted Courtezan 4to	1639	505
Crashaw (Richard).	Steps to the Temple, Sacred Poems. With the Delights of the Muses 12mo	1648	508
——	Carmen Deo Nostro, Te decet Hymnvs..... ..... 8vo	1652	516
——	Steps to the Temple, The Delights of the Muses, and Carmen Deo Nostro 8vo	1670	517
——	Richardi Crashawi Poemata et Epigrammata. Editio Secunda 8vo	1670	518
——	Poetry, by Richard Crashaw .....sm. 8vo	1785	519
Crompton (Hugh).	Poems by Hugh Crompton . ....sm. 8vo	1657	521
——	Pierides, or the Muses Mount .....sm. 8vo	n. d.	523
Crompton (Richard).	The Mansion of Magnanimitie. 4to b.l.	1599	526
Crosse (William).	Belgiaes Trovbles and Trivmphs 4to	1625	533
Crowley (Robert).	The voyce of the laste trumpet..... sm. 8vo b.l.	1550	539

COLLECTANEA ANGLO-POETICA.

VOL. II. PART II.

HAPMAN, (GEORGE.) — *Σκὶα νυκτὸς*. The Shadow of Night: Containing Two Poeticall Hymnes. Deuised by G. C. Gent.

Versus mei habebunt aliquantum Noctis.
Antilo.

At London, Printed by R. F. for William Ponsonby. 1594. 4to, pp. 40.

This is one of the earliest known of the original works of George Chapman, who appears to have settled in London soon after he left the University of Oxford in 1575, and to have commenced as a writer no long time after, — nothing being known of his way of life or profession, — but he probably had been engaged for some time upon his *Homer*, as his translation of seven books of the *Iliad* appeared in 1596, only two years later. It is dedicated, in prose, "To his deare and most worthy Friend, Master Mathew Roydon." In this Epistle Dedicatory he thus introduces some celebrated men of that period: "But I stay this spleene when I remember, my good *Mat.* how ioyfully oftentimes you reported vnto me that most ingenious *Darbie*, deepe searching *Northumberland*, and skill-imbracing *heire of Hunsdon* had most profitably entertained learning in thēselues, to the vitall warmth of freezing science, and to the admirable luster of their true Nobilitie, whose high deseruing vertues may cause me hereafter strike that fire out of darknesse, which the brightest Day shall enuie for beautie." It is not only one of the rarest, but one of the ablest and best written of

Chapman's productions. The following short passage, taken from the first hymn, may be quoted as a sample of the general style of the poem:

And as when hosts of starres attend thy flight
(Day of deepe students, most contentfull night)
The morning (mounted on the Muses stead)
Vshers the sonne from Vulcans golden bed,
And then, from forth their sundrie roofes of rest,
All sorts of men, to sorted taskes addrest,
Spreade this inferiour element: and yeald
Labour his due: — the souldier to the field,
States-men to counsell, Iudges to their pleas,
Merchants to commerce, mariners to seas:
All beasts, and birds, the groues and forests range
To fill all corners of this round Exchange,
Till thou (deare Night, ô goddesse of most worth)
Let'st thy sweet seas of golden humor forth
And Eagle-like dost with thy starrie wings
Beate in the foules, and beasts to Somnus lodgings,
And haughtie Day to the infernall deepe,
Proclaiming silence, studie, ease, and sleepe.
All things before thy forces put in rout,
Retiring where the morning fir'd them out.

The opening of the second hymn to Cynthia is written in Chapman's best style, and deservedly merits a quotation:

Nature's bright eye-sight, and the Nights faire soule,
That with thy triple forehead dost controule
Earth, seas, and hell: and art in dignitie
The greatest, and swiftest Planet in the skie:
Peacefull, and warlike, and the powre of fate,
In perfect circle of whose sacred state
The circles of our hopes are compassed:
All wisedome, beautie, maiestie and dread
Wrought in the speaking pourtrait of thy face.
Great Cynthia, rise out of thy Latmian pallace,
Wash thy bright bodie, in th' Atlanticke streames,
Put on those robes that are most rich in beames:
And in thy all-ill-purging puritie,
(As if the shadie Cytheron did frie
In sightfull furie of a solemne fire)
Ascend thy chariot, and make earth admire
Thy old swift changes, made a yong fixt prime,

O let thy beautie scorch the wings of time,
That fluttering he may fall before thine eyes,
And beate him selfe to death before he rise:
And as heauens Geniall parts were cut away
By Saturnes hands, with adamantine Harpey,
Onely to shew, that since it was compos'd
Of vniuersall matter: — it enclos'd
No powre to procreate another heauen.
So since that adamantine powre is giuen
To thy chast hands, to cut of all desire
Of fleshly sports, and quench to Cupids fire:
Let it approue: — no change shall take thee hence,
Nor thy throne beare another inference:
For if the enuious forehead of the earth
Lowre on thy age, and claime thee as her birth,
Tapers, nor torches, nor the forrests burning,
Soule-winging musicke, nor teare-stilling mourning,
(Vsd of old Romanes and rude Macedons
In thy most sad, and blacke discessions)
We know can nothing further thy recall,
When Night's darke robes (whose obiects blind vs all)
Shall celebrate thy changes funerall.

At the end of each hymn is a short glossary or explanation of some of the passages in the poems, in one of which, referring to the defence of Nimigen under Sir Horace Vere, Chapman observes: "And these like *Similes*, in my opinion drawne from the honorable deeds of our noble countrimen, clad in comely habit of Poesie, would become a Poeme as well as further-fetcht grounds, if such as be Poets now a dayes would vse them."

There is a copy of this work in the Malone collection in the Bodleian Library, and another in the British Museum. Sir Mark M. Sykes's sale, pt. i. No. 701, 3*l.* 3*s.*; Heber's ditto, pt. iv. No. 332, 4*l.* 16*s.*; Bright's ditto, No. 1155, 6*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*; *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 97, 25*l.*

Collation: Sig. A to E 4, inclusive, in fours.

Beautiful copy. Bound by Charles Lewis, in Venetian Morocco, gilt leaves.

CHAPMAN, (GEORGE.) — Ouids Banquet of Sence. A Coronet for his Mistresse Philosophie, and his Amorous Zodiacke. With

a Translation of a Latine coppie written by a Fryer. Anno Dom. 1400.

Quis leget hoc! Nemo Hercule nemo
Vel duo vel nemo. Persius.

[A Woodcut representing a gnomon casting a shadow, with motto on a scroll above, *Sibi conscia recti.*]

At London printed by I. R. for Richard Smith. Anno Dom. 1595. 4to, pp. 70.

This is the first and extremely rare edition of Chapman's poetical works, which differs very materially from the reprint noticed in the next article, in having, like the *Shadow of Night*, a dedication by Chapman to his friend Matthew Roydon, which is given at length in the *Restituta*, vol. ii. p. 53, and commendatory verses by Richard Stapleton, Thomas Williams of the Inner Temple (2 sets), and J. D. (John Davis) of the Middle Temple (2 sets), all of which are omitted in the second impression. We quote the second set by Davis:

Another.

Since *Ovid* (loues first gentle Maister) dyed
he hath a most notorious truecant beene,
And hath not once in thrice fiue ages seene
That same sweete muse that was his first sweet guide;
But since *Apollo* who was gratified
Once with a kisse, hunting on *Cynthus* greene,
By loues fayre Mother tender Beauties Queene,
This fauor vnto her hath not enuied,
That into whome she will, she may infuse
For the instruction of her tender sonne,
The gentle *Ouids* easie supple Muse,
Which vnto thee (sweet *Chapman*) She hath doone;
Shee makes, (in thee) the spirit of *Ouid* moue,
And calles thee second Maister of her loue.

Futurum inuisibile.

Mr. Collier in his *Poet Decam.*, vol. i. p. 9, has stated Chapman's objection to these "Scraps of preliminary praise," and says that he does not "recollect any poem or play by Chapman which has verses prefixed by friends." If he, in this remark, excluded translations, he may probably be right, but if these were intended to be included, several of them have com-

mendatory verses by his friends prefixed to them. "Ovid's Banquet of Sence" commences at once with a short Argument, giving the plot of the poem, from which we learn that Ovid being enamoured of Julia, daughter to Octavius Augustus Cæsar, called also Corinna, seeing her bathing, and playing upon her lute and singing, enjoys the sense of Hearing *(auditus)*, and from the odours used in her bath of Smelling *(olfactus)*, and of Seeing the glory of her beauty *(visus)*, and obtaining a kiss from her for the satisfaction of his Taste *(gustus)*, proceeds to an entreaty for the fifth sense *(tactus)*, in which he is interrupted. It is written in stanzas of nine lines each, extending to thirty-one pages, and while intended to be pure in sentiment and free from licentiousness, it is penned in a luscious and harmonious style, with bold and vigorous conceptions. The following passages may be cited as exhibiting proofs of the high character and poetical acquirements of Chapman. The first contains a curious list of our English flowers:

A soft enflowred banck embrac'd the founte,
Of *Chloris* ensignes, an abstracted field;
Where grew Melanthy, great in Bees account,
Amareus, that precious Balme dooth yeeld,
Enamel'd Pansies, vs'd at Nuptials still,
Dianas arrow, *Cupids* crimson shielde,
Ope-morne, night-shade, and *Venus* nauill,
Solemne Violets, hanging head as shamed,
And verdant Calaminth, for odor famed.

Sacred Nepenthe, purgatiue of care,
And soueraigne Rumex that doth rancor kill,
Sya, and Hyacinth, that Furies weare,
White and red Iessamines, Merry, Melliphill:
Fayre Crowne-imperiall, Emperor of Flowers,
Immortall Amaranth, white Aphrodill,
And cup-like Twillpants stroude in Bacchus Bowres,
These cling about this Natures naked Iem,
To taste her sweetes, as Bees doe swarme on them.

And now shee vsde the Founte, where *Niobe*,
Toomb'd in her selfe, pourde her lost soule in teares,
Vpon the bosome of this Romaine *Phœbe;*
Who, bathd and odord, her bright lyms she reares,
And drying her on that disparent rounde;
Her Lute she takes t'enamoure heauenly eares,
And try if with her voyce's vitall sounde,

She could warme life through those colde statues spread,
And cheere the Dame that wept when she was dead.

The second is a highly encomiastic praise of beauty:

For sacred beautie, is the fruite of sight,
The curtesie that speakes before the tongue,
The feast of soules, the glory of the light,
Enuy of age, and euerlasting young,
Pitties Commander, *Cupids* richest throne,
Musick intranced, neuer duely sung,
The summe and court of all proportion:
And that I may dull speeches best afforde,
All Rethoricks flowers in lesse then in a worde.

Then in the truest wisdome can be thought,
Spight of the publique *Axiom* worldlings hold,
That nothing wisdome is, that getteth nought,
This all-things-nothing, since it is no gold.
Beautie enchasing loue, loue gracing beautie
To such as constant sympathies enfold,
To perfect riches dooth a sounder duetie
Then all endeuours, for by all consent
All wealth and wisdome rests in true Content.

Contentment is our heauen, and all our deedes
Bend in that circle, seld or neuer closde,
More then the letter in the word preceedes,
And to conduce that compasse is reposde.
More force and art in beautie ioyned with loue,
Then Thrones with wisdome, ioyes of them composde
Are armes more proofe gainst any griefe we proue,
Then all their vertue-scorning miserie
Or iudgments grauen in Stoick grauitie.

But as weake colour alwayes is allowde
The proper obiect of a human eye,
Though light be with a farre more force endowde
In stirring vp the visuale facultie,
This colour being but of vertuous light
A feeble Image: — and the cause dooth lye
In th' imperfection of a humaine sight,
So this for loue, and beautie, loues cold fire
May serue for my praise, though it merit higher.

"The Banquet of Sence" is followed by "A Coronet for his Mistresse

Philosophie," ten sonnets, occupying five pages, and "The amorous Zodiack," in six-line stanzas, six more pages. The poem of "The amorous contention of Phillis and Flora translated out of a Latine coppie, written by a Fryer, anno 1400," in quatrains, extends to 103 verses, and was translated by Chapman from a Latin poem, written, as he states, by a friar, in the year 1400. Ritson, in his *Bibliog. Poet.*, believed that Chapman was mistaken both as to the author and the age of the original, which was probably written by Walter Mapes in or before the thirteenth century — a much more correct copy than he made use of being extant in a *MS.* of that age in the Harl. collection, No. 978, in the British Museum. This poem was again printed, separately, in 1598, with the title: *Phillis and Flora. The sweete and ciuill contention of two amorous Ladyes. Translated out of Latine: by R. S. Esquire. Aut Marti vel Mercurio. Imprinted at London by W[illiam] W[hite] for Richarde Jones*, 1598, 4to. R. S. is supposed by some to be Richard Smith; by others Richard Stapleton — but why Chapman should be deprived of the authorship of this poem we are at a loss to understand. This edition of 1598, which will be noticed in its proper place, is extremely rare, only one or two copies of it being known. At the end of this poem are some rhyming Latin verses (three pages), entitled "Certamen inter Phillidem et Floram," with which the volume concludes. On the last page is a woodcut of time, with his scythe and hour glass, grasping the hand of a female, with the motto, "Tempore patet occulta veritas," and at the bottom the initials of the printer, "R. S."

See Warton's *Hist. Ang. Poet.*, vol. iv. p. 275; Wood's *Ath. Oxon.*, vol. ii. p. 576; and Ritson's *Bibliog. Poet.*, p. 156. A copy of this first edition of Chapman's work brought in Stevens's sale, No. 792, 19*l.*; Sir Mark M. Sykes's ditto, pt. i. No. 702, 18*l.*; the same copy re-sold in Bright's ditto, No. 1156, 15*l.* 15*s.*, and was the one in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 98 (erroneously dated 1598), there priced at 25*l.* There is a copy in the Malone collection in the Bodleian Library, imperfect.

Collation: Sig. A to I 3; 35 leaves, not 34, as stated by Mr. Hazlitt in his *Hand Book*, p. 82.

In blue Morocco, gilt leaves.

CHAPMAN, (GEORGE.) — Ouids Banquet of Sence. With a Coronet for his Mistresse Philosophie, and his amorous Zodiacke.

Quis leget hæc? Nemo Hercule nemo,
Vel duo vel nemo: Persius.

London printed by B. A. and T. F. and are to be sold by R. Horseman at his shop in the Strand neare unto Yorke House. 1639. sm. 8vo, pp. 60.

The present edition is without Chapman's name, and commences at once, without any prefix, with the Argument. "Ovid's Banquet of Sence," extends to the forty-fourth page; then "Ovid's Coronet for his Mistresse Philosophie," six pages; and the volume concludes with "Ovid's Amorous Zodiacke," in thirty six-line stanzas, eight pages. This edition is without the dedicatory Epistle to Matthew Roydon and the commendatory verses, and does not contain "The amorous contention of Phillis and Flora," which was in the first one of 1595. It is very incorrectly printed, on coarse paper, and inferior in value to the first.

Skegg's sale, No. 309, 1*l.* 10*s.*; Jolley's ditto, pt. ii. No. 668, 1*l.* 15*s.*

Collation: Title A 2; Sig. A to D 8, in eights; the last leaf blank.

The present copy is uncut, and in this state may be termed *presque unique*.

The Skegg copy. Bound in dark green Morocco.

CHAPMAN, (GEORGE.)—Euthymiæ Raptus: or The Teares of Peace: With Interlocutions. At London Printed by H. L. for Rich. Bonian and H. Whalley; and are to be solde at the spread-eagle, neere the great North-door at St. Pauls Church. 1609. 4to, pp. 44.

The title is within a neat architectural woodcut compartment, with winged boys at the top, and warlike emblems on the sides. The poem is inscribed "To the high born Prince of Men, Henrie, Thrice-royall Inheritour to the Vnited Kingdoms of Great Brittanne." This is inserted within a narrow border, between a nice woodcut of the prince's arms, and a representation of David with the sling and the stone advancing to Goliath. It commences with an introduction, in which, in a sort of vision, the shade of Homer is introduced, who alludes to Chapman retiring to his native air near Hitchin Hill, in Hertfordshire, to complete his great translation, who inquires:

O that thou (blinde) dost see
My hart and soule; what may I reckon thee?
Whose heauenly look showes not; nor voice sounds man?

To which the shade of Homer replies:

I am (sayd hee) that spirit *Elysian*,
That (in thy natiue ayre; and on the hill
Next *Hitchins* left hand) did thy bosome fill
With such a flood of soule; that thou wert faine
(With acclamations of her rapture then)
To vent it, to the Echoes of the vale;
When (meditating of me) a sweet gale
Brought me vpon thee: and thou didst inherit
My true sense (for the time then) in my spirit;
And I, inuisiblie, went prompting thee
To those fayre Greenes, where thou didst english me.
Scarce he had vttered this, when well I knewe
It was my Princes *Homer;* whose deare viewe
Renew'd my gratefull memorie of the grace
His Highnesse did me for him: which in face
Me thought the Spirit shew'd, was his delight;
And added glory to his heauenly plight:
Who tould me, he brought stay to all my state;
That hee was Angell to me; Starre, and Fate:
Aduancing Colours of good hope to me,
And tould me, my retired age should see
Heauens blessing, in a free, and harmelesse life
Conduct me, through Earths peace-pretending strife
To that true Peace, whose search I still intend,
And to the calme Shore of a loued ende.

Peace is then introduced in the form of

A Lady, like a Deitie indew'd
But weeping like a woman —

and

bearing vnderneath
Her arme, a Coffin, for some prize of death.

Peace bewails with tears her sorrows on being banished from the society of men, and that "Humane love," banished like herself, was now also dead, who is placed in the coffin borne by Peace, and consigned to the grave. Peace being thus expelled from the earth, and Love driven into the deserts where she suffered death, she and her poor heavenly brood are taken up

into the skies. The induction is followed by an invocation addressed to the "three-times-thrice sacred Quiristers of God's great Temple," in which Chapman again, in highly poetic language, invocates Prince Henry in connection with his Homeric labours:

> And thou, great Prince of men: let thy sweete graces
> Shine on these teares; and drie, at length, the faces
> Of Peace, and all her heauen-allyed brood:
> From whose Doues eyes is shed the precious blood
> Of Heauens deare Lamb, that freshly bleeds in them.
> Make these no toyes then; gird the Diadem
> Of thrice great Britaine, with their Palm and Bayes:
> And with thy Eagles feathers, daigne to raise
> The heauie body of my humble Muse;
> That thy great *Homers* spirit in her may vse
> Her topless flight, and beare thy Fame aboue
> The reach of mortalls, and their earthy loue;
> To that high honour, his *Achilles* wonne,
> And make thy glory farre out-shine the Sunne.

Then follows "The Teares of Peace," in which there are many noble thoughts and convincing truths expressed in a nervous and forcible manner, superior to the poetry in which they are clothed, and inspiring great personal respect for the sage and moral character of the venerable Chapman, which he seems also to have received from many of his contemporaries. At the end of this is the "Conclusio," containing amongst other things a powerful personification of murder, but too long for quotation. At the close of the volume are some verses entitled "Corollarium ad Principem," wherein we learn that Prince Henry having laid his commands on Chapman to complete his translation of the Iliad, for which purpose, as we already know, he had retired to Hitchin, he thus refers again to the subject, and hopes that he may

> Regather the sperst fragments of his spirits
> And march with Homer through his deathless merits

to "the Prince's undying graces."

There is a description of the volume by Mr. Park in *Restituta*, vol. iv. p. 433. See also *Bibl. Angl. Poet.* No. 902, 3*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.*; Sir F. Freeling's, No. 866, 1*l.* 12*s.*; Bright's ditto, No. 1160, water-stained, 1*l.* 17*s.*; *Bibl. Heber.* pt. iv. No. 335, 3*l.* 11*s.*

Collation: Title A 1; Sig. A to F 2 inclusive, in fours.

The Freeling copy. Bound in Calf extra, gilt leaves.

CHAPMAN, (GEORGE.) — An Epicede or Funerall Song: On the Most disastrous Death of the High-borne Prince of Men, Henry, Prince of Wales, &c. With the Funeralls, and Representation of the Herse of the same High and Mighty Prince; Prince of Wales, Duke of Cornewaile and Rothsay, Count Palatine of Chester, Earle of Carick, and late Knight of the most Noble Order of the Garter. Which Noble Prince deceased at St. James, the sixt day of November, 1612, and was most Princely interred the seuenth day of December following, within the Abbey of Westminster, in the Eighteenth yeere of his age. London: Printed by T. S. for Iohn Budge, and are to bee sould at his shop at the great south dore of Paules, and at Brittanes Burse. 1612. 4to, pp. 32.

At the time when so many other poetical pens were springing forth to mourn the melancholy and untimely death of the virtuous and accomplished Prince Henry, an event, than which, with the exception of the early decease of our own amiable Princess Charlotte, none ever created more genuine and deeper feelings of universal regret, it was not to be imagined that the muse of Chapman would remain silent, or refrain from offering his mournful tribute to consecrate the memory of his dear and youthful patron, the encourager of his Homeric labours, and at whose command they were undertaken and completed. Accordingly we have here the fruit of his sorrow in an "Epicede or Funerall Song," penned in sincerity of feeling, with deep pathos and genuine poesy. Chapman wrote from the heart; his own hopes were blighted; his prospects of advancement were destroyed; and he felt that he was now dependent upon his own exertions. The Epicede is dedicated "To his affectionate and true Friend, Mr. Henry Jones." The following passage, addressed to Death, will serve to shew the style of Chapman's elegy, and is not deficient in poetic force:

> Partiall deuourer euer of the best,
> With headlong rapture, sparing long the rest
> Could not the precious teares his Father shed,
> (That are with Kingdomes to be ransomed?)
> His bleeding prayer, vpon his Knees t'implore,
> That if for any sinne of his, Heauen tore

From his most Royall body that chiefe Limme,
It might be ransom'd, for the rest of Him?
Could not the sacred eies thou didst prophane
In his great Mothers teares? The spightful bane
Thou pour'dst vpon the cheeks of al the Graces
In his more gracious sisters? The defaces
(With all the Furies ouer-flowing Galles)
Cursedly fronting her neere Nuptials?
Could not, O could not the Almighty ruth
Of all these, force thee to forbeare the youth
Of our Incomparable Prince of Men?
Whose Age had made thy Iron forcke his Pen
T' eternise what it now doth murder meerely;
And shal haue from my soule my curses gerely.
Tyrant, what knew'st thou, but the barbarous wound
Thou gau'st the son, the Father might cõfound?
Both liu'd so mixtly, and were ioyntly one,
Spirit to spirit cleft. The Humor bred
In one heart, straight was with the other fed;
The bloud of one, the others heart did fire;
The heart and humour, were the Sonne and Sire;
The heart yet void of humors slender'st part,
May easier liue, then humour without heart;
The Riuer needes the helpfull fountaine euer
More then the Fountaine the supplyed Riuer.
As th' Iron then, when it hath once put on
The Magnets qualitie, to the vertuous Stone
Is euer drawne, and not the Stone to it:
So may the Heauens, the Sonnes fate, not admit
To draw the Fathers, till a hundred yeeres
Haue drown'd that Issue to him in our teares.

After describing with considerable power, but in somewhat rugged and forced style, the effects of the fever of which the prince died, and his last hours, the poem thus concludes, with a delineation of the funereal pomp:

On, on, sad Traine, as from a cranni'd rocke
Bee-swarmes rob'd of their honey ceasles flock.
Mourne, Mourne, dissected now his cold lims lie
Ah, knit so late with flame, and maiestie.
Where's now his gracious smile, his sparkling eie
His Iudgement, Valour, Magnanimitie?
O God, what doth not one short hour snatch vp
Of all mans glosse? still ouer-flowes the cup

Of his burst cares; put with no nerues together,
And lighter, then the shadow of a feather.
On — make earth pomp as frequent as ye can,
'Twill still leaue black, the fairest flower of man;
Yee well may lay all cost on miserie,
'Tis all can boast the proud'st humanitie.
If yong *Marcellus* had to grace his fall,
Six hundred Herses at his Funerall;
Sylla sixe thousand; let Prince *Henry* haue
Sixe Millions bring him to his greedy graue.
And now the States of earth thus mourn below
Behold in Heauen *Loue* with his broken bow;
His quiuer downwards turn'd, his brands put out,
Hanging his wings; with sighes all black about.
Nor lesse our losse his Mothers heart infests
Her melting palmes, beating her snowy brests;
As much confus'd, as when the Calidon Bore
The thigh of her diuine *Adonis* tore:
Her vowes all vaine, resolu'd to blesse his yeeres
With Issue Royall, and exempt from freres;
Who now dyed fruitlesse; and preuented then
The blest of women, of the best of men.
Mourne, all ye Arts, ye are not of the earth;
Fall, fall with him; rise with his second birth.
Lastly, with gifts enrich the sable Phane,
And odorous lights eternally maintaine;
Sing Priests, O sing now, his eternall rest
His light eternall; and his soules free brest,
As ioyes eternall; so of those the best;
And this short verse be on his Tomb imprest.

Epitaphium.

So flits, alas, an euerlasting Riuer,
As our losse in him, past, will last for euer.
The golden Age, Star-like, shot through our skye;
Aim'd at his pompe renew'd, and stucke in's eye.
And (like the sacred knot, together put)
Since no man could dissolue him, he was cut.

Besides this there are two other short epitaphs not worthy of notice. In the *Epicede* there is also a description of the tempest that cast Sir Thomas Gates on the Bermudas, and the state of his ship and crew. See the *Brit. Bibliogr.*, vol. iv. p. 36; an article in *Restituta*, vol. iv. p. 169, by Mr. Park, with a list of other tributes to the memory of Prince Henry; and *Bibl.*

Ang. Poet., p. 99. "The Funeralls" mentioned in the title-page form a separate tract, which is not included in this copy. The volume should also have a leaf before the title, in white letters on a black ground, and a large folding plate of Prince Henry on the hearse, by Pass, with arms, &c., and some lines by Hugh Holland and Chapman. When found with these the volume sells high, and brought at Mr. Skegg's sale, No. 305, 16*s.*; Sir Mark M. Sykes's ditto, pt. i. No. 703, 4*l.* 10*s.*; Heber's ditto, pt. iv. No. 337, 4*l.* 16*s.* The present copy has not these appendages, which were also wanting in the one described in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, and there priced at 10*l.*

Bound by Charles Lewis, in Venetian Morocco, gilt leaves.

CHAPMAN, (GEORGE.) — Andromeda Liberata. Or the Nuptials of Perseus and Andromeda. By George Chapman.

Nihil a veritate nec virtute remotius quam vulgaris opinio.

London, Printed for Laurence L'isle, and are to be sold at his shop in St. Paules-Church-yard, at the signe of the Tigers-head. 1614. 4to.

There is a long metrical Epistle Dedicatory prefixed to this classical poem by Chapman, addressed to his patron Robert Carr earl of Somerset, and the lady Frances his countess — the bane and ruin of her husband and the great enemy of Sir Thomas Overbury. The terms in which she is here spoken of by Chapman are somewhat apologetical, and she is exhorted to drown the voice of faction and complaint by the purity of her future life:

And you, (most noble) Lady as in blood
In minde be noblest, make our factious brood
Whose forked tongs, wold fain your honor sting
Conuert their venomd points into their spring;
Whose owne harts guilty, of faults fain'd in yours
Wold fain be posting off: but, arme your powers
With such a seige of virtues, that no vice
Of all your Foes, *Advantage* may entice
To sally forth, and charge you with offence,
But sterue within, for very conscience
Of that Integritie, they see exprest
In your cleere life: Of which, th'examples rest
May be so blamelesse; that all past must be
(Being Fount to th'other) most vndoubtedly

Confest vntouch't; and *Curiositie*
The beame picke rather from her own squint eie,
Then ramp stil at the motes shade, fain'd in yours,
Nought doth so shame this chimick serch of ours
As when we prie long for assur'd huge prise,
Our glasses broke, all vp in vapor flies.

It appears from Ant. Wood that this dedicatory epistle gave some offence, and was much censured by many, and that in consequence Chapman soon after wrote a pamphlet in answer to these attacks, in prose and verse, entitled *A free and offencelesse Justification of a late published and most maliciously misinterpreted Poem entitled Andromeda Liberata*; 4to, London, 1614. A copy of this tract, consisting of two sheets only, was in North's sale, pt. iii. No. 777, and sold in Bright's ditto, No. 1166, for *5l. 5s.* The epistle dedicatory is followed by a prose address "To the preiudicate and peremptory Reader," and by "The Argument of the Poem, which is chiefly taken from the 4th Book of Ovid's Metam., Propertius, &c. The description of Andromeda flying into the wilderness after the decision of the oracle is in Chapman's best style, and will, we hope, be found pleasing to our readers:

Her feet were wing'd, and all the search out went
That after her was ordered: but shee flew
And burst the winds that did incen'st pursue,
And with enamoured sighes, her parts assaile,
Plai'de with her haire, and held her by the vaile:
From whom shee brake, and did to woods repaire:
Still where shee went, her beauties dide the ayre,
And with her warme blood, made proud *Flora* blush:
But seeking shelter in each shadie bush:
Beauty like fire, comprest, more strength receiues
And shee was still seene shining through the leaues.
Hunted from thence, the Sunne euen burn'd to see
So more then Sunne-like a Diuinity,
Blinded her eyes, and all inuasion seekes
To dance upon the mixture of her cheekes,
Which showed to all that follow'd after far,
As underneath the roundure of a starre
The euening skie is purple'd with his beames:
Her lookes fir'd all things with her loues extreames.
Her necke a chaine of orient pearle did decke,
The pearles were faire, but fairer was her necke:

Her breasts (laid out) show'd all enflamed sights
Loue lie a sunning, 'twixt two *Crysolites:*
Her naked wrists show'de, as if through the skie
A hand were thrust, to signe the Deitie.
Her hands, the confines, and digestions were
Of Beauties world; Loue fixt his pillars there.
Her eyes, that others caught, now made her caught;
* * * *
Her lookes to pearle turn'd peble, and her locks
To burnisht gold transform'd the burning Rocks.

At the end, after the nuptials of Perseus and Andromeda, occurs "Parcarum Epithalamion," in eight nine-line stanzas, and on sig. F one leaf containing the "Apodosis," or moral of the fable, by the author.

Warton has a slight notice of the poem in his *Hist. Eng. Poet.*, vol. iv. p. 275, note; See also Wood's *Ath. Oxon.*, vol. ii. p. 577. The work is scarce, and sold in Perry's sale, pt. i. No. 1050, for 4*l.* 1*s.*; *Bibl. Heber.* pt. iv. No. 336, 3*l.* 4*s.*; Jolley's ditto, pt. ii. No. 664, 1*l.* 5*s.*; Bright's ditto, No. 1165, 2*l.* 7*s.* Mr. Miller's duplicates sold in 1854, No. 159, *l.* The title-page has an emblematical device, with the motto "Mihi conscia recti" on a scroll. The present copy is from the British Museum duplicate sale, No. 1787, and from the library of Baron Bolland.

Collation: Title ¶ 2; Sig. ¶ four leaves; ¶ ¶ four leaves; A two leaves; B to F i inclusive, in fours.

Bound by Charles Lewis, in olive calf extra, gilt leaves.

CHAPMAN, (GEORGE.) — The Georgicks of Hesiod, by George Chapman; Translated elaborately out of the Greek; Containing Doctrine of Husbandrie, Moralitie, and Pietie; with a perpetuall Calendar of Good and Bad Daies; Not superstitious, but necessarie (as farre as naturall causes compell) for all Men to obserue, and difference in following their affaires.

Nec caret vmbra Deo.

London, Printed by H. L. for Miles Partrich, and are to be solde at his Shop, neare Saint Dunstans Church in Fleetstreet. 1618. 4to, pp. 48.

A remarkably fine and large copy of an extremely rare poetical volume, of which the very existence in print was doubted by Warton, though he discovered afterwards that it had been licensed to Miles Partrich, 14th May 1618. He supposed that Chapman had translated only about fourteen lines from the beginning of the second book, which were inserted as an illustration in his commentary on the thirteenth Iliad, and even after finding that the book was licensed in 1618 he still doubted if it had been printed, and certainly never saw it.

It is dedicated by Chapman, in high-flown language, "To the Most Noble Combiner of Learning and Honour: S^r^ Francis Bacon, Knight, Lord High Chancelor of England, &c." In this dedication he mentions his former translation of *Homer*, and makes a punning allusion to the lord chancellor's having been a student of Gray's Inn: "All Iudgements of this Season (sauouring any thing the truth) preferring, to the wisedome of all other Nations, these most wise, learned, and circularly-spoken *Grecians*. According to that of the Poet

> Graiis ingenium; Graiis dedit ore rotundo
> Musa loqui.

and why may not this *Romane Elegie* of the *Graians* extend in praisefull Intention (by waie of Prophetick Poesie) to *Graies-Inne* wits and *Orators?* Or if the allusion (or petition of the Principle) begge with too broad a Licence in the Generall: yet serious Truth, for the Particular, may most worthily apply it to your Lo.^ps^ truely-*Greek* Inspiration, and absolutely *Attick Elocution:* whose all-acknowledged facultie hath banisht *Flattery* therein, euen from the Court; much more from my countrie, and more-then-vpland simplicitie." This is followed by a short account "Of Hesiodus" and his writings, and by commendatory verses by Drayton and Ben Jonson. It contains marginal annotations on the sides, and is written in ten feet rhyming couplets. Chapman was about sixty when he published this translation and lived to the age of seventy-five, or according to Warton seventy-seven, dying in 1634. He is mentioned by Drayton:

> As reuerend Chapman, who hath brought to us
> Musæus, Homer, and Hesiodus
> Out of the Greek, &c.,

and he here confirms Chapman's own opinion as to the power and capability of the English tongue for the music of poetry, speaking of him as one who

—— by thy trauell, strongly hast exprest
The large dimensions of the English tongue.
* * * *
In blest *Elizium* (in a place most fit)
Vnder that tree due to the *Delphian God*,
Musæus, and that *Iliad Singer* sit,
And neare to them that noble *Hesiod*,
Smoothing their rugged foreheads; and do smile
After so many hundred yeares to see
Their Pöems read in this farre westerne Ile,
Translated from their ancient Greeke, by thee.

The reader may perhaps wish for a short specimen of this translation, which shall be taken from near the close of the second book of Georgicks:

Be not a common host for guests, nor one
That can abide the kinde receipt of none.
Consort none ill, though rais'd to any state;
Nor leaue one good; though n'ere so ruinate.
Abhor all taking pleasure to vpbraid
A forlorne *Pouertie*, which God hath laid
On any man, in so seuere a kinde
As quite disheartens, and dissolues his Minde.
Amongst Men on the earth there neuer sprung
An ampler treasure than a sparing tongue,
Which yet, most grace gains when it sings the Meane.
Ill-speakers euer heare as ill againe.
Make not thy selfe at any publique feast
A troublesome or ouercurious guest.
'Tis common cheare, nor touches thee at all;
Besides, thy grace is much, thy cost is small.
Doe not thy tongues grace the disgrace to lie,
Nor mend a true-spoke Minde with policie;
But all things vse with first simplicitie.

It is believed that not more than three or four copies of this work are in existence. One sold at Sotheby's in 1821 for 5*l.* 5*s.*; *Bibl. Heber*, pt. iv. No. 340, 7*l.*; *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 100, 12*l.* 12*s.*; Thorpe's *Cat.* for 1825, No. 1,367, 12*l.* 12*s.*; Bindley's *Cat.*, pt. ii. No. 1,862, 18*l.* 18*s.*; Jolley's ditto, pt. ii. No. 665, 4*l.* 18*s.*

Collation: Sig. A to F 4 inclusive, in fours.

Bound by Charles Lewis. In Venetian Morocco.

CHAPMAN, (GEORGE.)—Pro Vere Autumni Lachrymæ. Inscribed to the Immortal Memorie of the most Pious and Incomparable Souldier, Sir Horatio Vere, Knight: Besieged and distrest in Mainhem.

Pers: Sat: IV.

——— da verba et decipe neruos.

By Geo. Chapman. London, Printed by B. Alsop for Th. Walkley, and are to be sold at his shop at the Signe of the Eagle and Child in Britaines Burse. 1622. 4to, pp.

Sir Horace Vere Knt., in whose memory this poem was written, was the younger brother of Sir Francis Vere, with whom he served in the Low Countries, and was present in several of his actions. He was sent by King James I., in 1620, at the head of the forces, into the Palatinate to try to recover back that country, and was at this time shut up and besieged in Manheim, and compelled to surrender on honourable terms to Count Tilly. He was a distinguished commander and a brave and courageous man, and was afterwards, for his valuable services, created Baron Vere of Tilbury by King Charles I. He died in 1635, in the seventieth year of his age. The poem is inscribed in verse "To the most worthily Honored and Iudicially-Noble Louer and Fautor of all Goodnesse and Vertue, Robert, Earle of Somerset, &c." It is written in rhyming couplets of ten syllables each, and we select a short passage from it descriptive of the danger in which his hero was then placed in Manheim, and of the poet's urgent desire for his rescue:

As when the Sunne in his *Œquator* shines
Creating Gold, and precious Minerall Mines
In some one Soyle of Earth, and chosen Veine;
When, not twixt *Gades* and *Ganges*, Hee againe
Will daine t'enrich so, any other Mould.
Nor did great Heauens free Finger, (that extol'd
The Race of bright ELIZA's blessed Raigne,
Past all fore Races, for all sorts of Men,
Schollers, and Souldiers, Courtiers, Counsellors)
Of all those, chuse but Three (as Successors)
Eyther to other, in the Rule of Warre;
Whose Each, was All, his three-forckt-Fire and Starre:
Their last, this VERE; being no lesse Circular
In guard of our engag'd Ile (were he here)

Then *Neptunes* Marble Rampier: But (being there)
Circled with Danger (Danger to vs all;
As round, as wrackfull, and Reciprocall.
Must all our hopes in Warre then; Safeties all,
In Thee (O VERE) confound their Spring and Fall?
And thy Spirit (Fetcht off, not to be confin'de
In lesse bounds, then the broad wings of the Winde)
In a Dutch Cytadell, dye pinn'd, and pin'de?
O England, Let not thy old constant Tye
To Vertue, and thy English Valour lye
Ballanc't (like Fortunes faithlesse leuitie)
'Twixt two light wings; Nor leaue Eternall VERE
In this vndue plight. But much rather beare
Armes in his Rescue, and resemble her,
Whom long time thou hast seru'd (the PAPHIAN Queene)
When (all asham'd of her still-giglet Spleene)
She cast away her Glasses, and her Fannes,
And habites of th' Effeminate *Persians*,
Her *Ceston*, and her paintings, and in grace
Of great LYCURGUS, tooke to her embrace
Cask, Launce, and Shield, and swam the *Spartan* Flood
(EVROTAS) to his ayde, to saue the blood
Of so much Iustice, as in him had feare
To wracke his Kingdome. Be (I say) like her,
In what is chaste and vertuous.

This poem does not appear to have been known to Warton, but is included in the list of Chapman's works given by Ritson, and in Wood's *Ath. Oxon.*, vol. ii. p. 576. It is very rare, and sold in *Bibl. Heber*, pt. iv. No. 341, for 4*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*; Thorpe's *Catal.* for 1834, 5*l.*; Bright's ditto, No. 1168, 3*l.* 19*s.* It was not in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, nor does Lowndes refer to the sale of any copy except the present. A volume of *Elegies celebrating the happy Memory of Sir Horatio Veere, Baron of Tilbury, Colonell Generall of the English in the United Provinces*, &c., was published soon after his death, in 1642, London, printed by T. Badger, sm. 8vo. See *Restituta*, vol. i. p. 355.

Collation: Sig. A to C i inclusive, in fours.

Steevens's copy. Bound by Charles Lewis.
In Dark Green Morocco, gilt leaves.

CHAPMAN, (GEORGE.) — A Iustification of a Strange Action of Nero: in burying with a solemne Funerall one of the cast Hayres of his Mistresse Poppœa. Also a iust reproofe of a Romane smell-Feast, being the fifth Satyre of Iuuenall. Translated by George Chapman. Imprinted at London by Tho. Harper M.DC.XXIX. 4to, pp. 32.

Chapman seems to have intended the first tract in this book as a sort of satire or burlesque, on treating light trifles of no moment as matters of great and serious importance. It is dedicated "To the Right Vertuous and Worthily honoured Gentleman Richard Hubert Esquire" and although now at the advanced age of 72, he speaks in it of "having yet once more some worthier worke than this Oration, and following Translation, to passe this sea of the land," and that "these slight adventures" were thrown out as a tub to the whale, "the rather because the Translation contains in two or three instances a preparation to the iustification of my ensuing intended Translations, lest some should account them, as they haue my former conuersions in some places, licenses, bold ones, and utterly redundant." It is supposed from this that Chapman by his "ensuing intended Translations" was meditating a complete translation of the satires of Juvenal and Persius, of which this was put forth as a specimen, but which he did not live to complete. In a prose address "To the Reader" which follows, Chapman justifies himself from "a most asinine error which hath gotten eare and head in opinions of translation, that men must attempt it as a mastery in rendring any originall into other language, to doe it in as few words and the like order," and presents the reader with some "examples of what he esteemed fit to save the liberty and dialect of his owne language;" shewing that it is necessary in a translator in giving the meaning and spirit of his author occasionally to "avoid verball seruitude" and to use a little circumlocution and enlargement of the original. "The Funerall Oration" is in prose, and does not require particular notice beyond a short extract to enable the reader to judge of its satire.

But wee must not thinke (Princes and Senators) that the vndaunted heart of our Emperor, which neuer was knowne to shrinke at the butchering of his owne mother *Agrippina*; and could without any touch of remorse, heare (if not behold) the murther of his most deare wife *Octavia* after her diuorce; we must not thinke (I say) this Adamantine heart of his could resolue into softnesse, for the losse of a common or ordinary hayre. But this was (alas why is it not) a hayre of such rare and match-

lesse perfection, whether yee take it by the colour or by the substance, as it is impossible for nature in her whole shop to patterne it: So subtill and slender as it can scarce be seene, much lesse felt; and yet so strong as it is able to binde *Hercules* hand and foot; and make it another of his labours to extricate himselfe. In a word it is such a flower as growes in no garden but *Poppæas*; borne to the wonder of men, the enuie of women, the glory of the Gods &c. A hayre of such matchlesse perfection, that if any where it should be found by chance, the most ignorant would esteeme it of infinite value, as certaynely some hayres haue beene. The purple hayre of *Nisus* whereon his kingdome and life depended, may serue for an instance. And how many young gallants doe I know my selfe, euery hayre of whose chin is worth a thousand crowns; and others that haue never a hayre on their crownes, but is worth a King's ransome.

The translation of Juvenals fifth Satire is addressed "To Trabius, Labouring to bring him in dislike of his continued course of frequenting the Table of Virro, a great Lord of Rome." It is not remarkable for any superior excellence, and we therefore forbear making any quotation from it. This was one of the latest of Chapman's publications, who died in his 77th year on the 12th of May 1634, although some of his plays appeared after that date. He was a voluminous writer, living most probably chiefly by the labours of his pen, and besides the works which we have here noticed, was the author of eighteen or nineteen plays. Ritson seems never to have seen the present tract, as he mentions it as two separate works. See Collier's *Poet. Decam.*, vol. ii. p. 60. A copy was sold in Inglis's Sale, No. 349, for 1*l.* 10*s.*; Heber's ditto, pt. iv. No. 342, 2*l.* 1*s.*; Sir F. Freeling's ditto, No. 867, 2*l.*; Bright's ditto, No. 1170, 2*l.* 2*s.*

The present copy formerly belonged to the eccentric Henry Dyson, and has his autograph on the title, of whom see an account in Dibdin's *Bibliomania*, 1811, p. 398.

Collation: Sig A to D 4 inclusive, in fours.

Bound in Calf extra, gilt leaves.

CHAPMAN, (GEORGE.)—The Whole Works of Homer Prince of Poetts in his Iliads and Odysses. Translated according to the Greeke. By Geo: Chapman.

De Il. et Odyss.

Omnia ab his; et in his sunt omnia; sive beati
Te decor eloquii, seu rerum pondera tangunt.

Angel. Pol:

1784664

At London, printed for Nathaniel Butter. Folio, n.d. [1616.] pp. 764.

In noticing some of the poetical works of Chapman, it would be unpardonable if we were to omit all mention of his *magnum opus*, which formed such an important feature and labour of his life, his celebrated translation of the works of Homer. While Pope in a later day, when engaged in a similar pursuit, betook himself to the shady retirement of Stanton Harcourt, near to the classic groves of Oxford, and Cowper devoted himself to a kindred task in his quiet abode at Olney, Chapman forsook the noise and bustle of the metropolis, and retired to his native home and favourite retreat at Hitchin Hill, and there with hard study and labour, and in humble faith and pious prayer to God, he completed his great undertaking, which will endure as long as time shall last, to his immortal fame.

The title, which with three other plates, are all engraved by William Hole, has on either side a full-length figure of Achilles and Hector, each holding a spear, and at the top a head of Homer, supported by Vulcan and Apollo, with the motto: "Mulciber in Trojam, pro Troia stabat Apollo." At the bottom, below the title, is another motto: "Qui nil molitur inepte." On the reverse, in an oval, is a fine portrait of Chapman, encircled in clouds, with piercing eyes and well-trimmed beard, surrounded with the inscription: "Georgius Chapmanus Homeri Metaphrastes, Æta: LVII. M.DC.XVI." Over this is "Hæc est Laurigeri facies divina Georgi; Hic Phœbi Decus est; Phœbinumque Deus," and on the clouds, "Conscium evasi diem," and some Latin quotations at the bottom of the page. On the following leaf is an engraving the full size of the page, containing two pillars, inscribed "Iliad" and "Odyssæa," united by a bar, inscribed "Musar: Hercul: Colum:" Over this are the prince's plume of feathers, and below, the motto: "Ne Vsque." Underneath is a sonnet, "To the Immortall Memorie of the Incomparable Heroe, Henry Prince of Wales."

The translation is preceded by a dedicatory address to Prince Henry, an anagram of his name in a Sonnet, another to Queen Anne, wife of James I., a poetical address "To the Reader," a prose address or preface to the same, and a list of "Faults escaped."

In his poetical address to the reader, Chapman remarks with some justice, on the capabilities of the English language for the purposes of "Rhithmicall Poesie:"

A33187

And, for our tongue, that still is so empayr'd
By trauailing linguists, I can proue it cleare
That no tongue hath the Muses vtterance heyr'd
For verse, and that sweet Musique to the eare
Strooke out of rime, so naturally as this:
Our Monosyllables so kindly fall
And meete, opposde in rime, as they did kisse.

At the close of the Iliad are sixteen sonnets addressed to the principal nobility of his day; a custom which was frequently adopted by the poets and writers of that time, to attract their attention and secure their favour and patronage. They are not worth quoting.

The title to the Odyssey, engraved by Hole, contains a figure of Homer in the centre, with the motto: "Solus sapit hic homo." At the bottom are Pallas and Ulysses, with the mottoes: "Reliqui vero"—"Umbræ moventur," and at the top are two cupids with flowers and fruit. It is dedicated to Robert Carr, Earl of Somerset, Lord Chamberlain, partly in verse and partly in prose, at the end of which is a page containing "Certaine ancient Greeke Epigrammes translated." The volume closes with the author's address of acknowledgment and thanksgiving to the Deity on the completion of his labours.

Chapman's work is deservedly held in respect, and though perhaps not much read at the present day, still it holds up its head in a comparison with other translations. And while the versions of Pope and Cowper, or those of more modern date by Lord Derby and Mr. Wortley are more popular and readable, we shall always look back with gratitude and esteem on the labours of the "venerable Chapman."

His version is written in a long measure of fourteen syllables, and is generally considered as paraphrastic, but is not without a certain degree of occasional force and spirit, and his compound epithets have been much admired by Warton and others.

Some clever articles appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* for 1831 and 1832, in which comparisons were instituted between Chapman's version and those of Pope, Cowper and Sotheby, which may be read with advantage by the admirers of Chapman, and those of our readers who are not already acquainted with the excellent version of the first book of the Iliad, in the same metre as Chapman's, and in the same number of lines as the original, by the able printer to the Chetham Society, Mr. Charles Simms, will, we are sure, be obliged to us for bringing it under their notice. It appeared in 1866, in small 4to.

Chapman's translation of the Iliad was reprinted and edited by Dr. Cooke Taylor, in two volumes, 8vo, in 1843, and his translations of the Iliad, Odyssey and Batrachomyomachia were republished in 1857 and 1858 by Mr. Russell Smith, under the editorial care of Mr. Hooper, with a reduced fac-simile of the engraved title and portrait of Chapman, and a copious introduction, and the reader may consult further Warton's *Hist. Eng. Poet.*, vol. iv. p. 269; Wood's *Ath. Oxon.*, vol. ii. p. 578; Collier's *Bibliogr. Cat.*, vol. i. p. 122; and Chalmers's *Engl. Poets.*

Mr. Heber's copy (wanting the title to the Odyssey), pt. iv. No. 1443, sold for 4*l.* 19*s.*; Jolley's ditto, pt. ii. No. 655*, 2*l.* 5*s.*; Sir Mark M. Sykes's ditto, pt. i. No. 528, 4*l.* 13*s.*; Perry's ditto, pt. i. No. 2388, 5*l.* 5*s.*

Chapman's own copy of his translation, corrected for a future edition, which formerly belonged to Steevens, was in Mr. Heber's collection, pt. iv. No. 1445.

Pope's copy of Chapman's version was afterwards in the hands of Warton.

Collation: Sig. *, seven leaves, with title; Sig. A to Z, in sixes; A a to G g, in sixes; then A to Z again, in sixes, except R, which has eight leaves; A a to I i, in sixes, except the last, which has seven leaves. The leaf at the end of the twelfth book (called by Chapman *Opus novem dierum*) which is blank, is necessary to complete the signatures, but not the paging. 382 leaves, 764 pages.

Fine large copy. Bound by Lewis. In Calf, gilt leaves.

CHAPMAN (GEORGE.)—The Crowne of all Homers Workes, Batrachomyomachia, or the Battaile of Frogs and Mise. His Hymnes and Epigrams. Translated according to the originall by George Chapman.

London, Printed by Iohn Bill, his Maiesties Printer. Lond. n. d. [1624]. Folio, pp. 202.

The above is on a fine engraved frontispiece by W. Pass, containing in the centre of the lower part a portrait of Chapman, with a full beard, and above, a figure of Homer crowned by Apollo and Minerva, with Mercury standing between them, at the back of the chair in which Homer is placed. The volume is dedicated to the same unworthy patron as the last—Robert Carr, earl of Somerset; after which there occurs in prose, "The occasion

of this Impos'd Crowne." Then follows the translation of "Batrachomyomachia," extending to nine leaves, succeeded by various Hymns addressed to Apollo, Hermes, Venus, Bacchus, Mars, &c., occupying seventy leaves. To these are added, "Certaine Epigrams and other Poems of Homer;" "To Cuma;" "On his return to Cuma;" upon "The Sepulchre of Exidus cut in Brasse in the figure of a Virgin," &c., occupying thirteen leaves, and closed by the inscription, "The end of all the endlesse works of Homer." Chapman has then added a kind of Poetical Epilogue, without any superscription, but written in rhyming couplets. The commencement is:

> The Work that I was borne to doe, is done.
> Glory to Him, that the Conclusion
> Makes the beginning of my Life: — & neuer
> Let me be said to Liue, till I liue euer.

This fills up two leaves, and concludes the volume.

With this volume was closed the grand Homeric labours of Chapman, which occupied so large a portion of his literary life. It is evident that he was buoyed up in his great undertaking, not only by a strong faith in the support of the Deity, but by a conscious feeling that his labours would be appreciated by posterity. And with these thoughts and hopes he continued to work on untired and undeterred to the end. He was now verging on towards the allotted period of man's life, if this work was published, as it is supposed, in 1624,* but he continued to survive for ten years longer, not dying till 1634.

In closing this account of some of the principal writings of Chapman, we may add that he was buried at St. Giles's-in-the-Fields, and that he is invariably spoken of by all his contemporaries in terms of respect and honour for his virtues and his talents. And, judging from his writings, and from other sources, we are fully impressed with a sense of the strong religious feeling which pervaded his life and every action, the great reverence and love he entertained for the art which engrossed his whole life, and, in an age not distinguished for morality, he stands out remarkable for the worth and respectability of his character.

---

* Mr. Hazlitt and others think this date too late, and that it was published not later than 1614. It is certainly remarkable that Chapman inscribed in his own hand a copy of the work to Lord William Russell, upon whose death, in 1614, he wrote his (now very rare) Elegiac Poem, entitled *Eugenie*, 1614, 4to.

Chapman has verses printed in Nenna's *Nennio*, 1595; in Keymis's (Lawr.) *Second Voyage to Guiana*, 1596, 4to; in Field's (N.) *A Woman is a Weathercock*, 1612; beneath the portrait of Prince Henry in Holland's *Hierologia*, 1620, folio; and in Christopher Brooke's extremely rare poem of *The Ghost of Richard the Third*, 1614, 4to, of which only two copies are known.

In MS. Ashmole, 38, are four poems by George Chapman, viz.: 1, "The Bodie of his mistress described sitting and readye to be drawne;" 2, "A Description of the Minde;" 3, "Epicures frugallitie;" 4, "An Invective wrighten by Mr. George Chapman against Mr. Ben Jonson," imperfect.

There are lines addressed to him in Freeman's *Epigrams*, 1614, 4to, and in many other similar collections. For notices of Chapman or his works, see Anton's *Philosophers Satyres*, 1616, 4to; Wither's *Abuses*, &c., 1613; and Browne's *Pastorals*, 1614, folio. Consult also Warton's *Hist. Eng. Poet.*, vol. iv. p. 269; Colliers's *Bibliog. Cat.*, vol. i. p. 126; Wood's *Ath. Oxon.*, vol. ii. p. 575; and *Restituta*, vol. ii.

Bibl. Heber., pt. iv. No. 1451, *3l. 3s.*; another copy, wanting the title, but with a MS. dedication in Chapman's own hand to Lord Russell, No. 1450, *6l. 8s. 6d.*; Sir Mark M. Sykes's ditto, No. 1529, *10l.*; Crawford, No. 1654, *4l. 18s.*; Bindley's ditto, *8l.*

Collation: Title, 1 leaf; Dedication, 3 leaves; "The occasion of this Impos'd Crowne," 1 leaf; "Batrachomyomachia," "Hymnes, Epigrams, &c.," Sig. A to Z 4, in fours; the "Epilogue," 2 leaves; A a 1 and A a 2.

Bound by C. Smith. In Green Morocco, gilt leaves.

CHARLES I.—Monumentum Regale or a Tombe, erected for that incomparable and Glorious Monarch, Charles the First, King of Great Britane, France, and Ireland, &c.

[A crown, with the initials C. R., and a scull underneath.]

In select Elegies, Epitaphs, and Poems.

Printed in the Yeare 1649. 8vo, pp. 48.

It is difficult, and in many cases impossible, to trace out the authorship of the numerous, fugitive, and anonymous tributes of affection, which were poured forth in such abundance on the death of the royal Martyr, as he was usually termed. The present small volume is without any marks

to identify its author or collector, with the exception of the initials "A.B." at the end, affixed to an epitaph on the last page, which were most probably those of Alexander Brome, well known for his feelings of loyalty and attachment to Charles, who may have been the editor or collector of these elegies. The title is in red and black, and the work consists of an epitaph, five elegies, and another epitaph at the end. The elegies are written in a bombastic and outrageous style, in some instances almost approaching to blasphemy. Charles is made almost into a deity, and is placed in his sufferings next to those of the Redeemer. Take the following passage as an instance of this:

Now *Charles* as *King*, and as a *good King* too
Being *Christs adopted self*, was both to *do*
And suffer like him; both to live and die
So much more humble, as he was more *High*
Than his own *Subjects*. He was thus to tread
In the same footsteps, and submit his Head
To the same *thorns:* when *spit* upon, and *beat*,
To make his *Conscience* serve for his *retreat*,
And overcome by *suffering:* to take up
His Saviour's *Crosse*, and pledge him in his *Cup*.
Since then our *Soveraign*, by just account,
Liv'd o're our *Saviours Sermon* in the Mount,
And, did all Christian precepts so reduce,
That's *Life* the *Doctrine* was, his *Death* the *Use;*
Posterity will say, he should have dy'd
No other *Death* then by being *Crucifi'd*.
And their renownedst *Epocha* will be
Great Charles his Death, next *Christ's Nativity*.

The first Elegy extends to sixteen pages. The succeeding lines from it on the regicide Bradshaw may serve as a specimen of the book:

High in this dream, in this phantastick Bench,
Bold apparition *Bradshaw* doth intrench.
One whom the genuine Bar did seldome see,
Whose obscure tongue scarce boasts a seven years Fee,
Whose Lungs are all his Law, whose pleading noise
And silence, dearer then discreeter voice.
Whose conscience wears a face for every dresse;
Religion justifies the Savages.
Faction'd and byas'd, for who gives most fair,
Camelion through, onely not hir'd with Aire,

Whose insolence no presence can relaxe,
Whose carriage wounds his *King* worse then the Axe.
This needy Oratour, now richer drest,
And higher plac'd, is Image still at best:
Who though from hell, he his glib dictates hold,
As Satan talk't i'th' Idols tongues of old;
Yet the close drift of this bright pomp and shrine,
Is nor the Devill, nor He, but worse design.

We give the concluding epitaph:

Within this sacred *Vault* doth lie
The Quintessence of MAJESTIE;
Which being set, more glorious shines,
The best of KINGS, best of Divines:
Britains shame, and Britains glory,
Mirrour of Princes, complete Story
Of ROYALTY; One so exact
That th' *Elixirs* of Praise detract:
These are faint Shadows: But t' endure
Hee's drawn to th' life in's POURTACTURE:
If such another PIECE youl'd see,
Angels must Limn it out, or HEE
Where Wisdom, Grace, and Eloquence,
Are Centred in their Eminence.
Martyr'd HEE was to save His Laws,
Religion, People, from the jaws
Of ASSASINES, whose weal HEE sought,
Even then when they His MURDER wrought
With horrid Plots, that HEADLESS He
(And in HIM Church and State) might be.
Then since Correlatives They were,
Three Kingdoms in one KING lies here. A. B.

The Book is without place or printer's name, and contains Sig. A to C 8 in eights. Jolley's sale, pt. ii. No. 677, 6*s.* 6*d.*; Heber's ditto, pt. iv. No. 86, 8*s.*

Half-bound in Calf.

CHARLES I. — A Faithful Subjects Sigh on the universally-lamented Death and Tragicall End, of that Vertuous and Pious Prince, our most Gracious Soveraigne Charles I. King

of Great Brittaine, most Barbarously Butchered by his Rebellious Subjects. By a Gentleman now resident in the Court of Spain.

Printed in the Year 1649. 4to, pp. 8.

On the reverse of the title is an anagram on the name of Carolus Stuartus Scotus, Magnæ Brittanniæ, Rex, and a Chronogram. Like the preceding poem, the lamentations and sighs on Charles's death, are written in a coarse and exaggerated tone, and his sufferings compared with those of the Saviour. As witness the following quotation with which the poem concludes.

True, Grandame Nature, thou didst well resent
Thy God our Saviours Passion, thou did'st rent
The Temples vale asunder, and did'st split
The vaults of th' Earth, which such an ague fit
Lay trembling in, that therewithall she wak'd
The sleeping Ghosts, out of their darke Tombes shak'd,
To stand and wonder at that darker Night
When thou had'st spread black curtaines o're the Light
To solemnize *Christ's* funerall rites; but know
A Truer Symbole of our Christ then now
Ne're suffered since; then surely for His sake
Some lamentable change thou ought'st to make,
O're our most Gracious Soveraign now dead,
By his owne People (base *Jewes*) Martyred:
And 'twixt two Theeves too, *Crucified*, which were
The *INDEPENDENT* and the *PRESBYTER*.
And as the Chief Priests and the *Pharisees*
Held Councell 'gainst our Saviour, so these
Of our *Sanhedrim* with the *Libertine*,
In such a Parliament did now combine
'Gainst Christ's *Anointed*; where in vaine they sought
Him to surprise, 'till they Him also bought,
And *Covenanted* with the *Scot* for Gold,
Who *Judas*-like, his Native Master sold.
Then as the Dove in th' Talons of the Kite,
Secur'd by's Rebels in the *Isle of Wight*:
Where (as Christ in the Garden was) for Pray'r
Secluded, and devoted to prepare
Himselfe, for th' houre he knew was drawing nigh
To apprehend him, they a Company
Of Treacherous villaines sent him to betray,
And by that *Kisse of Treaty* lead the way

For them to gripe Him; then hir'd the loud cry
Of th' multitude, that should say, Crucifie.
Yet some of th' *Jewish* Jury could confesse
(Like *Pilate*) that they found their Lord guiltlesse;
Washing their hands, not hearts, saying they saw
No fault in Him; but ye have made a Law
(Said those dissenting Lords) whereby 'tis fit
We to your Swords' Him (and our selves) submit:
So His life He laid down, for th' sins of's Foes
(Like Christ) for the peculiar faults of those
That shed His Bloud: who their good King accus'd
Of th' selfe-same Crimes, wherewith they Him abus'd.
In all things *Christ's* true Picture, and who dies
So like's Redeemer, I dare Canonize.
And for that Earthly Crown which here He bare
(That Crown of Thornes so full of prickling Care,
And sharpe afflictions) I dare averre this,
He wears a *Martyrs* one in *Paradise*.

This tract is scarce. The present copy is from Skegg's sale, No. 332, 9*s*., and is embellished with a portrait of Charles with flowing hair, falling laced band and Collar of the Garter.

Half-bound in Calf.

CHARLES I. — Stipendariæ Lacrymæ, or, A Tribute of Teares. Paid upon the Sacred Herse of the most Gracious and Heroick Prince, Charles I. Late King of Great Brittaine, France, and Ireland, murdered at Westminster, by his own (Regicide) Subjects, on Jan. 30. 1648.

Solvamus bono Principi Stipendarias Lacrymas,
quia ille nobis solvit etiam mortis suæ stipendium.
S. Amb. de Mort. Valen. Imp.

Hague, Printed for Samuel Browne, 1654, 4to. pp. 48.

Another of the numerous poetical tributes of affection paid to the memory of the royal martyr by a writer whose name is unknown, but whose verses are not altogether devoid of merit. The title is followed by a Latin inscription to Charles's memory, by the author, in the shape of an altar; by a "Chronosticon" on the beheading of Charles; and by a distich "To the

Author" signed C. B. The Poem which is preceded by an "Argumentum" is entitled "Stipendariæ Lacrymæ, or, The Vision." It is written in seven line stanzas, and is divided into two parts, the first containing fifty stanzas, and the second twenty-six, ending with a song, a Latin distich, and the motto "Post Nebula Phœbus."

After comparing Charles with Cæsar, the writer falls into a trance, and the following stanzas describe not unpoetically his visions while he lay intranced:

VIII.

Whilst thus intranc't (dull as my Couch) I laid,
A Diapred field took fast hold on mine eye:
Sure heer (I thought) SIDNEY the *Arcadia* made,
None such I saw in flow'ry *Picardy*,
Nor where the silver *Loire* steals laughing by.
This the originall, sweet *Tempe* is
But a mean Pencills ruder draught of this.

IX.

The Grasse in greenness Emeralds excell'd
Each gently striving all the rest to passe,
And yet they all an equall even height held
So woven with flowers, 'twas hard to say it was
Or reall Tapstery, or embroydred Grasse.
To which the Roses gave a blush, as though
At her own beauty Earth did bashful show.

X.

This heap of sweets a cooling gale sweept over,
And (as if he'd brought too the *Phœnix* Pile
On his wing) to my nostrill did deliver
A scent more fragrant than the gums of *Nile*,
Or all the Essences of *Delos* Isle,
Or *Cyprus* wild vine flowers; or (I may say)
Then any thing, but the breath of NEREA.

XI.

A stream of *Nectar* (the Nimphs looking-Glass)
Over the meadowes bosome (bubling) trill'd,
Writhing in knots, he danc'd the rounds, and as
He tript by, sung the Pleasures of the field,
Whose nodding spires time with his Musick held.
His note was a deep base, which let me know
He understood and did condole my woe.

XII.

On either hand a flourishing Thicket grew
Border'd with trees cloath'd with continual spring,
Whose verdant liveries seem'd ever new,
Upon each Spray a Nightingale did sing,
And Birds of *Paradise* ever carolling.
Whose sweet consent so taught the grove reply
Even th' *Eccho* was a perfect Harmony.

While "rapt with these delightsome shades and streams" in Elizium, he thus states what he there beheld:

XVI.

One of the pleasant Groves those spotless souls
True lovers held, bathing themselves in blisse
(Not dreading jealous *Juno's* nice controuls)
With Mirtle crown'd, they were let loose to kisse
And warble *Pœans* of their happinesse.
There NASO and his JULIA, now no more
CORINNA, with dalliance the day out wore.

XVII.

There (purged of the folly of disdayning).
Laura walk'd hand in hand with Petrarch joind.
No more of Tyrant Goblin Honour plaining.
There *Sidney* in rich *Stella's* arms lay twind,
CAREW and SUCKLING there mine eye did find
And thousands whom my song with silence covers
Privacy pleaseth best enjoying Lovers.

XVIII.

The other Grove brave *Soldiers* doe possesse,
Adorn'd with *Coronets* of *Palm* and *Oake*,
Some clad in steel, some lock't in glistring Brasse,
Whose shine did (as it were) the Trees provoke
And make their barks like burnisht Armor looke.
The gallant glitt'ring of these harnest Knights,
Brighten those shades in lieu of starry lights.

In the succeeding stanzas, after naming others that were there seen in Elysium, the founders of York and London cities, Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table, the Black Prince, Edward I., Henry V. and others, he enumerates some of the more eminent Loyalists and Cavaliers distinguished in the lists of fame, whose blood was shed in defence of their Royal Master.

XXX.

In yon loyall Brigade ('mongst many more)
I saw and knew the high-born *D'Aubigney*,
And noble *Lindsey*, whom the *Oxe* did gore
In dreadfull *Dale*; — the *Oxe* that rear'd on high
His threatning head against that *Majesty*
Whose Pastures rays'd him to this wanton guize,
Such Beasts, fed full, the cribbe and hand despise.

XXXI.

Spencer (a gallant branch of an old stock)
Northamptons honour'd *Earle* stood 'mong the best
That feasted Death, and in a bloudy shock
On *Hopton Heath* his Rebell foes supprest,
Where, having done his work, he went to rest.
Thus Death and Huntsmen let the Rascall flie
And single out the goodliest Deere to die.

XXXII.

Stout *Litchfield* and *Carnarvon* heer I spi'd,
Rich *Kingstone*; and heroick *Sunderland*,
And valiant *St. George* that a *Conqueror* died.
Heer that brave *Marquesse de Vieuville* did stand
Murder'd in cold bloud, by base *Rebells* hand.
Rare *Stranger!* thus I lift thee 'bove these *Earles*,
They for their *King* did die, but *thou* for *Charles*.

XXXIII.

Heer that great son of Valour *Grandison*,
That with his story every mouth did fill,
I saw and *Cary*, Fames and *Monmouths* son,
Faulkland that water'd *Newberries* fatall Hill;
And Gage that was knockt downe with the *Brown* Bill,
That *Mars* and *Mercury*, justly Governour
O'th' *Kings* head Fort of *Learning* and of *War*.

XXXIV.

I say the yong, yet valiant *Villiers* there:
Lucas and *Lisle* with double *Crowns* I spi'd;
For they both *Soldiers* and state *Martyrs* were;
If *Phocas* gave that name to all that died
In war, they merit it by double right.
Heer thousands more I saw, but need not name,
Since they'r already in the Lists of Fame.

In the following stanza, near the close of the first part, he certainly out-herods Herod:

XLVIII.

When the last Trump shall light that common fire
Wherein t' a chrystall Globe earth turn'd shall be,
And our dry bones with stars shall make one Pyre,
How glorious a sight wil't be to see
Charles lead the *Martyr'd Sainted* Cavalrie?
Riding upon the winds and clouds becurld
With equall *Justice* for to *judge the world.*

We shall conclude our extracts with the stanza which commences the second part:

I.

The guilty Night with her black velvet wing
Mantled me round: — deep melancholick dreams
Hung all my braine with blacks: I heard Swans sing
Their own sad farewells to the mourning streams:
With thousand *Tragedies* my fancy teems
And acts them in dark *Scenes*: thus thought is kind,
Such funerall colours please a gasping mind.

This part is occupied with allegorical allusions to the melancholy state of affairs, and ends with poetical personifications of England, Scotland, and Ireland, "three portly ladies" opprest with grief, and bewailing the loss of their sainted monarch.

We are unable to form any conjecture as to the authorship of this tract, which is exceedingly scarce, and has not, that we are aware of, been noticed by bibliographers.

A copy was sold in Skegg's sale, 338, for 1*l.* 4*s.* 0*d.*

CHARLES I. — King Charles his Birthright.

Ecclesiastes x. xvii.
Blessed art thou O Land, when thy KING is
the Sonne of Nobles.

By P. M. Gentleman.

Edinbvrgh, Printed by Iohn Writtoun. 1633, 4to. pp. 8.

An exceedingly rare tract on Charles I., which has been reprinted by Mr. David Laing in his *Collection of Fugitive Scottish Poetry of the XVII. Century*, vol. i., and of which the author, under the initials of "P. M. Gentleman," is unknown. It consists of only four leaves, and is full of predictions as to the future prosperous fate of Charles, which were not

destined to be realized. The subjoined allusions to the antiquity of the Scottish monarchy may be quoted as a specimen of the boastings of the unknown writer:

Then come (blest KING) with great renowne
Receaue your great grand Fathers Crowne:
Your birthright Crowns that did suppresse
The roaring Romans hardinesse.
That Virgin Scepter singularie,
Neuer as yet made tributarie:
Your owne true Crowne (Great Sir) I meane,
Your old *Fergusian* diademe
Except this Crowne that Crowne was neuer,
That did remaine vnconquerd euer:
The Monarchs foure so much renownde,
Were all most odiously decrownde:
The Lyon with the Eagles wings,
(I meane the stout *Assyrian* Kings,)
Was by the barbarous Boare beate downe,
Which signifies the *Persian* Crowne,
The Leopard, the *Grecian* sway
Did beate the mightie Boare away:
And then this Meteor *Grecian* might
But lasted like a lightning bright:
The fearefull Beast with many teeth,
Which doth poynt out the Romans wrath.
Though this Empyre continued longest,
Yet it was broke euen at the strongest:
Proud *Spaine* were all but slaves of late,
Vnto the great *Cesarian* state,
And *Cæsar* was a starre beside
To *Gregorie* for all his pryde:
France hath thryse exchangde the lyne,
Within nine hundreth yeares and nyne:
The Popes head ay an heirelesse crowne,
A birthright for some bastard clowne
The faithlesse, gracelesse Ottoman
Was tributar to *Tamerlan*,
To *Scanderbeg*, and *Godfrey* stout
And to the Christian Kings about:
And let mee speake this but offence,
(With all submissue reuerence)
The Crowne of *Iudah* did remaine
A captiue long in base disdaine:

But your braue Caledonian Crowne
Beares this cognizance of renowne,
An hundreth and seuen Princes faire
Leaves this vnconquish to their heire:
And of this flocke, fourescore and ten
Were Christian Kings and holy men.
Let any Nation in the world
Vaunt in this manner vncontrold:
For let the *Scythian* Crowne contend,
Or *Egypt* for her age defend,
Compard with our antiquitie,
They both are but a noueltie.

The present copy belonged to George Chalmers, Esq., and with the exception of one in the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh, is believed to be the only one known. Unbound.

CHARLES II. — The Form and Order of the Coronation of Charles the Second; King of Scotland, England, France, and Ireland: — As it was acted and done at Scoone, the first day of Ianuarie, 1651.

1. Chron. 29. 23.

Then Solomon sate on the Throne of the Lord as King, instead of David his father, and prospered, and all Israel obeyed him.

Prov. 20. 8.

A King that sitteth on the Throne of Judgement, scattereth away all evil with his eyes.

Prov. 25. 5.

Take away the wicked from before the King, and his Throne shall be established in Righteousness.

Aberdene, Imprinted by James Brown, 1651. 4to, pp. 52.

The Coronation of Charles II., the last monarch who was ever crowned in Scotland, took place in the Kirk of Scone on the 1st January 1651, more than ten years before he was crowned on his Restoration as King of England in Westminster Abbey on St. George's Day 1661. The Scotch Coronation seems to have been rather a tame and spiritless affair, and directed chiefly to the procuring the King's promise to carry out the Solemn League and Covenant which Charles had no difficulty in giving. It was

deprived also of the ancient prestige of the royal stone so long renowned in the Coronations of the Scottish Kings, which had been removed from Scone long before to its present resting place in Westminster Abbey.

The repetition pamphlet is chiefly occupied with the Sermon preached on the occasion by "Master Robert Douglas, Minister of Edinburgh, Moderator of the Commission of the Generall Assemblie" from the text 2 Kings 11, 12–17, the latter verse being considered especially appropriate. The Sermon is exceedingly lengthy, being divided into numerous divisions and subdivisions, and Charles's patience must have been sorely tried, since in addition to the Sermon he had to be addressed and advised by the Moderator, who seems to have been thought the most important personage in the ceremony. The crown was placed upon the head of Charles by Archibald Marquis of Argyle, who not long after the Restoration was himself beheaded for high treason.

The account of the ceremony does not occupy more than three or four pages of the tract, the rest being filled with the religious part. It is ornamented with a frontispiece representing the King seated on his Throne, and the Moderator preaching on his right hand. The tract is scarce. At the end, bound up with it, is a copy of the London Gazette for Thursday April 23, 1685, St. George's Day, giving an official account of the Coronation of James II. and Queen Mary on that day. There was no procession from the city, but they came from Whitehall to Westminster Hall, and went in a stately procession from thence on foot upon blue cloth spread from the Throne in the Hall to the Abbey, the passage being railed in, and guarded by the Horse and Foot Guards. The Litany was sung by two Bishops, and the Sermon was preached by Turner, Bishop of Ely, but there was no Communion Service. Only one or two other things are deserving of notice. The King being crowned, he vouchsafed to kiss the Archbishops and Bishops, and the Te Deum being sung, the Archbishops and Bishops did homage and kissed the King's cheek, and after them the Temporal Lords also did homage, and severally kissed the King's cheek, and touched his crown; during which the Treasurer of the Household threw about the Coronation medals. Then followed the Coronation of the Queen, after which they returned to Westminster Hall in the same order they came, and the banquet took place, the first course being served up with the usual ceremony, the Lord High Steward between the Lord High Constable and the Earl Marshall riding up before it on horseback. And before the second course was served, Sir Charles Dymoke the King's champion in complete

armour, accompanied by the Lord High Constable and Earl Marshall, all on horseback, performed the usual ceremony of the challenge. After which the banquet being ended, and the whole solemnity concluded in great order and magnificence and with universal joy, their Majesties returned to Whitehall, and the nobility and others departed.

Collation: Signature A to N 2, in twos. 26 leaves.

Half-bound in Blue Morocco.

CHARLES II. — Anglia Rediviva: A Poem on his Majesties most joyfull Reception into England. London, Printed by R. Hodgkinsonne for Charles Adams, and are to be sold at the signe of the Talbot in Fleetstreet, 1660. 4to. pp. 8.

A short poem on the happy return of Charles II. to this country, and his joyful reception by the nation, written by an anonymous author. Out of the six pages which comprise the whole of the poem, nearly one and a half are filled with a description of General Monk, afterwards Duke of Albemarle, who was so instrumental in the restoration of his lawful Monarch, and which may serve as an appropriate specimen of the writer's skill in versification:

But let the pressing Multitude give room;
Behold the noble Generall is come
With low obeisance Majestie to greet,
And lay himself down at the Royall feet.
This, this is he, whom kinder stars have sent
Of all our joyes to be the Instrument;
He, whom the Heav'ns reserv'd for such a season
To rescue *England*, and disarme black Treason.
O, may that horrid Monster ne're be found
To raise his head again on English ground;
Down in his native Dungeon let him rore
For e're, and wallow in his own foul gore.
Long live our *George*, that hath this Dragon slain,
To crush the breed, should any yet remain.
What this Knight was that after-times may see,
I'le draw his Picture for Posterity,
He is all inside: nothing of bark, or shell:
Made up of solid greatnesse; scorns t'excell
In a gay formall outside: One, that can

Seem little, and be great within. A Man
Only by his high actions understood
Born for his Country, and his Soveraigns good.
He doth the work, whilest others say fine things;
And all our Hopes to an enjoyment brings:
Cares not with gilded promises to please,
But silently contrives our happinesse.
Some hope, some fear, some censure, and some raile,
He minds them not, but still drives home the Naile.
Not the mistrust of unbelieving friends,
Nor force of open foes obstruct the ends
Nobly prefixt unto his generous mind:
He cuts his way through all, makes every wind
Serve his well laid Designe, untill he bring
To this distracted Realm Peace, and the King.
Him the succeeding Ages will admire
More then the present can: Great heights require
Some distance to be fully seen: When we
Lye blended in forgotten Dust, shall hee
Stand a fair Precedent of Loyalty.

We are ignorant of the author of this Poem which is not noticed by Lowndes. The present copy is illustrated with a fine portrait of Charles in armour, holding a truncheon in his hand. Skegg's sale, No. 349, 7*s*.

Half-bound in Russia.

Chaucer (Geoffrey.) — The woorkes of Geffrey Chaucer, newly printed, with diuers addicions, whiche were neuer in printe before:— with the siege and destruccion of the worthy citee of Thebes, compiled by Jhon Lidgate, Monke of Berie. As in the table more plainly dooeth appere. 1560.

Colophon. Imprinted at London, by John Kyngston, for John Wight, dwellyng in Poules Churchyarde. Anno 1561. Folio blk. lett.

It has been justly remarked of Chaucer, the great Father of English Poetry, as he is called, and the glory of the reign of the illustrious Edward III., that although he had been preceded by several ancient versifiers, he is pre-eminently the person with whom our poetical history may be supposed

to have commenced, "the morning star of our poetical hemisphere," the great founder of the poetry of his country, the inventor of our heroic verse, the enricher and improver of his native language, and the progenitor of a long and glorious line of poets. It is also truly observed, that Chaucer was a man of the world; and that "to the variety of scenes in which he bore a part, is to be attributed the varied character of his writings. As a courtier, a traveller, and a man of pleasure, he acquired an air of gallantry, and a talent for rich and elegant description, which distinguish him from the dry and scholastic writers of this nascent period of English poetry; and at the same time, a fund of serious reading, joined with the many occasions he had for the exercise of sober reflection, rendered him fit to sustain the part of the divine or philosopher."

Although Caxton, Wynkyn de Worde, and Pynson had each printed portions of the poems of Chaucer, the first edition of his collected works came from the press of Thomas Godfray in 1532, folio, under the direction and care of William Thynne, Esq., the Father of Francis Thynne, who dedicated it to Henry VIII. as alone worthy to be the patron of the works of so great a poet. This edition, notwithstanding its imperfections, is still regarded as the most authentic; and as superior to all the later folio impressions of Stowe and Speght.

It was reprinted by William Bonham in 1542, Folio, blk. lett. with the addition of "The Plowman's Tale," which was here inserted for the first time. This edition is sometimes found with the name of John Reynes, Richard Kele, Robert Toy, and Thomas Petit as the printers, who had each a share in the book, and had his own name alone inserted as printer in his own share of copies. Reckoning all these therefore as one and the same Impression, with merely a different Colophon, the present is the third edition, and is supposed to have been edited by John Stowe. On the title-page is a large wood-cut of the arms and crest of Chaucer, Per pale argent and gules, a bend countercharged, crest, an unicorn's head, with two lines underneath,

> Vertue florisheth in Chaucer still,
> Though death of hym, hath wrought his will.

The work commences with "The Prologue" in prose, or Preface of William Thynne, chief Clerk of the Kitchen, addressed to Henry VIII., after which is "A Table of all the names of the woorkes conteigned in this volume," then "Eight goodlie questions with their answers," nine seven-line stanzas,

and a "Prologue" in nine eight-line stanzas, "To the Kinges most noble grace, and to the Lordes and Knightes of the Garter." Opposite to this on Sig. A i. is a curious woodcut shewing the genealogy of the houses of York and Lancaster, down to their junction by the marriage of Henry VII. and Elizabeth of York. Then follow "The Prologues" which precede the Canterbury Tales, xxii in number. These latter commence on Sig. B i. Fol. 1, with a separate title, "The Knightes Tale" having a rude woodcut prefixed of a Knight in armour mounted with lance in his hand. "The Romaunt of the Rose," which begins on Sig. A a i, Fol. cxv., has also a separate title. And to this succeed "The Bookes of Troilus & Creseide," "The Testament of Creseide," and other legends from the Classics; "Boecius de consolatione Philosophie," "The dreame of Chaucer," "The assemble of Foules," "The Floure of Courtesie, made by Ihon Lidgate," "How pitie is dedde, or La belle dame sans mercie," "Of Quene Annelida & false Arcite," "The assemble of ladies," and his treatise "Of the Astrolabie," in prose, addressed by Chaucer to his younger son, Lewis, commencing thus:

> Lytle Lowys my sonne, I perceiue well by certaine euidences thyne abylyte to lerne sciẽces touching nombres and proporcions and also well consydre I thy besye prayer in especyal to lerne the tretyse of the Astrolabye. Then for as moche as a Philosopher saithe, he wrapeth hym in his frende that condiscendeth to the ryghtfull prayers of his frende:—Therfore I haue giuen thee a sufficient Astrolabye for owre Orizont compowned after the latitude of Oxenforde.

This younger son for whom this treatise was composed, is supposed to have died early, his eldest son Thomas Chaucer alone surviving him.

The Poems are continued on Fol. cclxx., with "The complaint of the blacke Knight," "A praise of women," "The House of Fame," in three books, "The testament of Loue," in prose in three books, "The lamentacion of Marie Magdalene," "The remedie of Loue," "The complaint of Mars and Venus," "The letter of Cupide," "A Balade in commendacion of our Ladie," "A balade to King Henry the iiij. by Ihon Gower," "Of the Cuckowe and the Nightingale," "Scogan unto the Lordes and Gentilmen of the Kinges house," and "Certaine Balades." The additional Poems "whiche were neuer in printe before," mentioned in the title-page, commence on Fol. cccxl., and are thus headed: "Here foloweth certaine woorkes of Geffray Chaucer, which hath not here to fore been printed, and are gathered and added to this booke by Ihon Stowe." These consist of "Certaine Balades" on various subjects, and "The Court of Loue;" and the volume

concludes with Lydgate's "Storie of the Siege & Destruction of Thebes," and the Colophon, as given above.

In the ninth vol. of the *Retrosp. Rev.*, p. 172, there is an elaborate and well written article on the works of Chaucer, and continued in vol. xii. p. 106 and vol. xiv. p. 305, containing an account of that author and his writings, and of his various editors; and the following works may also be consulted with advantage: Warton's *Hist. Eng. Poet.*, vol. ii. sec. xii. p. 176, and the six succeeding sections; Hallam's *Introd.*, vol. i. p. 62 and p. 593; Todd's *Illust. of the Lives of Gower and Chaucer*, 8vo, 1810; Campbell's *Essay on Eng. Poetry*, p. 28, &c., and p. 123; Dibdin's *Libr. Comp.*, vol. ii. p. 266; Collier's *Bridgew. Catal.*, p. 58; *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, 901; and the editions of Chaucer's works by Tyrwhitt, Singer, and Nicolas. Copies of the present impression, when in fine state, sell well. One in Nassau's sale, pt. i., 893, sold for 2*l.* 3*s.*; and another in Roscoe's sale, 1323, for the same sum; *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, 901, 5*l.* 5*s.*

Collation: The title, prologue, and table, four leaves; Sig. A to U 6 in sixes, A a to T t 6 in sixes, U and X eight leaves each, Y and Z six leaves, then A a a to T t t 6 in sixes, U u u eight leaves. The head-line and numbering of the folios often incorrect.

Fine Copy. Bound by Mackenzie. In Dark-green Morocco, with broad border of gold, gilt leaves.

CHAUCER, (GEOFFREY.) — The Workes of our Ancient and lerned English Poet, Geffrey Chaucer, newly printed. To that which was done in the former Impression, thus much is now added. 1. In the life of Chaucer many things inserted. 2. The whole Worke by old Copies reformed. 3. Sentences & Prouerbes noted. 4. The Signification of the old & obscure words proved; also Characters shewing from what Tongue or Dialect they be deriued. 5. The Latine and French, not Englished by Chaucer, translated. 6. The Treatise called *Iacke Vpland*, against Friers; and Chaucers A. B. C. called *La priere de nostre Dame*, at this Impression added

Londini, Impensis Geor: Bishop. Anno. 1602. Folio. **bl. lett.**

The next edition of Chaucer's works after the one just described was published in 1598. It was edited by Thomas Speght, was dedicated to Sir Robert Cecil, Knight, and probably printed by Adam Islip. This edition contained two poems by Chaucer, viz., his Dream, and the Flower and the Leaf, never before printed. The present is a re-impression of Speght's edition, with the additions and amendments mentioned in the title. This title is within a highly ornamental and elaborate compartment, cut in wood, having, in a tablet at the top, a lamb lying on a stool, with its legs bound together, and a knife at its throat; on a scroll above, "Possidete animas vestras;" the sides are elegant twisted columns, wreathed with vine branches about them; at the bottom, between their bases, is a vase, out of which the vine branches issue, with the date 1574; and on the tablet, at the top, the engraver's initials, N.H. This splendid woodcut had been used before for other works; among the rest for a Latin Bible, with the annotations of Tremellius and Junius, printed for William Norton, 1593, Fol. Opposite the title is a plate of "The Progenie of Geffrey Chaucer," containing in the centre a full-length portrait of Chaucer in a hood, holding a knife or pen-case in his right hand, and a string of beads in his left. Underneath is an inscription, "The true portraiture of Geffrey Chaucer, the famous English Poet, as by Thomas Occleve is described, who lived in his time, and was his Scholar." At the bottom is the tomb of Thomas Chaucer, Esq., his son, with figures of himself in armour, and his wife, and on the sides are twenty coats of arms. On the upper ledge of the tomb is this inscription: "Hic jacent Thomas Chaucer armiger quondam dominus istius villæ, et patronus istius ecclesiæ qui obiit Decem. 13. A° Dni. 1434. et Matildis uxor eius Ap. 27. 1436." After the title is the dedication to Sir Robert Cecil, Knight, in which Speght, after alluding to "Ma. William Thynn's praiseworthy labours," mentions his own additions to the poems, his glossary, &c. &c. The dedication is followed by a prose address "To the Reader," an epistle to Speght by Francis Beaumont the dramatist, and commendatory verses by H. B. and Fran. Thynn. To these succeed "The Life of Geffrey Chaucer," with an account of his children, his revenue, service, rewards, friends, books, death, and other particulars. The works are preceded by another title-page, with the large woodcut of his arms and crest, as in the former edition of 1561, and the Epistle of William Thynne to King Henry the Eighth. At the end of "The Court of Love," on Fol. 334, as in the edition of 1561, is added "Chaucer's dreame neuer before the yeare 1597 printed. That which heretofore hath gone vnder the name of his dreame is the booke of the Duchesse:

or the death of Blanch, Duchesse of Lancaster;" the beautifull poem of "The Floure and the Leafe," "Chaucer's A. B. C. called La Priere de nostre Dame," and "Iacke Vpland," in prose. Then Lidgate's Storie of Thebes, and "A Catalogue of translations & Poeticall deuises in English metre or verse done by John Lidgate Monke of Bury; whereof some are extant in Print, the residue in the custodie of him that first caused this Siege of Thebes to be added to these workes of G. Chaucer." The volume closes with a glossary, or "The hard words of Chaucer explained," "the Latine and French translated," "the names of the authors cited by Chaucer," and a leaf of errata.

Speght does not rank high as an editor, and many of the corruptions of the text in his impressions, and of his mistakes in the Life of Chaucer, have been subsequently corrected in the more careful edition of Mr. Tyrwhitt. Copies of the present edition sold in the Roxburghe sale, 3250, for *3l.*, White Knight's Do., pt. i., 971, *3l. 3s.*; *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, 88, *4l. 4s.*

Collation: Title to the end of the Table, Sig. a, b, and c six leaves each, Sig. A to Z 6 in sixes, A a to Z z 6 in sixes, A a a to T t t 6 in sixes, U u u eight leaves.

Bound in Brown Calf, blank tooled, marbled leaves.

CHAUCER, (GEOFFREY.)—The Works of our Ancient, Learned, and Excellent English Poet Jeffrey Chaucer: as they have lately been compar'd with the best Manuscripts; and several things added, neuer before in Print. To which is adjoyn'd The Story of the Siege of Thebes, by John Lidgate, Monk of Bury. Together with the Life of Chaucer, shewing his Countrey, Parentage, Education, Marriage, Children, Revenues, Service, Reward, Friends, Books, Death. Also a Table, wherein the Old and Obscure Words in Chaucer are explained, and such Words (which are many) that either are, by Nature or Derivation, Arabick, Greek, Latine, Italian, French, Dutch, or Saxon, mark'd with particular Notes for the better understanding their Original.

London, Printed in the Year, MDCLXXXVII. Folio, bl. lett. pp. 718.

Another re-impression of Speght's edition of no particular value. It has the plate of "The Progenie of Geffrey Chaucer," containing the full-length portrait of him, and the contents of the volume are exactly the same with those of the preceding edition. On the last page is an "Advertisement" respecting the conclusion of the *Cook's Tale*, and also of the *Squire's Tale*, which the editor had found in a manuscript, and desires the reader to add them from their insertion here as directed. This is the latest edition before that of Urry in 1721, and in the preface to that impression is thus spoken of: "The last Edition in 1687 scarce deserves a mention here, having all the defects of the former ones, with many additional errors of its own. It is furnished with a pompous Title-Page only for Sale, pretending that it was compared with the best M.S.S., and that several things were added never before in Print, which are only Two Advertisements; one at the beginning, that the Pilgrim's Tale could not be found; the other at the end, pretending to have found the conclusion of the Cokes and Squier's Tales." It contains 718 pages, exclusive of the frontispiece.

In the original Calf Binding.

CHAUCER, (GEOFFREY.) — The Works of Geoffrey Chaucer, Compared with the former Editions, and many valuable M.S.S. Out of which, Three Tales are added which were never before Printed; By John Urry, Student of Christ Church, Oxon. Deceased: Together with a Glossary, by a Student of the same Colledge. To the whole is prefixed the Author's Life, newly written, and a Preface, giving an Account of this Edition.

London, Printed for Bernard Lintot, between the Temple Gates. MDCCXXI. (1721.) Folio.

John Urry, the editor of this edition of Chaucer, was a native of Scotland, and afterwards a student of Christ Church, Oxford, where he took the degrees of B.A. and M.A., and, along with other Oxford scholars, took part in the Duke of Monmouth's rebellion. Although not qualified for the task of editing Chaucer, he was a person of considerable learning and industry, and was greatly respected for his worth and charity

in private life. He was a great friend of Hearne the Antiquary, by whom he was much esteemed for his integrity, honesty, and loyalty, and also for his being, like himself, a nonjuror, and refusing the oaths. He was induced to undertake this new edition of Chaucer at the recommendation, as is supposed, of Dr. Aldrich, then head of Christ Church, and afterwards of Dean Atterbury, but died of a fever at Oxford on the 18th March, 1714–5, when little more than 50 years of age, before he had completed his undertaking, in which he had been assisted by Mr. Thomas Ainsworth, of Christ Church, Oxford, who also died before it was finished, in August, 1719. It was afterwards perfected by Dr. Timothy Thomas and his brother William. Mr. Urry was buried on the north side of the nave of the Cathedral at Oxford, and the reader may see a curious account, by Hearne, of his sickness and death, with a Latin epitaph written by himself, in Dr. Bliss's *Reliquiæ Hearnianæ*, Oxon., 1857, vol. i. p. 321. See also Nichols's *Liter. Anecd.*, 8vo, 1812, vol. i. p. 196. Out of gratitude to the place of his education, Urry had intended to have left a legacy of 500*l.* towards the new building of Peckwater Quadrangle, then in course of erection, but, dying without this being accomplished, two-thirds of the profits of this edition were appropriated to the fulfilment of this object by his friend and executor, William Brome, Esq., formerly student of Christ Church, Bernard Lintot, the printer, receiving the other third for his share of the work. 1,000 copies were printed on small paper at 30*s.*, and 250 on large paper at 50*s.* It is embellished with engraved portraits of Chaucer by George Vertue, and of Urry by N. Pigné, and engravings in copper of Nicholas Brigham's Tomb of Chaucer in Westminster Abbey, and of the Pilgrims. The Life of Chaucer prefixed, which was not written by Urry, but by a Mr. Dart, corrected and enlarged by Dr. William Thomas, is succeeded by "Testimonies of Learned Men concerning Chaucer and his Works," in prose and verse, and by "a modest and sensible preface," by Mr. Timothy Thomas, deprecating any severe criticism by the public upon this edition, and giving an account not only of Urry's labours, but of the various impressions, which had been published by others. The Glossary at the end, including a full page of errata, occupies 82 pages, and delayed the appearance of the work from the press for more than two years. Ritson styles this a "very pompous, but most inaccurate and licentious Edition," but observes that it contains "two singularly curious and valuable poems, which the Editor, with a peculiar want of judgment, took to be Chaucer's, The Coke's Tale of Gamelyn, and The Merchant's second Tale, or The History of Beryn, the author of which,

be he whom he might, was certainly a writer of uncommon merit." Tyrwhitt is also extremely severe on this edition, which, he says, "should never be opened by any one for the purpose of reading Chaucer," and terms it "by far the worst that was ever published." "Urry's text," says Mr. Ellis, "is more uniformly smooth and harmonious than in the early printed copies. But this agreeable effect has been produced by unwarrantable interpolations, changes, and omissions, on account of which the credit of Mr. Urry's book has suffered in the opinion of all good judges." See Ellis's *Specim.*, vol. i. p. 201; Ritson's *Bibl. Poet.*, p. 20; Dibdin's *Libr. Comp.*, vol. ii. p. 274; Todd's *Illustr. of Gower and Chaucer*, *Introd.*, p. 40, 8vo, 1810; and *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, 89.

Bound in Russia, yellow edges.

CHAUCER, (GEOFFREY.)—The Ploughman's Tale. Shewing by the doctrine and liues of the Romish Clergie, that the Pope is Antichrist, and they his Ministers. Written by Sir Geffrey Chaucer, Knight, amongst his Canterburie tales; and now set out apart from the rest, with a short exposition of the words & matters, for the capacitie & understanding of the simpler sort of Readers.

At London Printed by G. E. for Samuell Macham and Mathew Cooke, and are to be sold at their shop in Paules Church-yard, at the signe of the Tygers head. 1606. 4to, **bl. lett.**

The Ploughman's Tale was first published in the second edition of the collected works of Chaucer in 1542, printed by William Bonham, Toy, and others, but it is generally acknowledged not to have been written by Chaucer, or to bear any resemblance to his style or manner. It was probably composed by some one living shortly after his time, in imitation of the Canterbury Tales, which had then become popular. Warton was of opinion that this poem was written in imitation of Langland's Piers Plowman's Vision, who had numerous followers at that time in his peculiar style and manner. "The measure," says he, "is different, and it is in rhyme. But it has Langland's alliteration of initials, as if his example had, as it were,

appropriated that mode of versification to the subject, and the supposed character which supports the satire." It might perhaps be thought, with more truth, to imitate the Crede, which was written by a different hand to the Vision, and to which an allusion is made in the 46th stanza of the third book, as if it was written by the author of the present poem.

> Of Freres (Friars) I have told before
> In a making of a *Crede*,
> And yet I could tell worse and more,
> But men would werien it to rede.

From this passage we may at least judge, as Warton has remarked, that this poem was composed later in time than the Crede.

The first known separate edition of the Ploughman's Tale was printed by William Hyll, blk. lett. sm. 8vo, n.d., but probably about 1548 or 9. A copy of this edition sold at Nassau's sale, pt. i., 586, for 5*l.* 18*s.* The present impression has neither preface, dedication, nor editor's name, but commences with "A description of the Plowman," sixteen lines, followed by "The Plowmans Prologue," six octave stanzas. The Tale then begins, headed with this short notice: "The Plowmans Tale. A complaint against the pride and couetousnesse of the Cleargie: made no doubt by Chaweer; with the rest of the Tales. For I haue seene it in written hand in Iohn Stowes Librarie, in a booke of such antiquitie, as seemeth to haue been written neare to Chawcer's time." Here we see it is only hinted that it was written in a book that "seemed to haue been written neare to Chawcer's time," while in the title it is boldly affirmed that it was "written by Sir Geffrey Chaucer, Knight, among his Canterburie tales."

The Poem is composed in eight-line stanzas, and is divided into three books. On the sides of the pages marginal notes are printed, intended to explain the obsolete words and phrases. They are said, in the preface to Urry's edition, to be "thought by some to be Mr. Francis Thynnes," but this, we think, is somewhat doubtful. The doctrines and opinions of Wycliffe, which at that period were spreading throughout the land, and were especially directed against the glaring corruptions of the monkish orders and other ecclesiastical superstitions, gave rise to several poems of a satirical kind against the clergy, and were doubtless the origin of the present work. We will now transcribe a few of the opening stanzas of the poem, as specimens of the author's satire and style of versification.

1.

A sterne strife is stirred new,
In many steedes in a stound,
Of sundry seeds that ben sew,
It seemeth that some been vnsoūd:
For some be great growne on ground,
Some been soukle, simple and small,
Whether of hem is falser found,
The falser foule mote him befall.

2.

That one side is, that I of tell,
Popes, Cardinals, and Prelates,
Parsons, Monkes, and Freres fell,
Priours, Abbots, of great estates:
Of heauen and hell they keepe the yates,
And *Peters* successours they been all,
This is deemed by old dates,
But falshed foule mote it befall.

3.

The other side ben poore and pale,
And people put out of ptease
And seeme caitiffes, sore a cale,
And euer in one without encrease
I cleped lollers and londlesse:
Who toteth on hem they ben vntall
They ben araied all for the peace
But falshed foule mote it befall.

4.

Many a countrey haue I sought
To know the falser of the two:
But euer my trauaile was for nought,
All so ferre as I haue go.
But as I wandred in a wro,
In a wood beside a wall,
Two foules saw I sitten tho
The falser foule mote him befall.

5.

That one did plete on the Popes side
A Griffon of a grimme stature,
A Pelicane withouten pride
To these lollers laied his lure:
He mused his matter in measure,
To counsale Christ euer gan he call:
The Griffon shewed as sharpe as fyre:
But falshed foule mote it befall.

6.

The Pellicane began to preach
Both of mercie and of meeknesse:
And said that Christ so gan vs teach,
And meeke and merciable gan blesse:
The Euangely beareth witnesse
A lambe he likeneth Christ ouer all,
In tokening that he meekest was,
Sith pride was out of heauen fall.

7.

And so should euery Christened be:
Priests, Peters successours
Both lowliche and of low degree,
And vsen none earthly honours:
Neither crowne, ne curious couetours,
Ne pillour, ne other proud pall,
Ne nought to cofren vp great treasours,
For falshed foule mote it befall.

8.

Priests should for no cattell plede,
But chasten hem in charitie:
Ne to no battaile should men lede,
For inhaunsing of her own degree.
Nat wilne sittings in high see,
Ne soueraignty in hous ne hall,
All worldly worship defie and flee:
For who willeth highnes, foule shall fall.

9.

Alas! who may such saints call,
That willneth welde earthly honour:
As low as Lucifer such shall fall
In balefull blacknesse to builden her boure,
That eggeth the people to errour,
And maketh them to hem thrall:
To Christ I hold such one traitour,
As low as Lucifer such one shal fall.

10.

That willeth to be kings peeres,
And higher than the Emperour:
And some that were but poore Freres,
Now wollen waxe a warriour.
God is not her gouernour,
That holdeth no man his permagall,
While couetise is her counsailour,
All such falshed mote need fall.

11.

That high on horse willeth ride
In glitter and gold of great array,
Ipainted and portred all in pride,
No common knight may go so gay:
Chaunge of clothing euery day,
With golden girdles great and small,
As boistous as is Beare at bay,
All such falshed mote need fall.

There is much severe sarcasm in the following stanzas from the second part, describing the unfaithfulness of the priests, and untrue shepherds of Christ's flock.

13.

Christ bad *Peter* keepe his sheepe,
And with his sword forbade him smite:
Swerd is no toole with sheepe to keepe,
But to shepheards that sheepe wol bite:
Me thinketh such shepheards ben to wite,
Ayen her sheepe with swerd that contend,
They driue her sheepe with great despite.
But all this God may well amend.

14.

So successours to *Peter* be they nought,
Whom Christ made cheefe pastoure,
A swerd no shepheard vsen ought,
But he would slea, as a butchoure.
For who so were *Peters* successoure,
Should bere his sheepe till his backe bend,
And shaddow hem from euery shoure.
And all this God may well amend.

15.

Successours to *Peter* ben these
In that, that *Peter* Christ forsooke,
That had leuer the loue of God lese,
Than a shepheard had to lese his hooke:
He culleth the sheepe as doth the Cooke
Of hem seeken the wooll to rend,
And falsely glose the Gospell booke.
God for his mercy them amend.

16.

After Christ had take Peter the Kay,
Christ said, he must die for man,
That *Peter* to Christ gan with say,
Christ bad him go behind Sathan:
Such counsailours many of these men han,
For worlds wole, God to offend
Peters successours they ben for than.
But all such God may well amend.

17.

For Sathan is to say no more,
But he that contrary to Christ is,
In this they learne *Peters* lore,
They sewen him when he did misse.
They follow *Peter* forsooth in this,
In all that Christ would *Peter* reprehend,
But not in that, that longeth to heuen blisse.
God for his mercy hem amend.

Sir Harris Nicolas is of opinion that Spenser speaks of the author of this tale in his Shepherd's Calendar, where he says to his book:

Dare not to match thy pipe with Tityrus his stile,
Nor with the Pilgrim that *the Ploughman* plaid awhile,

believing, in opposition to Warton, who supposed the passage to refer to the Visions of Pierce Ploughman, that "the author of the Visions never speaks of *himself* in the character of a *Ploughman*." See Pickering's Aldine Edition of the *Works of Chaucer*, 8vo, 1852, vol. i. p. 323. See also Warton's *Observ. on Spenser*, vol. i. p. 173; *Hist. Eng. Poet.*, vol. ii. p. 142; and Dibdin's *Libr. Comp.*, vol. ii. p. 274.

The present fine copy formerly belonged to Narcissus Luttrell and to Mr. Park.

Bound in Calf, extra.

CHAUCER, (GEOFFREY.) — Amorum Troili et Creseidæ Libri duo priores Anglico-Latini.

Oxoniæ, Excudebat Iohannes Lichfield, Anno Domini, 1635. 4to. **bl. lett.**

Sir Francis Kinaston, the author of this translation, descended from an ancient and knightly family in Shropshire, seated at Oteley, near Ellesmere, was the son of Sir Edward Kinaston, Knight, Sheriff of Shropshire in 1599, and was educated at Oriel College, Oxford, under the celebrated John Rous, the public Librarian, where he took the degree of B.A., and, after studying awhile at Cambridge, returned to Oxford, and was made M.A. From Oxford he went to London and joined the court, where, being esteemed for his learning and other accomplishments, he had the honour of knighthood conferred upon him in 1618, and was made esquire of the body to Charles I. He was at the head of the College of the Musæum Minervæ, in London, an academy for the education of the gentry in the fine arts, and drew up the Constitutions of that body, published in 1636, 4to. Besides the present work, he was the author of a singular poetical romance, called *Leoline and Sydanis*, 4to, London, 1642, which will be noticed hereafter, and, according to Peck, of another work, *Cynthiades, or Amorous Sonnets to his Mistress*, but this is printed with the former, and forms part of that volume. Kinaston died, according to Wood, in 1642, but we believe his death was not till after 1646. The same writer observes that "he was more addicted to the superficial parts of learning, poetry and oratory, wherein he excelled, than logic and philosophy."

The title to this translation of Chaucer's tale is within an architectural compartment, and is followed by a Latin dedication to Patrick Young, the royal librarian; an address to the Candid Reader, dated from Whitehall, 13th Dec., 1634; and copies of Latin verses by Arthur Jonston; Will. Strode, Public Orator; Tho. Lloyd, LL.B., St. John's Coll.; Jos. Crowther, M.A., Fell. *Ibid.;* Dudley Digges, Fell. All Souls; T. Gowen, Fell. New. Coll.; Sam. Kinaston, A.M., Fell. All Souls; John Corbet, Alban Hall; Maurice Berkeley, of Ch. Ch.; and in English by Will. Barker, A.M., Fell. New. Coll.; Ed. Foulis, Fell. All Souls; Will. Cartwright; Sam. Evans, LL.B., Fell. New. Coll.; Tho. Reade, LL.B., Fell. *Ibid.;* and Francis James, Fell. *Ibid.* The English text of the poem, which is printed in blk. lett. is on the right, and the Latin version on the left-hand page. It is in rhyme or metre, and the second book is incribed in Latin to John Rous, the Oxford librarian, his former tutor, to whom he acknowledges his obligations when an academician. Kinaston intended to have published the other books in the same manner; and the folio manuscript containing the entire translation, with a commentary and notes on the whole, as prepared for the press, and with a pen and ink portrait of Sir Francis, is now in the possession of the President of the Chetham Society, who purchased it at the sale of Mr. Singer's manuscripts. Probably his death might interfere with the publication of the remaining books. The translation is considered to be done with much elegance and spirit, as well as fluency and clearness of style, and is, moreover, remarkable for the fidelity with which the difficult original of Chaucer has been rendered. As a pleasing and somewhat successful specimen of a curious literary performance, we now present our readers with an extract or two from this translation. The opening stanzas are thus rendered:

1.

Dolorem Troili duplicem narrare,
Qui Priami Regis Trojæ fuit gnatus,
Vt primum illi contigit amare,
Vt miser, felix, et infortunatus
Erat, decessum ante sum conatus.
Tisiphone fer opem recensere
Hos versus, qui, dum scribo, visi flere.

The double sorrow of Troilus to tellen,
That was King Priamus Sonne of Troy,
In louing, how his Auentures fellen,
From woe to wele, and after out of Joy
My purpose is, er that I part froy.
Thou Thesiphone, thou helpe me for tendite
Theis wofull Verses, that we pen as I write.

2.

Te invoco, et numen tuum infestum,
Dira crudelis, dolens semper pœnis,

To thee I clepe, thou Goddesse of Torment,

Me iuua, qui sum instrumentum mæstum
Amantes queri docens his camœnis:
Nam conuenit lumentibus et genis
Tristem habere tremulum pauorem,
Historiam mæstam vultus et mærorem.

Thou cruell furie sorowing euer in paine,
Helpe me that am the sorowful instrument
That helpeth Louers, as I can complaine:
For well sit the sooth for to saine
A wofull wight to haue a drery feare,
And to a sorowfull Tale a sorie cheare.

3.

Nam ego qui Cupidinis seruorum
Sum seruus, et amare nunquam ausus
Pro bono statu oro tamen eorum;
Tam longè inops tenebris sum clausus.
Nil minus si hoc gaudia aut plausus
Amanti ulli feret, vel solamen,
Illi sint grates, meum sit gravamen.

For I that God of Loues seruants serue,
Ne dare to loue for mine unlikelynesse
Prayen for speed all should I therefore sterue
So farre am I fro his helpe in derknesse.
But nathelesse, if this may done gladnesse
To any Louer, and his cause auaile,
Haue he my thanke, and mine be the trauaile.

The Song of Troilus is thus neatly translated:

58.

Si non sit amor, Dii; quid est quod sentio?
Et si sit amor, Quidnam est vel quale?
Si bonus sit, Malorum unde inventio?
Si malus sit Portentum non est tale.
Quum omnis cruciatus et lethale
Vulnus sit gratum; misera quam conditio
Quanto plus bibo, tanto magis sitio.

If no love is, O God, what feele I so?
And if love is, What thing, and which is he?
If love be good, from whence commeth my Wo?
If it be wicke, a wonder thinketh me,
When euerie torment and aduersite.
That commeth of him, may to me sauery think:
For aie thirst I the more that iche it drinke.

59.

Si ardeo voluntate non inuitâ,
Unde hic luctus meus est progressus?
Si damnum placens, quorsum queror ita?
Nescio cur sisto, cum non sim defessus:
O dulces ærumnas quas sum perpessus!
Qui fit, me angat dolor tam immensus,
Ni prius datus sit meus assensus?

And if that at mine owne lust I brenne
From whence commeth my wayling & my plaint?
If harme agree me, whereto plaine I thenne?
If not, ne why, unwery that I faint,
O quicke death, O sweete harme so quenit,
How may of thee in me be such quantite,
But if that I consent that it so be?

60.

Quod si assensum do, iniustè tum
Conqueror: Huc et illuc sic iactatus,
Nauigio sine gubernaculo sum,
In mari medio inter duos flatus,
Quorum oppositus est semper status.
Hei mihi! quale est hoc quod nunc adorior?
Nam æstuans algeo, algens æstu morior.

And if that I consent, I wrongfully
Complaine iwis, thus possed to and fro,
All sterelesse within a Bote am I
Amidde the Sea, atwixen Windes two
That in contrarie stonden euer mo
Alas! what is this wonder maladie?
For heate of cold, for cold of heate I die.

One more extract, forming part of the gentle Creseide's meditations in her chamber on her love for Troilus, shall conclude our quotations from the poem.

110.

Sed velut Martio cum Sol splendeat clarè,
Mutatur sæpe, facies formosa,
Cum venti nubem cœperint fugare,
Quæ solem velat umbrâ tenebrosâ;
Sic mentem cogitatio nebulosa
Transit, quæ omnes alias obtegebat
Et præ timore tantum non cadebat.

But right as when the Sunne shineth bright
I march, that changeth oft time his face,
And that a cloud is put with wind to flight,
Which ouersprate the Sunne, as for a space,
A cloudy thought gan through her soule pace
That ouerspredde her bright thoughts all,
So that for feare almost she gan to fall.

111.

Hæc erat: Hei! cum meæ potestatis
Iam sim; cur amem sic periclitari
Securitatem meæ libertatis
Heu! cur tam fatuum ausa meditari?
Annon in aliis possum contemplari
Illorum gaudium pavidum, graues curas?
Non amat, qui non sentit vices duras.

That thought was this, alas! sith I am free,
Should I now loue, & put in ieopardie
My sickernesse, & thrallen libertie.
Alas! how durst I thinken that folie?
May I not well in other folke aspie
Her dredfull ioy, her constreint, & her pain?
Ther loueth none, that she ne hath waie to plain.

112.

Amorem nam plenissimum nimborum,
Molestum vitæ genus scio fore.
Nam semper aliquid est dissidiorum
Et nubes aliquæ super Solis ore.
Præterea nos misellæ in dolore

For loue is yet the most stormie life
Right of himselfe, that euer was begonne
For euer some mistrust, or nice strife.
There is in loue, some cloud ouer the Sunne

Nequimus aliud agere quam plorare :
Miseria est nostra planctus & potare.

Therto we wretched women nothing conne
Whan us is wo, but wepe & sit & thinke
Our wretche is this, our owne wo to drinke.

113.

Tam prestò sunt et prauæ linguæ fari
Calumnias, viri et sunt fallaces ita :
Vt prout forma cœperit mutari,
Sic amor ; noua amica est quæsita :
Quæcunq : iniuria facta, non oblita.
Nam quamvis hi se lacerent ob amorem
In fine minus sentiunt dolorem.

Also wicked tongues been so prest
To speake us harme, eke men ben so untrue
That right anon as cessed is her left,
So cesseth loue, & forth, to loue a newe,
But harme ydoe is doen, who so is rue,
For thoug these men for loue hem first to rende
Full sharpe beginning breaketh oft at ende.

114.

Quam frequens est et legere et videre
De in nos fœminas proditione ?
Quamobrem talis amor sit, tenere
Nequeo, nec ubi sit amissione
Nam nemo capit, meâ opinione
Quid fit decor ; en prorsus ignoratur
Quod fuit nil in nihilum mutatur.

How oft time may men rede & seen
The treason that to women hath he doe ?
To what fine is such loue I cannot seen
Or where be commeth it, whan it is go ?
There is no wight that mote, I trow so,
Where it becometh, to no wight on it sporneth
That erst was nothing into nought turneth.

115.

Quàm sedulam et me oportet esse,
Placere de amore garrientibus ?
Et adulari illis est necesse
Quamvis sit nulla causa obloquentibus
Mulcendi tamen verbis sunt placentibus.
Sed quis rumores reprimat linguarum
Aut sonitum pulsarum campanarum.

How busie (if I loue) eke must I be
To pleasen hem, that iangle of louen & demen,
And coyen hem, that they say no harme of me!
For though there be no cause, yet hem semen,
Al be for harme, that folke her frends quemen.
And who may stoppen euery wicked tong?
Or soune of belles while that they ben rong.

The reader will find a good notice of this translation, with copious extracts therefrom, in the *Retrosp. Rev.*, vol. xii. p. 106. See also Wood's *Ath. Oxon.*, vol. iii. p. 38; Ellis's *Specim. Early Engl. Poet*, vol. iii. p. 265;

and the Preface to Urry's Edition of *Chaucer's Works*. It sold at Sir Mark M. Sykes's sale, pt. ii, 62*, for 1*l.* 2*s.*; Skegg's do., 362, 1*l.* 7*s.*; Gordonstoun do., 1339, 2*l.* 4*s.*; Perry's do., pt. i, 1047, 1*l.* 2*s.*

Collation: Sig. A three leaves, † and * each four leaves, * * three leaves. The Poem B to N n 4 in fours.

Beautiful Copy. Bound by C. Smith. In Russia, gilt leaves.

CHESTER, (ROBERT.) — The Annals of great Brittaine. Or, A most excellent Monument, wherein may be seene all the antiquities of this Kingdome, to the satisfaction both of the Vniuersities, or any other place stirred with Emulation of long continuance. Excellently figured out in a worthy Poem. London, Printed for Mathew Lownes. 1611. 4to, pp. 186.

Of this singular poetical medley, and most excessively rare volume, the reader, under the title of "Loves Martyr; or, Rosalins Complaint," may see a notice in Malone's *Supplement to Shakespeare*, vol. i. p. 732; in *Cens. Liter.*, vol. ii. p. 185; and in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, p. 108. It was published by Chester in 1601, 4to, and the only known copy, which was formerly in the Roxburghe and Sykes collections, is now in that of Mr. Miller, at Britwell House. The present appears to be the same volume, with a new title-page only, altered probably by the bookseller to further the sale of the copies on hand; but the rarity of each is such as to entitle them to be considered as probably *unique* volumes.

The first poem in the book is entitled "Rosalins Complaint, metaphorically applied to Dame Nature at a Parliament held (in the high Star-chamber) by the Gods, for the preseruation and increase of Earths beauteous Phœnix." This is an allegorical poem in six-line stanzas, "shadowing the Truth of Love, in the constant Fate of the Phœnix and Turtle;" and is said to be now first translated out of the Italian Torquato Cœliano. With much of the extravagance and conceit so prevalent at that time among poetical writers, derived probably from the Italian poets, on whom they formed their models, Chester's verse is superior to many of the rhyming versifiers of his day, and may be quoted with satisfaction. His epithets are well chosen, and his language graceful and expressive, as witness the subjoined stanzas.

There is a country Clymat fam'd of old,
That hath to name delightsome *Paphos* Ile,
Ouer the mountaine tops to trudge be bold,
There let thy winged Horses rest awhile:
Where in a vale like *Ciparissus* groue
Thou shalt behold a second *Phœnix* loue.

A champion country full of fertill Plaines,
Greene grassie Medowes, little prettie Hils,
Aboundant pleasure in this place remaines,
And plenteous sweetes this heauenly clymat filles:
Faire flowing bathes that issue from the rockes,
Aboundant heards of beasts that come by flockes.

High stately Cædars, sturdie bigge arm'd Okes,
Great Poplers, and long trees of *Libanon*,
Sweete smelling Firre that frankensence prouokes,
And Pine apples from whence sweet iuyce doth come:
The sommer blooming Hauthorne; vnder this
Faire *Venus* from *Adonis* stole a kisse.

Fine Thickets and rough Brakes for sport and pleasure,
Places to hunt the light-foote nimble Roe:
These groues *Diana* did account her treasure,
And in the cold shades, oftentimes did goe
To lie her downe, faint, weary on the ground,
Whilest that her Nimphs about her daunst a round.

A quire of heauenly Angels tune their voyces,
And counterfeit the *Nightingale* in singing,
At which delight some pleasure she reioyces,
And *Plenty* from her cell her gifts is bringing:
Peares, Apples, Plums, and the red ripe Cherries,
Sweet Strawberries with other daintie berries.

Here haunt the *Satyres* and the *Driades*,
The *Hamadriades* and pretie Elues,
That in the groues with skipping many please,
And runne along vpon the water shelues:
Heare *Mermaides* sing, but with *Ulysses* eares,
The country Gallants do disdaine their teares.

The Crocadile and hissing Adders sting,
May not come neere this holy plot of ground,
No Night-worme in this continent may sing
Nor poison-spitting Serpent may be found:

Here Milke and Hony like two riuers ran,
As fruitefull as the land of *Cannan*.

What shal I say? their Orchards spring with plentie,
The Gardens smell like *Floras* paradise,
Bringing increase from one to number twentie,
As Lycorice and sweet *Arabian* spice:
No place is found vnder bright heauens faire blisse,
To beare the name of *Paradise* but this.

At the end of "Rosalins Complaint" is "A Prayer made for the prosperitie of a siluer coloured Doue, applyed to the beauteous Phœnix," in seven-line stanzas, with "An Introduction to the Prayer;" three stanzas, "To those of light beleefe;" and "A meeting Dialogue-wise betweene Nature, the Phœnix, and the Turtle Doue." This, also, is in seven-line stanzas, and is headed "A Dialogue." It contains some pleasing and highly poetical lines, from which we are tempted to indulge in another extract.

Nature. All haile faire *Phœnix*, whither art thou flying?
Why in the hot Sunne dost thou spread thy wings?
More pleasure shouldst thou take in cold shades lying,
And for to bathe thy selfe in wholesome Springs,
Where the woods feathered quier sweetely sings:
Thy golden Wings and thy breasts beauteous Eie,
Will fall away in *Phœbus* royaltie.

Phœnix. O stay me not, I am no *Phœnix* I,
And if I be that bird, I am defaced,
Vpon the *Arabian* mountaines I must die,
And neuer with a poore yong Turtle graced;
Such operation in me is not placed:
What is my Beautie but a painted wal,
My golden spreading Feathers quickly fal.

* * * * *

Nature. Fly in this Chariot, and come sit by me,
And we will leaue this ill corrupted Land,
We'le take our course through the blew azure skie,
And set our feete on *Paphos* golden sand,
There of that *Turtle Doue* we'le vnderstand:
And visite him in those delightfull plaines,
Where Peace conioyn'd with Plenty still remaines.

* * * * *

Phœnix. How glorious is this Chariot of the day,
Where *Phœbus* in his crystall robes is set,
And to poore passengers directs a way:
O happie time since I with *Nature* met,
My immelodious Discord I vnfret:
And sing sweet Hymnes, burn Myrrhe and Frankensence,
Honor that Isle that is my sure defence.

Nature. Looke, *Phœnix*, ore the world as thou dost ride,
And thou shalt see the pallaces of Kings,
Great huge-built Cities where high States abide,
Temples of Gods, and Altars with rich offrings.
To which the Priests their sacrifices brings:
Wonders past wonder, strange *Pyramides*,
And the gold-gathering Strond of *Euphrates*.

Phœnix. O what rich pleasure dwelleth in this Land!
Greene springing Medowes, high vpreared Hils,
The white-fleest Ewe brought tame vnto the hand,
Faire running Riuers that the Countrie fils,
Sweet flowers that faire balmy Deaw distils
Great peopled Cities, whose earth-gracing show,
Time is asham'd to touch or ouerthrow!

Nature. Be silent, gentle Phœnix, Ile repeate
Some of these Cities names that we descrie,
And of their large foundation Ile intreate,
Their Founder that first rear'd them vp on hie,
Making a glorious Spectacle to each eie:
Warres wald Defender and the Countries grace,
Not battred yet with Times controlling Mace.

This Alfred first deuided England into Shires, being King of Northumbers.

Alfred the father of faire *Elfleda*,
Founded three goodly, famous Monasteries,
In this large Ile of sweete *Britania*,
For to refresh the poore soules miseries
That were afflicted with calamities:
One in the Towne surnamed *Edlingsey*,
Which after ages called *Athelney*.

The second House of that Deuotion
He did erect at worthy *Winchester*,
A place well planted with Religion,
Called in this age the new-builded Minster,
Still kept in notable reparation:
And in this famous builded Monument,
His bodie was interd when life was spent.

Alfred buried in the Cathedrall Church of Winchester.

The Vniuersity of Oxford, built by Alfred.

The last not least surpassing all the rest,
Was *Oxfords* honorable foundation,
Since when with Learnings glorie it is blest,
Begun by the godly exhortation
Of the Abbot *Neotus* direction:
From whose rich womb pure Angell-like Diuinitie,
Hath sprong to saue vs from Calamitie.

Other cities are enumerated, Leycester, St. Albans, Canterbury, Shaftesbury, Carlisle, Cambridge, York, and Edinburgh, in whose "Maiden Castle nine images of stone were placed," representing nine worthy women:

Three of the nine were *Iewes*, and three were *Gentiles*,
Three *Christians*, Honors honorable Sexe.

Minerva, Semiramis Queen of Assyria, and Tomyris were the Pagans; Iahel the Kenite, Debora, and Iudith were the Jews; and the Empress Maud, Elizabeth of Arragon, wife of Ferdinand, and Ioan Queen of Naples were the three Christians. The mention of Windsor Castle —

First built by *Aruiragus* Brytaines King,
But finished by *Arthur* at the length,
Of whose rare deedes our *Chronicles* do ring
And Poets in their verse his praise do sing:
For his Round-table and his war-like Fights —

leads the Author in the middle of the "Dialogue" to introduce a long sort of episode "On the strange Birth, honorable Coronation, and most vnhappie Death of famous Arthur King of Brytaine," occupying between forty and fifty pages, with a preface in prose, addressed "To the Courteous Reader," in which, referring to the reality of Arthur's existence, he says:

For more confirmation of the truth, looke but in the Abbey of *Westminster* at Saint *Edwards* shrine; there shalt thou see the print of his royal Seale in red wax closed in Berrill, with this inscription, *Patricius Arthurus Galliæ, Germaniæ, Daciæ Imperator.* At Douer likewise you may see Sir *Gawins* skull and *Cradocks* mantle. At *Winchester*, a Citie well knowne in England, his famous round *Table* with many other notable monuments too-long to rehearse: Besides I myselfe haue seen imprinted a french Pamphlet of the armes of King *Arthur* and his renowmed valiant Knights, set in colours by the Heraulds of *France:* which charge of impression would haue been too great, otherwise I had inserted them orderly in his Life and Actions: but (gentle Reader) take this my paines gratefully, and I shal hereafter more willingly striue to employ my simple wit to thy better gratulation; I haue here set downe (turned from *French* prose into *English* meeter) the words of the Herald vnder the arms of that worthy Brittaine:

King *Arthur* in his warlike Shield did beare
Thirteene rich Crownes of purified gold:
He was a valiant noble Conqueror,
As ancient Memorie hath truly told:
His great Round-table was in Britaine
Where chosen Knights did do their homage yearely.

In the life of King Arthur is introduced "The Epistle of Lucius Tiberius the Romane Lieutenant to Arthur King of Britaine," "Cador the Duke of Cornewaile his Oration to the King," "The Oration of King Arthur to his Lordes and Followers," "The Answer of Howell King of litle Brytaine," "Angusel King of Albania his Answere to the King," and "The true Pedigree of that famous Worthie King Arthur, collected out of many learned Authors," all in decasyllabic verse.

At the close of this episode relating to King Arthur, the Dialogue is again resumed between Nature and the Phœnix, with a description of old Troynovant or London:

And to beguile the wearie lingring Day
Whose long-drawne Howers do tire vs out of measure

Nature sings the following ditty or love-song:

What is Loue but a toy
To beguile mens Senses?
What is *Cupid* but a boy,
Boy to cause expences,
A toy that brings to fooles oppressed thrall
A boy whose folly makes a number fall.

What is Loue but a child,
Child of little substance:
Making Apes to be wild,
And their pride to aduance,
A child that loues with guegawes to be toying,
And with thinne shadowes alwaies to be playing.

Loue is sweete, wherein sweete?
In fading pleasures, wanton toyes,
Loue a Lord, and yet meete,
To crosse mens humours with annoyes:
A bitter pleasure, pleasing for a while,
A Lord is Loue that doth mans thoughts beguile.

The Phœnix, in answer to this, complains:

O sing no more, you do forget your Theame,
And haue prophan'd the sacred name of Loue;

and then gives her song in reply to this ditty:

O Holy Loue, religious Saint,
Mans onely hony-tasting Pleasure,
Thy glory, learning cannot paint,
For thou art all our worldly Treasure:
Thou art the Treasure, Treasure of the soule,
That great celestiall powers dost controule.

What greater blisse then to embrace
The perfect patterne of Delight,
Whose heart-enchaunting Eye doth chase
All stormes of sorow from mans sight:
Pleasure, Delight, Wealth, and earth-ioyes do lye
In *Venus* bosome, bosome of pure beautie.

That mind that tasteth perfect Loue,
Is farre remoted from annoy:
Cupid that God doth sit aboue,
That tips his Arrowes all with ioy:
And this makes Poets in their Verse to sing
Loue is a holy, holy, holy thing.

The Dialogue is thus again continued by Nature:

Nature. O voice Angelicall, O heauenly Song,
The golden praise of Loue that thou hast made
Deliuer'd from thy sweete smoothd honied tong,
Commaunds Loue selfe to lye within a shade,
And yeeld thee all the Pleasures may be had:
Thy sweete melodious voice hath beautifide
And guilded *Loues* rich àmours in her pride.

Stay *Phœnix* stay, the euening Starre drawes nie,
And *Phœbus* he is parted from our sight,
And with his Wagon mounted in the Skie,
Affoording passage to the gloomie night,
That doth the way-faring Passenger affright:
And we are set on foote neere to that Ile,
In whose deepe bottome plaines, Delight doth smile.

Phœnix. O what a muskie sent the ayre doth cast,
As if the Gods perfum'd it with sweete Myrrhe:
O how my bloud's inspired, and doth taste
An alteration in my ioynts to stirre,
As if the good did with the bad conferre:
The ayre doth moue my spirites, purge my sence,
And in my body doth new warre commence.

Nature. Looke round about, behold yon fruitfull Plaine,
Behold their meadow plots and pasture ground,
Behold their chrystall Rivers runne amaine,
Into the vaste huge Seas deuouring sound,
* * * * *

And while the day giues light vnto our eies,
Be thou attentiue, and I will relate
The glorie of the plaines that thou descri'st,
Whose fertill bounds farre doth extenuate,
Where *Mars* and *Venus* arme in arme haue sate:
Of plants, of hearbs, and of high springing trees,
Of sweete delicious sauors, and of Bees.

The remainder of the "Dialogue" is chiefly occupied with a long and curious list of herbs and plants, fruit and forest trees, fishes, precious stones, minerals, rocks, beasts, worms, insects, and birds; the virtues and qualities of some of which are treated of in separate stanzas, interspersed with interesting classical and legendary allusions, a few of which we should have been glad to have transferred to our pages had our limits allowed it, but we must content ourselves with only the two following:

The *Nightingale* the nights true Chorister,
Musickes chiefe louer in the pleasant Spring,
Tunes Hunts-vp to the Sunne that doth delight her,
And to *Arions* harp aloud will sing:
And as a Bridegroome that to church is comming,
So he salutes the Sunne when he is rising.

The *Romane Cæsars*, happie Emperours,
Especially those of the yongest sort,
Haue kept the *Nightingale* within their towers,
To play, to dally, and to make them sport,
And oftentimes in *Greeke* and *Latine* tong,
They taught those birds to sing a pleasant song.
* * * * *

The sweet recording Swanne *Apolloes* ioy,
And fiery scorched *Phaetons* delight,
In footed verse sings out his deep annoy,
And to the siluer riuers takes his flight,
Prognosticates to Sailers on the Seas,
Fortunes prosperitie and perfect ease.

Cignus in auspiciis semper lætissimus ales,
Hoc optant nautæ, quia se non mergit in undis.

Nature then takes her leave, and the dialogue is concluded between the Phœnix and the Turtle, who throw themselves into the flames, the former exclaiming:

Phœnix. O holy, sacred, and pure perfect fire,
More pure than that ore which faire *Dido* mones,
More sacred in my louing kind desire,
Then that which burnt old *Esons* aged bones,
Accept into your euer hallowed flame,
Two bodies, from the which may spring one name.

Turtle. O sweet perfumed flame, made of those trees,
Vnder the which the *Muses* nine haue song
The praise of vertuous maids in mysteries,
To whom the faire fac'd *Nymphes* did often throng,
Accept my body as a Sacrifice
Into your flame, of whom one name may rise.

Phœnix. I come sweet *Turtle*, and with my bright wings,
I will embrace thy burnt bones as they lye,
I hope of these another Creature springs,
That shall possesse both our authority:
I stay to long, ô take me to your glory,
And thus I end the *Turtle* Doues true story.

Finis. R. C.

The dialogue is followed by some lines by the "Pelican," and the "Conclusion." To these succeed "Cantoes Alphabet-wise to faire Phœnix made by the Paphian Doue," and "Cantoes Verbally written." The former runs through the alphabet, a stanza being devoted to each letter, thus:

B. 2.

Blaze not my loue, thou Herald of the day,
Blesse not the mountaine tops with my sweet shine,
Beloued more I am then thou canst say,
Blessed and blessed be that Saint of mine,

Balme, honie sweet, and honor of this Clime:
Blotted by things vnseene, belou'd of many,
But Loues true motion dares not give to any.

The "Cantoes verbally written" extend to 58, and the following may be taken as a specimen of these curious and whimsical verses, so characteristical of the trifling and fanciful tastes of that age:

4.

Voutsafe to thinke how I do pine
In louing thee that art not mine.

Voutsafe	Voutsafe with splendor of thy gracious looke,
to	To grace my passions, passions still increasing:
thinke	Thinke with thy selfe, how I thy absence brooke,
how	How day by day, my plaints are neuer ceasing,
I	I haue for thee all companies forsooke:
do	Do thou reioyce, and in reioycing say,
pine,	Pine nere so much, Ile take thy griefe away.
In	In that great gracing word shalt thou be counted
louing	Louing to him, that is thy true sworne louer,
thee	Thee on the stage of honor haue I mounted,
that	That no base mistie cloud shall euer couer:
art	Art thou not faire? thy beautie do not smother;
not	Not in thy flouring youth, but still suppose
mine.	Mine owne to be, my neuer dying *Rose.*

At the end of these cantoes the author's name is given in full, "Finis, quoth R. Chester."

There is then, at p. 165, a second new title to the miscellaneous part, in these words:

Hereafter follow diuerse Poeticall Essaies on the former Subiect; viz.: the *Turtle* and *Phœnix*. Done by the best and chiefest of our moderne writers, with their names subscribed to their particular workes: neuer before extant. And (now first) consecrated by them all generally to the loue and merite of the true-noble Knight, Sir Iohn Salisburie.

Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori.

[Device of an anchor within a wreath, and motto, "anchora spei."]

MDCI.

This part commences with an "Invocatio ad Apollinem & Pierides," in two stanzas of twelve lines each, subscribed "Vatum Chorus," and the dedication in two more, "To the worthily honor'd Knight Sir Iohn Salisburie," subscribed as before. The poems by "moderne writers" are by

Ignoto, William Shakespeare, John Marston, George Chapman, and Ben Jonson. The poem by Shakespeare is culled from "The Passionate Pilgrim," and is the xx. in that collection. It has been copied by Malone, in his *Supplement*. The last ode, by Ben Jonson, runs thus:

Ode ἐνθουσιαστικὴ.

Splendor! O more then mortall,
For other formes come short all
Of her illustrate brightnesse,
As farre as Sinne's from lightnesse.

Her wit as quicke, and sprightfull
As fire; and more delightfull
Then the stone sports of *Louers*,
When night their meeting couers.

Judgement (adorn'd with Learning)
Doth shine in her discerning
Cleare as a naked vestall
Clos'de in an orbe of Christall.

Her breath for sweete exceeding
The *Phœnix* place of breeding,
But mixt with sound, transcending
All *Nature* of commending.

Alas! then whither wade I
In thought to praise this *Ladie*,
When seeking her renowning,
My selfe am so neare drowning?

Retire, and say; Her *Graces*
Are deeper then their Faces:
Yet shee's nor nice to shew them,
Nor takes she pride to know them.

Ben: Iohnson.

We have already spoken of the extreme rarity of this work, of which, at the time the former portion of this article was written, some years ago, it was believed that the copy in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 108, — formerly in the Roxburghe and Sykes collections, — was the only one in existence; but another, which was reported to have formerly belonged to Mr. Bindley, and disposed of at his sale, was sold at Mr. Daniel's sale in 1864, No. 334, for 138*l.* On a careful inspection of Mr. Bindley's sale catalogue, no such work appears in it, and the report was evidently a mistake: it is more probable that the copy came from the same private source from which he procured some of his other great rarities. It contains 97 leaves, or if the blank Sig. A 1 be reckoned, as it certainly ought to be, 98 leaves.

The present copy, the only one known of the reissue with a new title, came from the collection of the Rev. Henry F. Lyte, No. 895, and brought at his sale in 1849, 40*l.* 10*s.* It is in very fine condition, clean and perfect as when it first came from the press. The contents are exactly the same as in the first issue, with the exception of the omission of the two leaves after the title, containing the dedication and the short address to the reader.

Collation: Sig A, one leaf; B to Z 4 and A a to B b 2, in fours; 95 leaves, not 93, as before stated at the commencement.

Beautiful Copy. Elegantly bound by Hayday. In Brown Morocco, with gilt gauffered edges.

CHETTLE, (HENRY.)—Englandes Mourning Garment; Worne here by plaine Shepheardes; in memorie of ELIZABETH their sacred Mistresse, Queene of, Vertue while she liued, and Theame of Sorrow, being dead. To which is added the true manner of her Emperiall Funerall. After which foloweth the Shepheards Spring-Song, for entertainement of King IAMES our most potent Soueraigne. Dedicated to all that loued the deceased Queene, and honor the liuing King. Non Verbis sed Virtute.

Printed at London by V. S. for Thomas Millington, and are to be sold at his shop vnder Saint Peters Church in Cornhill. 4to, n.d., pp. 50.

Henry Chettle, originally a printer or compositor, is better known as a prolific playwright, having been concerned, along with Decker, Munday, Haughton, and others, in the composition of nearly forty plays, only four of which, however, have descended to our times. He wrote a tragedy by himself, called *Hoffman, or Revenge for a Father*, 1631, 4to; and was concerned, with others, in the comedy of *Patient Grissell*, *The Blind Beggar of Bethnall-green*, and *The Death of Robert Earl of Huntingdon*. His first work (not dramatic) was entitled "Kind Hearts Dream," published without date, but probably printed about 1593, 4to, blk. lett.—a very rare tract, of which only two or three copies are known.

The present pamphlet is by no means devoid of attraction, and is written partly in prose and partly in verse. It is dedicated "To all true Louers of the right gratious Queene Elizabeth, in her life," &c., signed "Fœlicens puisse infaustum," and commences with a dialogue, in verse, between two shepherds, Thenot and Collin, the latter representing the author himself. The chief subject of Chettle's work is a laudatory discourse or eulogy on the character of Elizabeth, commencing with notices of her grandfather and grandmother, Henry of Lancaster and Elizabeth of York, of her father Henry VIII., her brother Edward VI., and her sister Queen Mary, in his praise of whom he is interrupted by Thenot telling him there were a number of true shepherds misliked that Queen's life, and joyed greatly at her death, but is quickly stopped by Collin in these words:

> Peace, Thenot, peace, Princes are sacred things,
> It fits not Swaines to thinke amisse of Kings.

The larger proportion of the tract is in prose, but the most singular and

interesting part of it is that in which the writer, having, in a not unpleasing manner, described at some length the character and various virtues and good qualities of Elizabeth, apologizes that, rude as he was, he had presumed to handle this excellent theme. But, he says, "in regard the Funerall hastens on of that sometime most Serene Lady, and yet I see none, or at least not one or two that have sung anything since her departure worth the hearing; and of them, they that are best able, scarce remember her Maiestie," he had been induced to come forward, and "though in ruder verse to speake."

Chettle then, in an interesting manner, complains of many of his contemporary poets that they neglected to offer their parting tribute to the memory of their lamented Queen —

> Nor doth one Poet seeke her name to raise,
> That liuing hourely striu'd to sing her praise;

while they were only too eager to welcome their newly-risen King. Several of these, Daniel, Warner, Chapman, Jonson, Shakespeare, Drayton, &c., are pointed out by allusions to their works, although not mentioned by name. Daniel, the first on the list, is thus noticed as the "sweetest song-man of all," and is followed by Warner:

> He that so well could sing the fatall strife
> Betweene the royall Roses White and Red,
> That praised so oft Eliza in her life,
> His Muse seemes now to die, as shee is dead.
> Thou sweetest song-man of all English swaines
> Awake for shame, honour ensues thy paines,
>
> But thou alone deseru'dst not to be blamde,
> He that sûng fortie yeares her life and birth,
> And is by English Albions so much famde
> For sweete mixt layes of maiestie with mirth,
> Doth of her losse take now but little keepe,
> Or else I gesse he cannot sing, but weepe.

Chapman, under the name of Coryn, who finished Marlow's poem of *Hero and Leander*, is next introduced:

> Neither doth Coryn full of worth and wit,
> That finisht dead *Musæus* gracious song,
> With grace as great, and words, and verse as fit;
> Chide meager death for dooing vertue wrong
> He doth not seeke with songs to deck her herse
> Nor make her name liue in his liuely verse.

Then comes "our English Horace," Ben Jonson, who is succeeded by

Shakespeare, under the name of Melicert, whom he had already mentioned as "the smooth-tongued Melicert," and Drayton, who had written his gratulation to King James before he had mourned the death of Elizabeth:

Nor does our English *Horace*, whose steele pen
Can drawe Characters which will neuer die,
Tell her bright glories vnto listning men,
Of her he seemes to haue no memorie.
His Muse another path desires to tread,
True Satyres scourge the liuing, leaue the dead.

Nor doth the siluer-tonged *Melicert*,
Drop from his honied muse one sable teare
To mourne her death that graced his desert,
And to his laies opend her Royall eare.
Shepheard, remember our *Elizabeth*,
And sing her Rape, done by that *Tarquin*, Death.

No lesse doe thou (sweete singer *Coridon*)
The Theame exceedeth *Edwards Isabell*
Forget her not in *Poly-Albion;*
Make some amends, I know thou loudst her well.
Thinke twas a fault to haue thy Verses seene
Praising the King, ere they had mournd the Queen.

There are others hinted at whose names it is more difficult to supply; among these are "delicious sportive Musidore," "quicke Anti-horace," whom Mr. Collier applies to Decker, and "young Mœlibee frend," and "Heroes last Musæus," given by the same to Henry Petowe, who had written the second part of *Hero and Leander*, and others. The discourse on the character and virtues of Elizabeth is thus continued by the shepherds in prose, by whom she is thus apostrophized:

Sweete Virgin, shee was borne on the Eue of that blessed Virgins Natiuitie, holy Mary, Christs Mother: shee dyed on the Eue of the Annunciation of the same most holy Virgin: a blessed note of her endlesse blessednesse, and her societie in heauen with those wise Virgins, that kept Oyle euer in their Lampes, to awaite the Bridegroome. Shee came vnto the Crowne after her royall sisters death, like a fresh Spring euen in the beginning of Winter, and brought vs comfort, as the cleare Sunne doth to storme-dressed Marriners; shee left the Crowne likewise in the winter of her Age, and the beginning of our Spring: as if the Ruler of heauen had ordained her coronation in our sharpest Winter to bring vs happinesse, and vncrowned her in our happiest Spring, to leaue vs in more felicitie by her Succeeder. O happie beginning, and more happy ende: which notwithstanding, as naturall sonnes and subiects, let her not goe vnwept for to her graue. This euening let vs be like the Euening, that drops

dewy teares on the earth: and while our hyndes shut vp the sheepe in their foldes, sing a Funerall song for the losse of diuine Elizabeth.

This part then concludes with:

The Funerall Song betweene Collin and Thenot, Dryope and Chloris, vpon the death of the sacred Virgin Elizabeth.

COLLIN.

Ye sacred Muses dwelling,
Where Art is euer swelling;
Your learned Fount forsake,
Helpe Funerall Songs to make:
Hang them about her Herse
That euer loued Verse.
Clio writ downe her Storie
That was the Muses Glorie.

THENOT.

And you diuinest Graces,
Veyle all your sacred faces
With your bright shining haire,
Shew euery signe of care:
The Hart that was your Phane,
The cruell Fates haue slaine:
From earth no power can raise her,
Onely our Hymnes may praise her.

DRIOPE.

And ye soft-footed Howers,
Make readie Cypresse Bowers:
Instead of Roses sweete
(For pleasant Spring-time meete)
Strew all the pathes with Yeugh,
Night-shade and bitter Reugh.
Bid *Flora* hide her Treasure
Say tis no time of pleasure.

CHLORIS.

Muses and Howres and Graces,
Let all the hallowed places
Which the cleere Moone did view,
Looke with a sable hiew:
Let not the Sunne be seene,
But weeping for the Queene
That Grace and Muse did cherish,
O, that such worth should perish!

At the close of the piece of "Englandes Mourning Garment" are two leaves containing "The order and proceeding at the Funerall of the Right High and Mightie Princesse Elizabeth Queene of England, France, and Ireland: from the Pallace of Westminster called Whitehall: To the Cathedrall Church of Westminster: the 28 of April, 1603;" at the end of which is an apology, signed Hen. Chetle, for the errors of the press; and the book closes with "The Shepheards Spring Song, in gratulation of the royall, happy, and flourishing Entrance to the Maiestie of England, by the most potent and prudent Soueraigne, Iames, King of England, France, and Ireland," two leaves. It is pleasingly written, without being very remarkable, and thus calls upon the shepherds to welcome their newly-arrived Monarch:

O Shepheards sing his welcome with sweete notes,
Nymphs, strew his way with Roses Red and White,
Prouide all pastimes that may sense delight,
Offer the fleeces of your flockes white cotes:
He that now spares, doth it that sauing, spill,
Where Worth is little, Vertue likes good will.

Now from the Orchades to the Cornish Iles,
From thence to *Cambria* and the Hyberian shore,
The sound of Ciuill warre is heard no more;
Each Countenance is garnished with smiles,
All in one hymne with sweet contentment sing
The praise and power of *Iames* their onely King.

Our onely King, one Ile, one Soueraigne:
O long-desired, and perfected good,
By him the heate of wrath, and boyling blood,
Is mildely quencht: and Enuie counted vaine,
One King, one people, blessed vnitie,
That ties such mightie Nations to agree.

There was a second edition of this work by the same printer, Millington, in 1603, 4to, in which there are a few unimportant additions made, and the errors of the press in the present one corrected. But Mr. Collier has remarked that in both editions the word "blushing," in the line of the Spring Song —

The gray eyde morning with a blustring cheeke —

is printed "blustring."

The work is very scarce, and has been reprinted in the *Harl. Miscell.*, vol. iii. See Collier's *Bibliog. Cat.*, vol. i. p. 129. It sold in North's sale, pt. 3, No. 794, for 2*l.* 15*s.*; Strettell's do., No. 581, 1*l.* 18*s.*; and Heber's do., pt. 4, No. 359, 2*l.* 18*s.*

There is a copy in the British Museum.

Collation: Sig. A to G 1 in fours.

Fine Copy. Bound by C. Lewis. In Brown Morocco, gilt leaves.

CHURCHYARD, (THOMAS.) — The Firste parte of Churchyardes Chippes, contayning twelue seuerall Labours. Deuised and published only by Thomas Churchyard Gentilman. Imprinted at London in Fletestreate neare unto Saint Dunstones Church by Thomas Marshe. 1575. 4to. blk. lett. pp. 232.

That very voluminous and once highly popular, but now neglected poet, Thomas Churchyard, was extremely fond of giving to many of his works singular and whimsical titles commencing with the letter C, of which the

present is one of the earliest of this kind. In the dedication of his translation of Ovid de Tristibus "to his most assured and tryed frende, Maister Christopher Hatton Esquire" printed in 1578, he thus apologizes for giving it this title:

And surely Sir, I blush that myne owne booke beares not a better Tytle, but the basenes of the matter wil not suffer it to beare any higher name, than Churchyardes Chyps, for in the same are sondrye tryfles composed in my youth, and such fruict as those dayes and my simple knowledge coulde yelde: so that the aptest name for such stuffe, was, as I thought, to geue my workes this Title, to be called Churchyardes Chips, to warme the wyttes of his welwillers.

It appears also from this dedication, that he intended to publish two other Books as a continuation of the same work: for he says:

In my first booke shal be three Tragedies, two tales, a Dreame, a description of Frendship, a farewell to the Court, the siege of Leeth, and sondry other thinges y^t^ are already written. And in my seconde Booke shal be foure Tragedies, ten Tales, the Siege of Saynt Quintaynes, Newhauen, Calleis, and Gynes; and I hope the rest of all the forrein Warres, that I haue seene or heard of abroade, shal follow in another Volume.

The description of this work in Herbert's Ames (and copied by Dibdin) is very meagre and imperfect, omitting all mention of the dedication and the verses following. The latter in his *Library Companion*, vol. ii. p. 287, and Ritson also calls this the *second* Edition, and speaks of the *first* of 1565, as being only to be found in Mr. Heber's Library. But we have looked in vain for it in any of the parts of his *Sale Catalogue*, nor do we find it entered in the *Registers* of the Stationers' Company, and doubt the existence of this earlier edition altogether: although it is not improbable that some of the pieces in this volume may have been printed separately at an earlier date, although now lost to us in that shape. The title is within the compartment so frequently used by Marsh with a terminus on each side, the Stationers' arms at the top, and the initials "T.M." joined at the bottom. On the reverse of the title are "The Contents of this Booke." Then follows "The Epistle Dedicatorie" "To the Righte worshipfull his tried and worthy friend Maister Christofor Hatton Esquier, Captaine of the Queenes Maiesties Garde, and Gentleman of her highnesse priuie Chamber:" in which the author thus refers to the title which he had chosen for his work:

And for that from my head, hand, and penne, can floe no farre fetched eloquence, nor sweete sprinklyng speaches (seasoned with spiced termes) I call my workes

Churchyardes Chips, the basnes wherof can beguile no man with better opinion, than the substance it selfe doth import; and indeed if any other tietle had bene geuen to my trifles, than the proper name of Chips, men might haue hoped for grauer matter then the natuer of my verses can produce. Wherefor I prepared a title aunswerable to the weight of the worke, misdoubting not but that you will of cortesie behold what blaes of good wyll these my Chips will utter to the worlde. Assuring myselfe and my friendes, that herein is no kinde of sparke neither hurtfull nor uncomly. But as the world may iudge, among many chips may be sundrie woodes, so the worst of them all makes but a crack, consumes with the coales, and turneth unto sinders.

The dedication is succeeded by some verses "To the dispisers of other mens workes that shoes nothing of their owne" which conclude with these lines in reference to the whimsical title of his book, and which also exhibit the conceited mode of spelling which he adopted in some of his writings.

What needs more words to waest my wind
about these busie brains:
That powlts and swels at others toils,
and take themselues no pains.

The best is though small goodnes be
in these baer chipps of mien;
My hatchet hew'd them all in deede,
whear they be grosse or fien.

And when that theas haue maed a blaes,
and bin in world a whiel:
A bigger basket will I bring,
to make you worldlings smiel.

And wheather theas you like or noe,
the rest are neer the stamp,
Which if you pleas to flinge in fier
will burne as cleer as lamp.

Thus faerwell frends or flyring foes,
I kno not how to fawne:
I mean to see you ons again,
so leue my looke for pawne. Adue.

The following are the titles of the different pieces in this volume: 1. "The siege of Leeth." 2. "A farewell to the world." 3. "A fayned fancie of the Spider and the Gowte." 4. "A dollfull discourse of a Lady and a Knight." 5. "The Rode into Scotlande, by Sir William Druery Knighte." 6. "Sir Simond Burlei's tragedie." 7. "A tragecall discours of the vnhappie mans life." 8. "A discours of vertue." 9. "Churchyeards dreame."

10. "A tale of a Frier and a Shumakers wief." 11. "The siege of Edēbrough castel." 12. "The whole order of the receyuing of the Queenes Maiestie into Bristowe." The whole is in verse except the "Roed made by Syr William Drury Knight into Skotland." Of these Nos. 2, 4, 6 and 7 appeared again in Churchyard's *Challenge*, 1593. But Mr. Park was in error in supposing (see *Cens. Liter.* vol. i. p. 286) that No. 9, "Churchyardes Dreame," was reprinted in the *Challenge*, as the "Dreame" in that work is in another metre, and is quite a different poem. No. 12 has been reprinted in the first vol. of Nichols's *Progresses of Queen Elizabeth*. Perhaps the most interesting and really curious article in the book is the "Tragecall discours of the vnhappie mans life," which contains many particulars relating to Churchyard's personal history, his travels, marriage, and military services. He was early trained to the pursuit of arms, and having acted first under Sir William Drury in Scotland, he went abroad, and served under various other commanders whom he names. He was more than once taken prisoner, and met with many hardships and vicissitudes, rather than with wealth or fame, as appears from his own verses.

Full thirty yeers, both Court and warres I tryed
And still I sought aquaintaunce with the best
And seru'd the staet, and did such hap abyed
As might befall, and Fortune sent the rest
When drom did sound, a Souldiour was I prest
To Sea or Lande, as princes quarrell stoed
And for the faem, full oft I lost my blod.

In Scotland long, I lingred out my yeers
When *Wylford* lyv'd, a worthy wight indeed
And thear at length, I fell so farre in brears
I taken was, as deastny had decreed
Well yet with woords, I did my foes so feed
That thear I lyud, in pleasuer many a daye
And skaept so free, and did no randsom paye.

* * * * * *

In Lawther fort, I clapt my self by sleight
So fled from foes, and hoem to frynds I past
The French in haest, beseegd that Fortres streight
Then was I like to light in fetters fast
But loe a peace, broek vp the seeg at last
When weery wars, and wicked blodshed great
Maed both the sydes to seek a quiet seat.

From thens I cam to England as I might
And after that, to Irlande did I sayll
Whear *Sellenger*, a wyes and noble knight
Gaue me such place, as was to myen aduayll
Than teasters walkt, as thick as doth the haill
About the world: For loe from thence I boer
For seruice doen, of money right good stoer.

Hoem came I thoe, and so to Fraunce did faer
When that their Kyng wan *Meatts* throw fatchis fien
So on the stock I spent all voyd of caer
And what I gaet by spoyll, I held it myen
Than down I past the pleasant floed of Ryen
And so I sarud in Flaunders note the saem
Whear loe at first, my hap fell out of fraem.

For I was clapt in pryson without cawse
And straightly held, for comming out of Fraunce
But God did work, throwe iustice of the lawse
And help of frindes to me a better chaunce
And still I hoept the warres wold me aduaunce
So trayld the piek, and world began a nue
And loekt like hawk, that laetly cam from mue.

Three yeer at least, I saw the Emprours warres
Than hoemward drue, as was my wonted traed
Whear Sunne and Moen, and all the seuen Starres
Stoed on my syed, and me great welcom maed
But wether fayre, and flowrs full soen will faed
So peoples loue, is like nue besoms oft
That sweeps all clean, whyels broem is green and soft.

Well oens again, to warrs I drue me fast
And with *Lord Grey* at *Giens* I did remayn
Where he or his, in any serues past
I followed on, among the warlyk trayn
And sometime felt, my part of woe and payn
As others did, that Cannon well could like
And pleasuer took, in trayling of the pike.

At length the French, did *Giens* besiege ye wot
And littell help, or succour found we tho
By whiche fowll want, it was my heauy lot
To *Parris* streight, with good *Lord Grey* to goe
As prisners boeth, the world to well doth knoe
By tract of tyme, and wonders charge in deed
He hoemward went, and took his leue with speed.

But poest aloen, I stoed alack the whyell
And contrey clean forgot me this is true
And I might liue, in sorrowe and exyell
And pien away, for any thing I knue
As I had baekt, indeed so might I brue
Not one at hoem, did seek my greef to heall
Thus was I clean, cut of from common weall.

At length he escaped once again out of prison, and is shortly found at Ragland in Monmouthshire. But his rambling propensities would not let him remain long at home, and he says with truth,

——— My mind could neuer rest at hoem
My shues were maed, of running leather suer
And boern I was, about the world to roem
To see the warres, and keep my hand in ure.

So after serving under Lord Grey at the siege of Leith, and resting himself a little while at Court, he went abroad again to Antwerp, and had some further adventures and hair-breadth escapes both there and in France and Flanders, but related at too great length to be inserted here.

It is not our intention to insist much upon the merits of Churchyard as a poet; but surely he who wrote the Legend of Shore's Wife was something more than a mere rhymster. Whatever his merits were in writing, he was beholden for them to the Earl of Surrey, as he himself acknowledges, in whose family he had been trained, and to whom he was personally indebted for his first instruction in poetic composition. It was Churchyard's fate, whether at home or abroad, in peace or war, to be nearly always in a state of poverty, which urged him to write, like some others of his time, too much on the spur of the moment, and often very indifferently. But there is a simplicity and straightforwardness, a truth and good sense in some of his writings, which are quite refreshing; and although deficient in invention, render them deserving of notice. Witness the following remarks for instance, on the fickleness and uncertainty of some of his Court friends towards him.

A littell breath I toek than after this
And shaept my self, about the Court to be
And eury day, as right and reason is
To serue the Prince, in Court I fellled me
Some frends I found, as frends do go you se
That gaue me wordes, as sweet as hony still
Yet let me lyue, by hed and conning skill.

I croetcht, I kneeld, and many a cap could vayll
And watched laet, and early roes at moern .
And with the throng, I followwd hard at tayll
As braue as bull, or sheep but nuely shoern
The gladdest man that euer yet was boern
To wayt and staer, among the staets full hye
Who feeds the poer, with many frendly eye.

But who can liue, with goodly lookes aloen
Or mirry wordes, that sounds like tabrers pyep
Say what they will, they loue to keep their own
And part with nought, that commeth in their griep
You shall haue nuts, they say when ploms aer riep
Thus all with shalis, or shaels ye shall be fed
And gaep for gold, and want both gold and led.

We add a few more stanzas to the same effect, in which the writer utters forth his querulous complaints on the weariness, and, in his case, unrewarded hardships of human life, and the painful struggles he had undergone in it, and thus concludes this "Tragicall discourse."

But farre God wot, I am from that I seeke
And misse the marke, that many men do hit
Wherfore salt tears, do trickle downe the cheeke
And hart doth feele, full many a wofull fit
And so aside in sollemn sorrow sit
As one in deede, that is forsaken cleane
Wher most he doth deserue and best doth meane.

No matter now though ech man march and tread
On him that hates the life he beares about
Yet such as shall, these heauy Verses read
Shall finde I blame my fortune out of dout
But sens [since] on hope, no better hap will sprout
I yeild to death, and upward lift the minde
Where lothsome life, shall present comfort finde.

Sens hope can haue no hony from the Hiue
And paines can plucke, no pleasure for his toile
It is but vaine, for weery life to striue
And streatch out time, with torment and tormoile
Get what we can, death triumphes oer the spoile
Than note this well, though we win neer so mitch
When death taeks al, we leaue a mizer ritch.

To liue and lacke, is doble death in deede
A presente death exceeds a lingring woe

Sens no good hap, in youth did helpe my neede
In age why should I striue for Fortune soe
Old years are come, and haests me hens to goe
The time draws on, I hate the life I haue
When hart shall breake, my griefe shall ende in graue.

Should I seeke life, that finde no place of rest
Ne soile nor seate, to shroude me from the ayre
When cramping colde, beclipps my carefull brest
And dollor driues, my hart in deepe dispayre
For such foule dayes, darke death is wondrous fayre
As good to make, the skrawlling worms a feast
As pleas y^e^ world, wher mischiefe maks her neast.

Hie time it is, to haest my carkas hens
Youth stole awaye, and felt no kinde of ioye
And age he laft in trauel euer sens
The wanton days that made me orice and coye
Wear but a dreame, a shadoe and a toye
Sith slaurye heer I finde and nothing els
My hoem is thear, wher soule in freedome dwels.

In warrs and woe, my yeers aer waested clean
What should I see, if lordly lief I led
I look in glas, and finde my cheeks so lean
That eury owre, I do but wishe mee ded
Now back bends downe, and forwards faulls y^e^ hed
And hollow eyes, in wrinckled brow doth shrowd
As though two stars, wear creeping under clowd.

The lipps were cold, and locks both pael and thin
The teeth fawlls out, as nutts forsoek the shaell
The baer bald head but shoes whaer hear hath bin
The liuely ioynts waxe weery stiffe and staell
The reddy tongue now folters in his taell
The wearishe face, and tawny collour shoes
The corraeg quaills, as strength decayes and goes.

The sweet dalites are dround in dulled minde
The gladsome sports, to groning sighes are bent
The frisking lims, so farre from frame I finde
That I forethincke the time that youth hath spent
But when I way, that all these things wear lent
And I must pay the earth her dutie throw
I shrincke no wit, to yeld these pleasures now.

Had I possest the giftes of Fortune heer
A house, a wyfe, and children there withall

And had in store (to make my frendes good cheer)
Sutch commō things, as neighbours haue at call
In such dispayre, perchaunce I would not fall
But want of this, and other lackes a skore
Bids me seeke death, and wishe to liue no more.

Yet for to beare a peece of all my woes
(And to impart, the priuie pangs I felt)
From countrie soile, a sober wife I choes
In mine owna house, with whom I seldom dwelt
When thousandes slepte, I waekt, I swet I swelt
To compas that, I neuer could attaine
And still from hoem, abroed I braek my braine.

The thatcher hath a cottage poore you see
The sheppard knoes, where he shal sleepe at night
The daily drudge, from cares can quiet bee
Thus Fortune sends some rest to eurye wight
So borne I was, to house and lande by right
But in a bagg, to Court I brought the same
From Shrewsbrye towne, a seat of auncient fame

What thinke my frindes, that thear behind I laft
What fault finds she, that gaue me lief and suck
O courting fien[d], thou art to cold a craft
The Carter haeth at hoem much better luck
Well, well I saye, adue all worldly muck
Ne howse nor land we bear away I knoe
I naked cam, and naked hence must goe.

The greatest Kyng must pas the self saem way
Our day of byrth, and buriall are alike
Their ioy, their pompe, their wealth and riche araye
Shall soen consume, like snew that lies in dieck
No bucklar serues, when sodayn death doth striek
As soem may coem a poer mans soule to blys
As may the rich, or greatest Lord that is.

Well, ear may breath, my body doe forsaek
My spreet I doe bequeath to God aboue
My bookes, my skrowls, and songs that I did maek
I leaue with frindes, that freely did me loue
To flyring foes, whoes malice did me moue
I wyshe in haest, amendment of their wayes
And to the Court, and courtiars happy dayes.

* * * * * *

Now frends shack hands, I must be gon, my boyes
Our myrth taeks end, our triumph all is don
Our tykling talk, our sports and myrry toyes
Do slyed away, lyke shadow of the Son
Another coms, when I my race haue ron
Shall passe the tyme with you in better plyt
And finde good cause, of greater things to wryt.

The last piece, No. 12, "The order of the Queene's Receeuing into Bristow," has been reprinted in the first vol. of Nichols's *Progresses of Queen Elizabeth*, and a few of the others are repeated in Churchyard's *Challenge*, 1593.

Mr. Collier, in his recent *Bibliogr. Cat.*, vol. i. p. 134, has described some few extremely rare works of Churchyard's, and among them has given a copious list of the several tracts published originally as broadsides on the controversy between him and Thomas Camell, amounting to seventeen or eighteen, many of them written in the reign of Edward VI. Mr. Heber had a large and valuable collection of Churchyard's pieces, uniformly bound, including those on the controversy, which are noticed with some interesting remarks by him in the fourth part of his *Catalogue*. A long list of his pieces with a biographical notice of Churchyard will be found in Dr. Bliss's Edit. of Wood's *Ath. Oxon.*, vol. i. p. 727, and also in Ritson's *Bibliog. Poet.*, p. 159; Lowndes's *Bibliog. Man.*, in the last Edit., enumerates between forty and fifty different works of this voluminous writer, some of them however being merely broadsides and single sheets. This list has been increased by Mr. Hazlitt in his "Hand-Book of Popular Literature," vol. i. pp. 105 to 132.

Consult also further Warton's *Hist. Eng. Poet.* vol. iv. *passim*; Drake's *Shakesp. and his Times*, vol. i. p. 608; *Cens. Liter.*, vol. i. p. 285; Dibdin's *Libr. Comp.* vol. ii. p. 286, and *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, p. 104. It is evident that besides the two leaves declared to be wanting in the copy in the latter Cat. it was otherwise greatly defective and contained only a portion of the work, viz. the first six pieces, and yet it was priced at the large sum of 12*l.*; Jolley's Cat., pt. ii. No. 714, 7*l.* 10*s.*; Heber's ditto, pt. iv., No. 356, 8*l.* 15*s.*; Fillingham's ditto, 14*l.* 14*s.*; Gardner's ditto, No. 571, 15*l.*

Collation: * four leaves; Sig. A. two leaves; A to D 6, in eights.

The Heber copy. Bound by Charles Lewis. In Green Morocco, with broad border of gold, gilt leaves.

CHURCHYARD, (THOMAS.) — The Firste part of Churchyardes Chippes contaynynge Twelue seuerall Labours. Deuised and published onlye by Thomas Churchyard Gentleman.

Imprinted at London in Fletstrete neare vnto Sainct Dunstones Churche, by Thomas MARSHE. Cum priuilegio. 1578. 4to. blk. lett. pp. 228.

Another edition of the same work, which does not vary (excepting as to typography) from the preceding impression of 1575, the contents of both being exactly the same. It may be remarked that although this is called the first part of Churchyard's *Chippes*, yet no second part under that title was ever printed. As a proof of the rarity of the work, it may only be necessary to state, that so far back as Dr. Wright's sale in 1787, it produced *3l.* 13*s.* 6*d.* It was sold at Hibbert's sale, No. 205, for *6l.* 16*s.* 6*d.*; Chalmer's ditto, pt. i. No. 960, *6l.*; Heber's ditto, pt. iv. No. 357, *6l.* 16*s.* 6d.; and Midgley's ditto, No. 189, 14*l.* 14*s.*

Collation: Title and Introduction, four leaves; Sig. A to D 6, in eights.

The Utterson copy. In Green Morocco, gilt leaves.

CHURCHYARD, (THOMAS.) — A Lamentable, and pitifull Description, of the wofull warres in Flaunders, since the foure last yeares of the Emperor Charles the fifth his raigne. With a briefe rehearsall of many things done since that season, vntill this present yeare, and death of Don John. Written by Thomas Churchyarde Gentleman.

Imprinted at London by Ralph Newberie. Anno 1578. 4to. blk. lett. pp. 76.

After the title, which is within a woodcut border, there is an "Epistle Dedicatorie" "To the Right Honorable Sir Frauncis Walsingham Knight, Principall Secretarie to the Queenes Maiestie," &c. &c., in which the author informs us that this brief discourse on the troubles and afflictions of Flanders was not gathered out of other men's gardens, but derived entirely from his own knowledge and experience. Thus in another place he says: "I have written nothing, but eyther mine owne eyes behelde it, or at some one time or other I was in the Countrey whyle it was a doing:" and at the end, after reminding Walsingham that he himself had been Ambassador in Flanders,

and long acquainted with that country, he promises "to set forth another worke, called the calamitie of Fraunce, the bloudy broyles of Germany, the persecution of Spayne, the misfortune of Portingall, the troubles of Scotlande, the miserie of Irelande, and the blessed state of England." This work, in verse, with nearly the same title, was in fact printed in the following year, 1579, "for Andrew Maunsell, dwelling in Paules Church-yard, at the signe of the Parret," and is one of the rarest of Churchyard's pieces, only two copies being known, one in the late Mr. Heber's library, which brought at his sale 13*l.* 13*s.*, and the other in the British Museum. The dedication is followed by a metrical sort of preface entitled "Flaunders bewayles with bitter sorrow, the soare affliction of hir state and Countrey." The body of the work is in prose, and Churchyard speaks in it of the important part which he himself took in these wars, and in one place, describing the reception he had met with from the people of Antwerp, adduces Sir Thomas Gresham, who had been an eye-witness of the scene:

The people (says he) liked no whit that councell, and gaue the Prince (of Orange) euil wordes, and a greate number of them burst into my lodging. And by cause the Prince hadde made of mee before, (and that they knew I hadde serued in the Emperoures dayes) they called me forth, and saide I shoulde be theyr leader, whiche thinge I refused as far as I durst, alleadging, I was ignoraunt of suche affayres: whereupon, they bent theyr pikes on me in a greate furie. I beholding the extreamitie I was in, gaue them my faith, and so came into the streete among the reste of their companye, where I was so receiued, as fewe woulde haue beleeued the manner thereof, but suche as had seene it. Witnesse Sir Thomas Gressam.

After undergoing many dangers and hardships, Churchyard was glad to get back safely into his own country, with more fame than profit:

Dyuers Gentlemen (he remarks) shifted away as they might, among the rest, I scambled hardly into *Englande*, being layde for and yet so desguised, that I escaped the handes of my enimies, who hadde a commaundement from the Regente, to put mee to death with martiall law (a badde recompence for so great good and diligence bestowed on hir people, and a naughtie reward for the frute of a good meaning mind.)

At the end of the volume is a metrical address of three pages "To the VVorlde," at the conclusion of which he thus promises that "other bookes" shall soon follow:

Thus haue I taught thee vvhat good course
thou oughtst of right to hold,
Thou art a Booke, goe vvhere thou vvilte
like Bayard blind be bold.

Thou shalt haue mates to followv thee
and help thee if thou fall.
I haue vvide scope at vvill to vvalke,
yea Penne and Muse at call,
And other Bookes that I must needes
committe to Worldes report.
He is thrice blest that vvell doth vvorke,
our time is heere but short.

This work is not without a certain intrinsic value from the circumstance of Churchyard having been himself a personal witness of much that he describes, and taken an active and important part in these wars, leading at one time, as he records, so large a body as 8000 men to an attack upon the enemy. It is not so rare as some of his productions, but sold at Reed's sale, No. 6714, for 4*l.* 19*s.*; at Midgley's ditto, No. 190, for 4*l.*; at Mr. Heber's ditto, pt. iv. No. 358, for 4*l.* 6*s.*; at Perry's ditto, pt. i. No. 1288, for 5*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.*; Strettell's ditto, No. 580, for 3*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.*; Skegg's ditto, No. 374, 7*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*; *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 106, 7*l.* 7*s.*

Collation: Sig. A to K 2, in fours.

Beautiful copy. Bound by Mackenzie.
In Green Morocco, gilt leaves.

CHURCHYARD, (THOMAS.)—A generall rehearsall of warres, wherein is fiue hundred seuerall seruices of land and sea: as sieges, battailles, skirmiches, and encounters. A thousand gentle mennes names, of the best sort of warriours. A praise and true honour of Soldiours: A proofe of perfite Nobilitie. A triall and first erection of Heraldes: A discourse of calamitie. And ioyned to the same some Tragedies and Epitaphes, as many as was necessarie for this firste booke. All whiche workes are dedicated to the right honourable Sir Christopher Hatton knight, vize Chamberlain, Capitain of the gard; and one of the Queenes maiesties priuie counsail. Written by Thomas Churchyard Gentleman.

Imprinted at London by Edward White, dwellyng at the little Northe doore of Paules Churche, at the singne (*sic*) of the Gunne, *n. d.* 4to. blk. lett. pp. 240.

The present volume may be considered the second part of Churchyard's Chipps which he promised to publish, when he printed that work. And in the rather lengthy "Epistle Dedicatorie" to Sir Christopher Hatton knight, Vize Chamberlaine to the Queenes maiestie, and one of her highnesse priuie Counsaill, he thus alludes to this circumstance:

I promised (says he) in the booke of my *Chipps* (a matter vnfit for your honour to looke on) to presente another worke, whiche hath been long of commyng out, and I feare is ouer simple with all this greate laisure, to merite thankes. Notwithstandyng the paines hath been greate, and desire to dooe well not little: yet the barenesse of the woordes and weaknesse of the matter, I dread will either lose my thankes, or driue me in disgrace. And yet I might saie that the matter (nowe presented, though not well written) maie claim a greate consideration, and merites as mutche fauour, as any thyng that euer passed from my penne.

This is dated from his lodging the xv. of October 1579, and is succeeded by a short preface "to the freendly reader." The running title of the work is "Churchyardes Choise," and the whole of the first portion is in prose. It relates to the services and gallant exploits of many of our brave countrymen in the wars both by sea and land abroad and in Ireland, during the reigns of Henry VIII., Edward VI., Queen Mary, and the early part of Queen Elizabeth. It is divided into parts or chapters, the first and second of which relate to these wars and other subjects. In the third the author gives "An abstracte of the auctoritie and entertainemente, that was giuen and committed by the honourable Sir Henry Sidney Knight, Lord Deputie of Irelande; to Sir Humphrey Gilbert knight, duryng the tyme of his continuance and seruice in *Munster*, in Irelande. Written to showe how that seuere and straight handely of rebellious people, reformes them sooner to obedience, then any courteous dealyng: because the stiffe necked must be made to stoupe, with extremitie of justice, and stoute behauiour." The fourth is "A Mirrhor for rebelles to looke into, where the death of one Roorie Oge in Irelande (whose life was alwaies without order) doeth shewe that the reward of vice is euer open shame, and a foule ende." The fifth is "A small rehearsall of some speciall seruices in Flaunders of late, part whereof were in the tyme of Don Jhons gouernment, and the reste beyng doen in the present seruice of the Prince of Parma, now gouernour of Flaunders." The sixth is "A description or discourse, that declareth how that by tastyng of miseries, men become happie: written for that Soldiours alwaies beares the burthen of Sorrowe, and suffers more calamitie then any other people." This portion, as well as the quotations introduced into the former parts, are

printed in a larger black letter type than the rest of the book, and also concludes the prose part of the volume. The remainder of the book is devoted to some poetical pieces, of which the first is entitled "A pitefull complaint, in maner of a Tragedie, of Seignior Anthonio dell Dondaldoes wife, sometyme in the Duke of Florences Courte: Translated out of Italian prose, and putte into Englishe verse." The second is "A heauie matter of a Englishe gentleman, and a gentlewoman, in maner of a Tragedie: whiche gentlewoman called her freende the wanderyng Prince." The third, "A Pirates Tragedie, beyng a gentleman of a verie good house: Made at the request of Maister Peter Caroe, Capitaine of Laughlin in Irelande: and sette out to shewe the miserable life of a Rouer, whose wretched desire of other mens goodes, bringes open shame, and a violente death." The fourth, "A Letter sent from the noble Erle of Ormondes house at Kilkennie, to the honourable Sir Henry Sidney, then Lord Deputie, and liyng at Korke, in Irelande." The fifth, "The Epitaphe of the rare, vertuous Prince, (and towardes Impe of grace) Kyng Edward the sixte." And the last, "The Epitaphe of the worthie Erle of Essex." Such are the varied contents of this rare work, which is in fact, as we have before stated, the second part or continuation of Churchyard's *Chippes*, which he promised to publish when he printed that work.

Copies of this volume have sold at Sir F. Freeling's sale, No. 861, for 4*l.* 1*s.*; Heber's ditto, pt. iv. No. 360, 4*l.* 10*s.*, and pt. viii. No. 469, 5*l.* 10.; Midgley's ditto, No. 188, 9*l.* 19*s.* 6*d.*; Jolley's ditto, pt. ii. No. 716, 11*l.*; and *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 103, 21*l.* The present very fine and beautiful copy was obtained in 1836 from the *Bibl. Heber.*, pt. viii. No. 469. It had formerly been in the collections of Mr. Hill and Mr. Octavius Gilchrist.

Collation: Sig. * four leaves; ** four ditto; Sig. A to Z, and A a to C c 4, in fours.

Bound by C. Lewis. In Green Morocco, with broad borders of gold, gilt leaves.

CHURCHYARD, (THOMAS.) — A light Bondell of liuely discourses called Churchyardes Charge, presented as a Newe yeres gifte to the right honourable, the Earle of Surrie, in whiche Bondell of verses is sutche varietie of matter, and seuerall inuentions, that maie bee as delitefull to the Reader, as it was a Charge

and labour to the writer, sette forthe for a peece of pastime, by Thomas Churchyarde Gent.

Imprinted at London, by Ihon Kyngston. 1580. 4to. blk. lett. pp. 44.

The title to this little volume, which is unnoticed by either Herbert or Dibdin in their list of works printed by Kingston, is within a woodcut compartment, with David and Moses on the sides, and sitting satyrs at the bottom; and on the reverse, a woodcut of the arms and motto of Churchyard. In the "Epistle Dedicatorie" to the Earl of Surrey, who was the grandson of Lord Surrey the poet, under whom Churchyard had first served, he speaks of his "Lordshipps graundfather, and his master, who was a noble warriour, an eloquent Oratour, and a second Petrarke," and likens himself to a "poore Peddlar, that trudgeth with his packe to a Faire, and there unfoldeth emong some newe laces and odde trifles, a greate deale of old ware and little remnantes, that for lacke of quick sale hath laine long in a close corner:" alluding to some of the contents of the present volume, which consist of pieces that had been already published. He concludes by stating that his next book "shall be dedicated to the moste worthiest (and towardes noble man) the Erle of Oxford, as his laisure maie serue, and yet with greate expedition." This epistle is dated "From my lodging nere to the Courte the first daie of Ianuarie." It is followed by a short prose address "To the freendly Reader." In this, after mentioning with much complacency the "Bookes, Verses, Pamflettes, and many other triflyng thinges," with which he daily troubled the Reader, he goes on to observe:

I meane in my next booke, called my *Challenge*, to ronne ouer many of myne other woorkes, and where peraduenture by some reporte of others, (that knewe not the trothe) I haue failed in settyng foorthe of some seruices, emong the whiche Maister Ihon Norrice, and diuers worthie gentlemen Captaines now in Flaunders, haue not the worthinesse of their seruices declared, I doe promes that now beying better instructed, and hauyng true intelligence of thynges as thei were, I will at large write the commendation of as many as merites to be honoured for their well doyng, and make amendes where either by ignoraunce, or the report of others I haue failed. For so sure as GOD is Almightie, if I could gaine mountaines of golde, to flatter any one in printyng an untrothe; I would rather wishe my handes were off, then take in hande sutche a matter. For neither affection, fauor, commoditie, fame, nor parcialitie, at no tyme nor season, shall willyngly lead my penne amisse.

He finishes by confessing that so far from having been recompenced for

his honest labours, he had scarce received thanks: but acknowledges to one exception, viz., the honourable person to whom his *Chance* was dedicated, (Sir Thomas Bromley Knt., Lord Chancellor of England), who had been grateful sundry ways in the most bountiful manner, and had also encouraged him to proceed in the like paines.

The poems contained in this volume are 1. "A storie translated out of Frenche." 2. "Churchyardes farewell from the Courte, the seconde yere of the Queenes Maiesties raigne." 3. "Of a mightie greate personage." 4. "Of Beautie and Bountie." 5. "Of one that by dissemblyng fedde his desire:" 6. "Of stedfastnesse and constancie." 7. "Of one that founde falshed in felowship." 8. "Written to a vertuous gentlewoman, whose name is in the verses." This was a lady named Dampport, to whom Churchyard paid his addresses unsuccessfully. 9. "A farewell to a fondlyng." We subjoin this as one of the shortest pieces in the collection:

The heate is past, that did me fret
The fire is out, that Nature wrought:
The plants of loue, whiche youth did set,
Are drie and dedde, within my thought.
The Frost hath kilde, the kindly sappe,
Whiche kept the harte, in liuely state:
The sodaine stormes, and thonder clappe,
Hath tourned loue, to mortall hate.

The miste is gone, that bleard myne eyes,
The lowryng clouds, I see appere:
Although the blinde, eats many flies,
I would she knewe, my sight is clere.
Her sweete disceiuyng flattrying face,
Did make me thinke, the Crowe was white:
I muse how she, had sutche a grace,
To seeme a Hauke, and be a Kite.

The 10th and last is "Written to the good Lorde Maior (of London now in office) called Sir Nicholas Woodroffe Knight."

A copy of this work is in the Bodleian Libray at Oxford, and in the Miller collection at Britwell. It is of the greatest rarity, and sold at Reed's sale, No. 6716, for 11*l.* 5*s.*; Sir Mark M. Sykes's ditto, No. 709, 5*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.*; Heber's ditto, pt. iv. No. 365, 9*l.* 15*s.*; Bright's ditto, No. 1282, 7*l.* 7*s.*; Perry's ditto, pt. i. No. 1287, 14*l.*; Skegg's ditto, No. 375, 14*l.* 10*s.* It was not in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet*, nor in the Grenville, Malone, or Douce collections.

Collation: Sig. * four leaves; ** two leaves; A to D 4, in fours; 44 pages.

Fine copy. Bound by Mackenzie. In Dark Green Morocco, gilt leaves.

CHURCHYARD, (THOMAS.) — The Worthines of Wales. Wherein are more then a thousand seuerall things rehearsed: some set out in prose to the pleasure of the Reader, and with such varietie of verse for the beautifying of the Book as no doubt shal delight thousands to vnderstand. Which worke is enterlarded with many wonders and right strange matter to consider of: All the which labour and deuice is drawne forth and set out by *Thomas Churchyard,* to the glorie of God, and honour of his Prince and Countrey.

Imprinted at London, by G. Robinson for Thomas Cadman. 1587. 4to. blk. lett. pp. 108.

This is one of the most interesting and valuable as well as one of the rarest of Churchyard's numerous publications. In 1574 Churchyard, who, as we have already noticed, was a native of Shrewsbury, had been sent to that place by Sir Henry Sidney, one of his many patrons, then Lord President of the Council for the Marches, on the expectation of a contemplated visit from Queen Elizabeth, to assist in the preparation of the pageants and complimentary addresses on that occasion (which however did not take place), and was also there again in 1581, when he composed some verses on the occasion of an entertainment given to the same Lord President. Being on the borders, he visited Denbighshire and other parts of Wales at those times, having, as he says, "trauayled sondry times of purpose through the same, and what is written of, I haue beheld, and throughly seene, to my great contentment and admiration;" and we have here the results of his visits and observations. The book is written partly in prose, and part in verse. It is dedicated in a prose Epistle to Queen Elizabeth, to whom the author states:

Under your Princely fauour, I haue undertaken to set foorth a worke in the honour of Wales, where your highnes auncestors tooke name, and where your Maiestie is as much loued and feared, as in any place in your highnesse dominion. . . . For though

indeede diuers haue sleightly written of the same, and some of those labours deserueth the reading, yet except the eye be a witnes to their workes, the writers can not therein sufficiently yeeld due commendation to those stately Soyles and Principalities. .... For the Cities, Townes, and goodly Castles thereof are to be mused on, and merite to bee registred in euerlasting memorie, but chiefly the Castles (that stand like a company of Fortes) may not be forgotten, their buyldings are so princely, their strength is so greate, and they are such stately seates and defences of nature. To which Castles great Royaltie and liuings belongeth, and haue bene and are in the giftes of Princes, now possessed of noble men and such as they appoint to keep them. The royalties whereof are alwayes looked unto, but the Castles doe dayly decay, a sorrowful sight and in a maner remediles.

After due commendation of the character of the Welsh for their honesty, fidelity, and other virtues, he concludes by promising "hereafter to goe through (God sparing life) with the rest of the other Shieres not here named." A prose address to the Reader, in which the numerous great services of Queen Elizabeth to this realm and people during her prosperous reign are set forth, concludes the introductory portion.

The poem commences on Sig. B 1, with "A true note of the auncient Castles, famous Monuments, goodly Rivers, faire Bridges, fine Townes, and courteous People, that I haue seene in the noble countrie of Wales:"

Through sondrie Soyles, and stately Kingdomes ritch,
Long haue I traest, to tread out time of yeares;
Where I at will, haue surely seene right mitch,
As by my works, and printed bookes appeares.
And wearied thus, with toyle in forrayne place,
I homeward drue, to take some rest a space:
But labouring mynd, that rests not but in bed,
Began afresh, to trouble restles hed.

Then new found toyles, that hales men all in haste:
To runne on head, and looke not where they goe:
Bade reason ride, where loue should be embraste
And where tyme could, hir labour best bestowe.
To *Wales* (quoth Wit) there doth plaine people dwell,
So mayst thou come, to heauen out of hell:
For *Fraunce* is fine, and full of faithlesse waies,
Poor *Flaunders* grosse, and farre from happie daies.

Ritch *Spayne* is proud, and sterne to strangers all,
In *Italie* poysning is alwaies rife:
And *Germanie*, to Drunkennesse doth fall,
The *Danes* likewise, do leade a bibbing life.

The *Scots* seeke bloud, and beare a cruell mynd.
Ireland growes nought, the people waxe unkynde,
England God wot, hath learnde such lewdnesse late,
That *Wales* methinkes, is now the soundest state.

The author begins with a description of Monmouthshire and the town of Monmouth, the birth-place of King Henry V.; and mentioning Newport and Chepstow, whose castle belonged to Sir William Herbert Knt., afterwards Earl of Pembroke, he gives some long fourteen syllable lines on "the Creation of an Earle," followed by "the Creation of an Earl of Pembroke in Latin." Churchyard praises David Powell the Welsh historian as "excellently learned," but is very severe against those writers "that rashly have written more then they knewe, or well could prove:" and is especially so against Polydore Virgil, of whom he says:

This Pollidore saies neuer much of Wales
Though he haue told, of *Brittons* many tales.

And again:

So Pollidore, oft tymes might ouer weare,
To speake of Soyles, yet he came neuer there.

He then gives an account of Oske (Usk) and its castle, then "full sore decayde and broke," and of the neighbouring castles of Grosmont, Skenfreth and Whit Castle; and also of Langibby, and mentions that "the Duke of Yorke once lay here, and now the Castell is in Maister Roger Willyams hands," whose descendants at this day still occupy their ancient abode. Caerleon is then fully described, and of course King Arthur is not forgotten, in whose life and history Churchyard was a stout believer, and says, while

Each man frounes, when fabling toyes they heare,
And though we count, but *Robin Hood* a Jest,
And old wiues tales, as tatling toyes appeare:
Yet *Arthurs* raigne, the world cannot denye,
Such proofe there is, the troth thereof to trye:
That who so speakes, against so graue a thing,
Shall blush to blot, the fame of such a King.

Arthur's Coronation and the solemnitie thereof; the Embassage and proud message of the Romans; the Letters sent from Lucius Tybertius, the Roman Lieutenant; the Oration of Arthur to his Lords and people, and the answere of Howell King of little Britaine, are set forth in prose in English and Latin, and the authorities on which they are founded, Merlin, Walter

of Monmouth, Giraldus Cambrensis, Jeffrey of Monmouth, Gildas, and others. Abergavenny, its town, castle and church, and the families who lie interred within its precincts, are next described, after which he passes into Brecknockshire; but before describing the town and church of Brecon, he utters a farewell to worthy Wales, of which the following lines form the first portion:

O happie princely Soyle, my pen is farre to bace, (i.e. too base)
My muse but serues in sted of foyle, to giue a Jewell grace:
My bare inuention cold, and barraine verses vaine,
When they thy glory should vnfold, they do thy Coūtrie staine.
Thy worth some worthie may set out in golden lines,
And blaze y^e^ same, w^t^ colors gay, whose glistring beautie shines.
My boldnesse was to great, to take the charge in hand,
With wasted wits the braines to beat, to write on such a Land:
Whose people may compare, in high'st degree of praise,
With any now aliue, that are, or were in elders daies.
Thy Townes and Castles fayre, so brauely stand in deede,
They should their honour much apayre, if they my verses neede.
A writers rurall rime, doth hinder thy good name:
For verse but entertaines the tyme, with toyes y^t^ fancies frame:
With *Tullies* sugred tongue, or *Virgils* sharp engine
Thy rare renowne should still be rung, or sung in verse deuine.
A simple Poets pen, but blots white paper still,
And blurres the brute and praise of men, for want of cunning quill.
If *Ouids* skill I had, or could like *Homer* write,
Or *Dant* would make thy muses glad, to please y^e^ worlds delite,
Or *Chawser* lent me in these daies, some of his learned tales,
As *Petrarke* did his *Laura* praise, so would I speake of *Wales*.
But all to late I craue, for knowledge, wit and sence:
For looke what gifts y^e^ Gods then gaue, they tooke thē al frō hence,
And left us nought but bookes, to stare and pore vpon,
On which perchaūce blind bayard lookes, whē skil and sight is gon.

Having then noticed "The Towne and Church of Breckenoke," and spoken "Somewhat of some Riuers and Waters," the author comes to Ludlow, which he describes at some length as to its town, church and castle; and in speaking of a Chantry chapel in the church, in which a person of the name of Hozier was buried, who had been a great benefactor to the poor, he introduces with some pride a little personal reference to another man who was his maternal grandfather:

Another man, whose name was *Cookes* for troth,
Like *Hozier* was, in all good gifts of grace:

This *Cookes* did giue, great lands and liuings both,
For to maintaine a Chauntrie in that place.
A yeerely dole, and monthly almes likewise
He ordaynd there, which now the poore doe mis:
His wife and he, within that Chappell lyes,
Where yet full plaine, the Chauntrie standing is:
Some other things of note there may you see
Within that Church, not touched now by mee.

In the margin it is stated: "On the right hand Cookes lyes. This man was my mothers father."

In describing the castle, he mentions the large additions which Sir Henry Sidney, then Lord President, had made to the buildings, and enumerates the list of those that had held that important office, and others, whose arms were in the chapel. Leaving Ludlow he records with pleasure an account of Shrewsbury, his native place:

The author born in Shrewesburie.

Both borne and bred, in that same Seate thou wast,
(Of race right good, or els Records do lye)
From whence to schoole, where euer *Churchyard* past.
To natiue Soyle he ought to haue an eye,
Speake well of all, and write what world may proue,
Let nothing goe beyond thy Countries loue:
Wales once it was, and yet to mend thy tale,
Make *Wales* the Parke, and plaine *Shropshiere* the pale.

On thus revisiting his native town, he points out the improvement which had taken place in its buildings, and in their internal comfort and appearance, and notices that it had become the residence of many well-born and wealthy gentlemen's families. And after delineating at some length in verse the various churches, the castle, the river, the bridges, and other objects, including the Aldermen in scarlet and two Bayliffes, he passes on into Denbighshire, and visits Chirk Castle, the new bridge over the Dee, Ruabon Church, Offa's Dyke, Watts' Dyke, Wrexham, Holt Castle, Yale, Castle Dinas Bran, Rhuddlan or Wrythen Castle, the Vale of Clywd, Caergurley Castle and Denbigh, "the strongest Castle and seate that euer man beheld," on which he becomes quite eulogistic:

And as this Seate and Castle strongly stands
Past winning sure, with engin, sword, or hands:
So lookes it ore the Countrey farre or neare,
And shines like Torch, and Lanterne of the Sheere.
Wherefore *Denbigh*, thou bearst away the praise,
Denbigh hath got the garland of our daies:

Denbigh reapes fame and lawde a thousand waies,
Denbigh my pen unto the Clowdes shall raise
The Castle there, could I in order drawe,
It should surmount now all that ere I sawe.

He next visits Valle Crucis Abbey, Llangollen, and Castle Dinas Bran, and comes into Flintshire, which he is about to describe, but falls sick by the way, and concludes with the following stanza:

When Sommer sweete hath blowne ore Winters blast,
And waies waxe hard, that now are soft and foule:
When calmie Skyes sayth bitter stormes are past,
And Clowdes waxe cleere, that now doth lowre and skoule,
My muse I hope, shall be reuiu'de againe,
That now lyes dead, or rockt a sleepe with paine.
For labour long, hath wearied so the wit,
That studious head a while in rest must sit:
But when the Spring comes on with newe delite
You shall from me heare what my muse doth write.

Churchyard calls this his *first* "Book of the Worthines of Wales," and intended, if duly encouraged, and life and health permitted, to set forth a continuation of it, to include the other counties, but no such continuation was ever made. He was now advancing in years, and feeble in health, but continued to write on till his death in 1604.

We have noticed this work at some length, both on account of its rarity, few copies of it being in existence, and also because little mention of it has been made by other writers, or of its varied contents. Mr. Blakeway has given a few short quotations from the description of Shrewsbury in his History of that place, vol. i. p. 385, with a notice or two from its ancient records of other members of Churchyard's family; but he was unable to procure a sight of the original edition, and his extracts are made from the reprint of 1776. See also Chalmers's *Life of Churchyard*, p. 17; Dibdin's *Libr. Comp.*, vol. ii. p. 287; Fry's *Bibliog. Mem.*, p. 375; Davis's *Second Journey*, p. 55; and Wood's *Ath. Oxon.*, vol. i. p. 727.

On the reverse of the last leaf are the arms and motto of Churchyard in a woodcut. There is a copy of this rare work in the Chetham Library at Manchester.* It was reprinted in 1776, in 8vo.

---

* The volume in the Chetham Library containing this work is one of great rarity and value, having bound up with it,

1. Andrew Borde's fyrst boke of the Introduction of knowledge. Dedicated to the

Farmer's copy in 1798 sold for 1*l.* 2*s.*; Mason's ditto, in the same year, 1*5l.* 15*s.*; Heber's ditto, pt. iv. No. 367, 9*l.*; White Knights ditto, with others, No. 1116, 85*l.* 1*s.*; and Mitford's ditto, 13*l.* 5*s.*

The present copy wants a sheet in the middle, otherwise in fine state.

Collation: Sig. * four leaves; A, two leaves; B to N 4, in fours.

In the original Vellum binding.

CHURCHYARD, (THOMAS.) — Churchyards Challenge.
London Printed by John Wolfe. 1593. 4to. blk. lett. pp. 288.

This rare miscellany of Churchyard's pieces is dedicated "To the right honourable Sir John Wolley Knight, Secretary for the Latin tung to the Queenes Maiestie, and one of her priuie Councell:" and having now arrived near the end of his long and wearisome pilgrimage, being above 70 years old, and in allusion to the title of the book, his *Challenge*, Churchyard thus records the "many sorrowfull discourses in my days I haue written, and numbers of bookes I haue printed: and because they shall not be buried with me, challenge them all as my children to abide behinde me in the worlde, to make them inheritors of such fame and dispraise as their father (which begat them on sweet inuention) heere enioyes or deserues: hoping they shall not be called bastards, nor none aliue will be so hardy as to call them his babes, that I haue bred in my bowels, brought forth and fostred vp so carefully at mine owne charges, and hazard of an enuious worlde. And now indeede for that diuers (of disdainfull disposition) doo or may hinder the good reporte of those labors which I thinke well bestowed among my freends, I haue set forth while I am liuing a great number of my works in

---

Princess Mary, daughter to King Henry the eyght. Imprinted at London by Wyllyam Copland, *n. d.* [1542], 4to. blk. lett. With woodcut of Doctor Borde the author, and numerous other cuts.

2. Churchyard's Worthines of Wales. 1587. 4to. blk. lett.
3. The Choice of Change: Containing the Triplicitie of Divinitie, Philosophie, and Poetrie. Newly set forth by S. R. Gent. and Student in Cambridge. Printed by Roger Wood, 1586. 4to. blk. lett.
4. The Royall Exchange: Contayning sundry Aphorisms of Philosophie and Golden principles of thought, &c. First written in Italian, and now translated into English by Robert Greene in Artibus Magister. Printed by I. Charlewood, 1590. 4to. blk. lett. The only copy known of this work.

this booke named my Challenge, that after my death shal be witnesses they were mine owne dooings: not for any great matter in them, but for the iustnes of troth and true triall of all my honest exercises, and so to purchase credit and the more freends and fauourers to prop vp my poore reputation." This is followed by a Preface "To the worthiest sorte of People, that gently can reade, and iustly can iudge;" at the end of which he says, "My next booke shal be the last booke of the Worthines of Wales. And my last booke called my *Vltimum Vale*, shal be (if it please God) twelve long tales for Christmas, dedicated to twelue honorable Lords." Then occurs a list of "the seuerall matters contained in this booke." These amount to twenty-one, seventeen of which are in verse. The titles of these, several of which had appeared before in the *Chippes*, are given at length in Lowndes's *Bibliog. Man.*, p. 453, and therefore unnecessary to be repeated here: but the works of Churchyard being so rare and difficult to be met with, we prefer transcribing for our readers, an enumeration of the books he had already printed, from the list he was able to call to his memory, although somewhat long:

First, in King Edwards daies, a booke named *Dauie Dicars dreame*, which one *Camell* wrote against, whome I openly confuted. *Shores Wife* I penned at that season. Another booke in those daies called the *Mirror of Man*.

In Queene Maries raigne, a booke called a *New-yeeres gift* to all England, which booke treated of rebellion. And many things in the booke of Songs and Sonets, printed then, were of my making.

Since that time till this day I wrote all these works:

The booke of *Chips*, dedicated to Sir Christopher Hatton, after Lord Chancellor.
The booke called *Chance*, dedicated to Sir Thomas Bromley, L. Chancellor then.
The booke called my *Charge*, to my L. of Surrye.
The booke called my *Change*, in verse and proes, dedicated to all good mindes.
The booke called my *Choice*, dedicated to the L. Chancellor, Sir Christopher Hatton.
The booke of the siege of Leeth and Edenbrough Castell.
The booke of Sir William Druries seruice, dedicated to Sir Drue Drury.
The booke called the golden Nut, dedicated to the Qu. Ma.
The booke of receiuing her highnes into Suffolk and Norfolke.
The booke before of her highnes receiuing into Bristow.
The booke of the Earthquake, to the good Deane of Paules.
The book of the troubles of Flanders, to Sir Francis Walsing:
The book called the scourge of rebels in Ireland, to my Lord Admirall.
The booke called a rebuke to Rebellion, to the good olde Earle of Bedford.
The book of a Sparke of freendship, to Sir Walter Rawley.
The book of Sorrowes, to D. Wilson when he was Secretary.

The book of the winning of Macklin, to my Lord Norrice.
The book called the Worthines of Wales, to the Qu. Ma.
The book giuen her Maiestie at Bristow, where I made al the whole deuises.
The deuises of warre and a play at Awsterley, her highnes being at Sir Thomas Greshams.
The Commedy before her Maiestie at Norwich in the fielde when she went to dinner to my Lady Gerninghams.
The whole deuises, pastimes and plaies at Norwich, before her Maiestie.
The deuises and speeches that men and boyes shewed within many prograces.
The book of King Henries Epitaph, and other princes and Lords, to Secretary Wolley.
The book of my Deer adue, to M. Iohn Stannop.
The book called a handfull of gladsome verses, to the Qu. Ma. at Woodstooke.
The book called a pleasant conceite, a newe yeers gift, to the Queenes Maiestie.

These Workes following are gotten from me of some such noble freends as I am loath to offend:

Æneas tale to *Dydo*, largely and truely translated out of Virgill, which I once shewed the Qu. Ma. and had it againe.
A book of the oath of a Iudge and the honour of Law, deliuered to a Stacioner, who sent it the L. cheefe Baron that last dyed.
A book of a sumptuous shew in Shrouetide by Sir Walter Rawley, Sir Robart Carey, M. Chidley, and M. Arthur Gorge, in which book was the whole seruice of my L. of Lester mencioned, that he and his traine did in Flaunders, and the gentlemen Pencioners proued to be a great peece of honor to the Court: all which book was in as good verse as euer I made: An honorable knight dwelling in the black Friers, can witnes the same, because I read it vnto him.
A great peece of work translated out of the great learned French Poet Seignior Dubartas, which worke treated of a Lady and an Eagle, most diuinely written on by Dubartas, and giuen by me to a great Lord of this land, who saith it is lost.
An infinite number of other Songes and Sonets, giuen where they cannot be recouered, nor purchase any fauour when they are craued.

At the end of this statement is "A new kinde of Sonnet," highly complimentary to Spenser, in which Churchyard calls him "the spirit of learned speech." The *Tragedie of Shores Wife*, which had been first printed in the *Mirror for Magistrates*, 4to, 1559, and is one of Churchyard's best pieces, is here reprinted, and "much augmented with diuers newe aditions," twenty-one new stanzas having been added to it. It has also a dedication "To the right honorable the Lady Mount Eagle and Compton, wife to the right honourable the Lord of Buckhursts son and heire," in which Churchyard warmly vindicates his claim to the authorship of this poem, which had

been impugned by some malevolent persons, who had sought to deprive him of the credit of having written this legend. We quote a few stanzas from it, including some of those here newly added:

Of noble blood, I cannot boast my byrth,
For I was made, out of the meanest moulde,
Mine heritage, but seuen foote of th' earth,
Fortune ne gaue, to me the gifts of gold,
But I could brag, of nature if I would:
Who fild my face, with fauour fresh and faire,
Whose beautie shon, like *Phœbus* in the ayre.

My beautie blas'd, like torch or twinckling starre,
A liuely lamp that lends darke world some light,
Faire *Phœbus* beames scarse reacheth halfe so farre
As did the rayes, of my rare beautie bright:
As summers day exceedes blacke winters night,
So *Shores* wiues face, made foule *Browneta* blush;
As pearle staynes pitch, or gold surmounts a rush.

The Damaske rose, or *Rosamond* the faire,
That Henry held, as deere as Jewells be,
Who was kept close, in cage from open ayre;
For beauties boast, could scarse compare with me,
The kindly buds, and blosomes of braue tree.
With white and red, had deckt my cheekes so fine,
There stoode two balles, like drops of claret wine.

The beaten snow, nor Lily in the field
No whiter sure, then naked necke and hand,
My lookes had force, to make a Lyon yeeld,
And at my forme, in gase a world would stand,
My body small, fram'd finely to be span'd
As though dame Kind, had sworne in solemne sort
To shrowd herselfe, in my faire forme and port.

No part amisse, when nature tooke such care
To set me out, as nought should be awry
To furnish forth (in due proportion rare)
A peece of worke, should please a princes eie
O would to God, that boast might proue a lie,
For pride youth tooke, in beauties borrowde trash,
Gaue age a whippe, and left me in the lash.

My shape some saide, was seemely to each sight,
My countenance, did shewe a sober grace,
Mine eies in lookes, were neuer proued light,

My tongue in wordes, was chaste in euery case,
Mine eares were deafe, and would no louers place:
Saue that, alas, a Prince did blot my browe,
Loe, there the strong, did make the weake to bowe.

The following also, containing three of the new additional stanzas not printed before, are somewhat pleasing and poetical, and are not undeserving of quotation:

The Nightingale, for all his merry voyce,
Nor yet the Larke, that still delights to sing,
Did neuer make the hearers so reioyce,
As I with wordes haue made this worthy King:
I neuer iar'de, in tune was euery string.
I tempred so, my tongue to please his eare,
That what I saide, was current euery where.

Sweet are the songs, that merry night-crow singes,
For many parts, are in those charming notes;
Sweete are the tunes, and Pipes that pleaseth Kings,
Sweete is the loue wherein great Lordings dotes;
But sweetst of all, is fancie where it flotes,
For throwe rough seas, it smoothly swimmes away,
And in deepe flouds, where skulles of fish doe play.

And where loue slides, it leaues no signe nor showe,
Where it hath gon, the way so shuts againe,
It is a sport, to heare the fine night-crow,
Chaunt in the queere vpon a pricke song plaine:
No musicke more may please a princes vaine,
Then descant strange, and voice of faurets breest,
In quiet bower, when birds be all at rest.

No such consort, as plaine two parts in one,
Whose rare reports doth carry cunning cleàn,
Where two long loues and liues in ioy alone,
They sing at will, the treble or the meane,
Where musicke wants the mirth not worth a beane:
The King and I, agreed in such concorde,
I ruld by loue, though he did raigne a Lord.

I ioynd my talke, my iestures and my grace,
In wittie frames, that long might last and stand,
So that I brought the King in such a case
That to his death, I was his chiefest hand.
I gouernd him, that ruled all this land:

I bare the sword, though he did weare the Crowne,
I strake the stroke, that threwe the mightie downe.

It is not improbable that the tales at the end of the volume of "The Tragicall Discourse of a dolorous Gentlewoman," and "A dolefull Discourse of a great Lorde and a Ladie," might be founded upon fact, especially the former. Churchyard, although verging into years at the time this work was published, lived for more than ten years longer, his latest piece being printed in 1604, only a very short time before he died. Spenser thus speaks of him in his *Colin Clout:*

There is good *Harpalus*, now waxed aged
In faithfull seruice of faire Cynthia; [*i.e.* Queen Elizabeth.]

And he is also designated by him in the same poem as "old Palemon," who had

Sung so long untill quite hoarse he grew.

See further concerning this work, *Cens. Liter.*, vol. i. p. 287; Herbert's *Ames*, vol. ii. p. 1186, and vol. iii. p. 1806; *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, p. 105; Dibdin's *Libr. Comp.*, vol. ii. p. 286; Chalmers's *Cat.*, pt. i. p. 957; and Hazlitt's *Hand-Book*, p. 109.

Mr. Perry's copy of this work, with MS. title, pt. i. No. 1289, sold for 5*l.* 18*s.*; Gardner's ditto, No. 572, 7*l.* 7*s.*; Chalmers's ditto, pt. i. No. 957, imperfect, the title inlaid, and wanting the leaf of contents, 8*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*; Bolland's ditto, No. 640, Heber's ditto, pt. iv. No. 370, 12*l.*; and Reed's ditto, No. 6717, with MS. account of his works, 17*l.* 10*s.*

Collation: Sig. A, four leaves; * two leaves; B to Z, and A a to N n 4, in fours.

In Brown Morocco, with leather joints, tooled inside, gilt leaves.

CHURCHYARD, (THOMAS.) — A Musicall Consort of Heauenly harmonie (compounded out of manie parts of Musicke) called Chvrchyards Charitie.

Imprinted at London, by Ar. Halfield, for William Holme. 1595. 4to. pp. 56.

Another rare and very interesting volume of Churchyard's poetry, which is dedicated "To the Right Honorable Robert Devereux Earle of Essex and

Ewe, Vicount of Hereford, Lord Ferrer of Chartley, Borcher, and Louaine; Master of the Queenes Maiesties horse, Knight of the noble order of the Garter, and one of hir Maiesties honorable priuie Counsell:" after which are metrical addresses "To the Generall Reader," and "The Author to his booke." The former of these thus commences:

> If ought amisse, you finde good Reader heere,
> His fault it is, that sings ne sweete nor loud:
> When he caught cold, and voice could not be cleere,
> Because ech note, is cloked under cloud,
> He crau'd no helpe, nor stole from no mans song
> One peece nor part, of musicke any waie.

In these lines, when Churchyard thus refers to his having "caught cold," and his "voice could not be heard," he alludes to Spenser's verse upon him in his *Colin Clout*, where he says that old Palemon had

> Sung so long until quite hoarse he grew.

In this address also Churchyard again lays claim to the legend of "Shore's Wife," which he had written for the *Mirror for Magistrates*, and of the authorship of which attempts had been made to rob him:

> Both beast and bird, their yoong ones do defend,
> So shall my Muse, maintaine that I haue pend,
> Then bring *Shores wife*, in question now no more,
> I set hir foorth, in colours as she goes:

and interrupts the poem by an attestation,

> Sir Rafe Bowser a worshipfull knight
> witnesseth when and where I penned that.

The poem called *Churchyards Charitie* contains ninety seven-line stanzas, to each of which is assigned a short prose sentence of explanation in the margin. It is written throughout in a simple and moral strain, against the love of wealth and its abuse, and in commendation of virtue and charity. At the end of this poem a new title appears, inclosed like the former within an ornamental woodcut border, and introducing a second poem, entitled "A Praise of Poetrie." The nature of this latter poem will be better explained by its introductory heading: "A praise of Poetrie, some notes thereof drawen out of the Apologie, the noble minded Knight, sir Phillip Sidney wrate." This is written in four-line verse, and the notices of some of his contemporary poets are very curious and remarkable, and render this poem

highly interesting and pleasing. After commemorating some of the early bards of antiquity both sacred and profane, and naming Gower and Chaucer, he particularly enumerates Lord Surrey, under whom he had served, divine Du Bartas, Spenser, Daniel, Barnes, and especially Sidney. The latter is thus celebrated:

Our age and former fathers daies
(Leaue Goore and Chauser out)
Hath brought foorth heere but few to praise
Search all our soyle about.

Yet of all those that newly wrate
In prose or verse of late
Let Sydney weare (for stile of state)
The garland lawreate.

His bookes make many bookes to blush
They shew such sense and wit
Our dribbers shoots not woorth a rush
When he the marke doth hit.

His phrase is sifted like fine floure
That maketh manchet bread
Sweet eu'ry where and nothing soure
That flowes from Sidneyes head.

Sweete dewe dropt out of Sidneyes quill
As raine great moysture shoes
And from his muse there did distill
A liquor sweete as rose.

His other contemporaries come in for their due meed of praise in turn, as will appear from the following verses:

Diuine du Bartas merits praise
Most excellent verse he wrate
So sundrie writers in our daies
Haue done full well of late.

In Spensers morall fairie Queene
And Daniels rosie mound
If they be throwly waid and seen
Much matter may be found.

One Barnes that Petrarks scholler is
May march with them in ranke
A learned Templars name I mis
Whose pen deserues great thanke.

A number more write well indeed
They spring vp newly now
As gazing world their works shall reed
So shall world praise them throw.

But sure my noble Sidneies skill
I neuer can forget
To him my seruice and good will
Shall euer dwell in det.

Of learned lore the onely light
Which blazde like lampe most cleere
And as a star in moone shine night
Could vnder cloud appeer,

Seemd dim and darke to dazled eies
But faire and bright to those
That vnderstood the stately gise
Of learned verse or prose

Could crack the nut of hardest shell
And shew the kernell plaine
For by his works who notes them well
In world he liues againe.

The poem concludes with a commendation of Sidney's *Apologie*, first published in 1590, the title of which was afterwards changed to *A Defence of Poesie*:

The booke that doth of poets treat
In golden robes so shines
It triumphes still with honor great
Among the best diuines.

Which booke deckt vp in trim attire
Of authors wise and graue
In matters of mine owne desire
Great light to poetrie gaue.

And made me write of poets praise
Thus so to starrie skie
My Sidneies honor heere I raise
As far as fame can flie.

Finis.

On the last page is the following announcement: "My next Booke comes out shortlie: dedicated to my Honorable woorthy friende, Master Henrie Brooke, sonne and heire to the noble lord Cobham." What this work was, or whether it was ever published, we are unable to state; but Churchyard was now an old man of 75, according to Mr. Chalmers's reckoning of his birth, although he lived for nine years longer, not dying till 1604. See Wood's *Ath. Oxon.*, vol. i. p. 727; and an article on this work in *Cens. Liter.*, vol. i. p. 289, by Mr. Park, who has there reprinted the whole of the latter poem in extenso. Copies of this rare poem have sold at Reed's sale, No. 6713, for 8*l.* 15*s.*, bought by Mr. Heber; Sir Mark M. Sykes's ditto, pt. i. No. 710, 9*l.* 5*s.*; *Bibl. Heber.*, pt. iv. No. 372, 7*l.*; Bright's ditto, No. 1283, 9*l.* 5*s.* The present fine copy was priced in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 102, at 40*l.* This was one of the poems of Churchyard, privately reprinted by Sir Alexander Boswell at the Auchinlech press in 1817, 4to.

Collation: Title, A 1; Sig. A to G 4, in fours.

From the collections of Mr. Thomas Hill, Sir Mark M. Sykes, &c.

In Maroon coloured Morocco, gilt leaves.

CHURCHYARD, (THOMAS.) — A Trve Discourse Historicall, of the svcceeding Governovrs in the Netherlandes, and the Ciuill warres there begun in the yeere 1565. with the memorable seruices of our Honourable English Generals, Captaines and Souldiers, especially vnder Sir Iohn Norice Knight, there performed from the yeere 1577, vntill the yeere 1589. and afterwards in Portugale, France, Britaine and Ireland, vntill the yeere 1598. Translated and collected by T. C. Esqvire, and Ric. Ro. ovt of the Reuerend E. M. of Antwerp. his fif-

teene bookes Historiæ Belgicæ; and other collections added: altogether manifesting all martiall actions meete for euery good subject to reade, for defence of Prince and Countrey.

At London Imprinted for Matthew Lownes, and are to be sold at his shop vnder S. Dunstons Church in the West. 1602. 4to. blk. lett. pp. 166.

This interesting historical discourse of Churchyard's is dedicated "To the Right Noble and Right Honorable Sir Edward Seymour, Knight, Baron Beauchamp, Erle of Hartford, and Lord Lieutenant generall for the Queenes most excellent Maiestie in the Counties of Somerset and Wiltshire," in which he observes:

In calling to minde the manifold fauours of your most noble father, shewed me in the raigne of the rare Imp of grace King *Edward* the sixt, and weighing I serued vnder him, at the battel of *Muscleborough*, your father then Lord Lieutenant Generall of the English Armie: I found myself for sundrie causes much bound to all his most noble house and familie. And so a long season watching opportunitie to doe some acceptable seruice to his noble children, I could not happen on any matter (touching my pen) worthie acceptation. Then reading of a booke in Latine, written by a graue writer, called *Emanuell Meteranus;* who wrote fifteene bookes *de Historia Belgica*, I found so great profunditie in the man and matter, chieflie because he exactlie wrote of martiall affaires, and exployts done by mighty Gouernours and valiant souldiers: . . . . I therefore (considering mine own profession long that way) took it as an iniurie done to all Souldiers, if I a poore plaine writer should not as much honor them with my pen, as they haue honored God and Prince with their sword: So in my great age I clapped on a youthfull corage (imagining I saw all the worthines of men) and stoutly stept into the translation of *Meteranus* workes of *Historia Belgica:* but often falling sick, and like to passe from world, I called vnto me one *Richard Robinson* (a man more debased by many then he merits of any, so good parts are there in the man) one whom I might command and keepe a long while for this purpose, and who tooke great paines (I being sicke) in the translation, and in writing the other Collections of this booke.

This Richard Robinson, a free Citizen of London, who was a friend of Churchyard as is well known, was the author or translator of several works, *The Gesta Romanorum; The Harmony of King Davids Harp; Robinsons Ruby in English Verse*, 1577, 8vo, blk. lett.; *Eupolema*, 1578, 8vo; *The Life, Actes, and Death of King Arthur*, 1582, 4to, blk. lett., with a second part added in 1583, and to which Churchyard prefixed a poem in praise of the Bowe, &c. &c. He must not be confounded, as has been the case by

Lowndes and his latest editor Mr. H. Bohn, with another person of the same name of Alton,—who wrote *The ruefull Tragedie of Hemidos and Thelay*, 1570; *The Rewarde of Wickednesse*, 1573, 4to; and *The Golden Mirrour*, 1589, 4to,—who is quite a distinct person. Mr. Collier, in noticing *The Rewarde of Wickednesse* in his last work, *The Bibliog. Catal.*, vol. ii. p. 271, has entirely overlooked *The Golden Mirrour* by the same author; and even he, who is usually so correct in every thing relating to our early literature, has fallen into the error of confusing the two Richard Robinsons together, by attributing to the author of *The Rewarde of Wickednesse*, *The Harmony of King Davids Harp*, p. 272, and the translations from *The Gesta Romanorum* in 1577, p. 274, which were written by the Citizen of London.

The dedication is followed by three addresses in Latin to Sir John Norris by Peter Bizar, and by a table of the contents of the volume. The work is divided into parts or chapters, and relates the accounts of the civil wars in the Netherlands under various leaders, the Prince of Parma, the Prince of Orange, Don John of Austria, the Duke of Anjou, and others; and is interesting not only in giving many particulars relating to the English commanders who served in Flanders, Sir John Norris, the Earl of Leicester, Charles Lord Mountjoy, Sir Thomas Vavasour, Sir Philip Sidney, the Earl of Essex, the Lord Willoughby, Sir William Russell, &c., but also of Churchyard himself, and of his early career, and his own military services abroad, in which he appears to have performed an important part. It records also mention of the services of George Whetstone, Barnabie Rich, and others, in these wars of the Netherlands. The expeditions of Sir Francis Drake in 1589; the assault on Brest in 1594, when Sir Martin Frobisher received a wound of which he afterwards died; the murder of William Prince of Orange in 1584, the order of his burial, and execution of his murderer on the 14th of July; and the death of Sir Philip Sidney before Zutphen in 1586,—are likewise fully reported; so that, although not one of the scarcest, it is perhaps one of the most interesting of the series of Churchyard's works.

As an example of the style of his prose composition, we extract the account of the early death of the latter renowned person, together with the epitaphs on the same, the second of which is partly taken from Sir Walter Raleigh's poem on his decease:

I haue before made mention of the vertuous life and valorous seruice of that re-

nowmed Knight Sir *Philip Sidney*, the last yeere in the Low Countries, spent to the aduancement of God's glorie, honour of his Prince, and benefit of Gods Church and of the kingdome of Christ: now is occasion giuen me to set downe his honourable enterprise a little before his death, and so thereby to make his vertuous life, valorous seruice, and honourable death more rightly renowmed vnto the posteritie. Thus it happened in the latter end of the next yeere following 1586 the English Nobles, viz. the Right Honourable *Robert* Erle of *Essex*, by his valour reuiuing his fathers fame; the Lord *Willoughby*, the Lord Generall *Norice*, Sir *William Russell*, and Sir *Thomas Parrot*, Sir *Henry Norice*, with diuers others both Knights and Gentlemen of good accompt seruing then on horsebacke; this famous worthy Knight Sir *Philip Sidney* as forward as the best (all these being mounted against the enemie, and his power, approching on the 22. of September 1586. vnto the towne of *Zutphen* in *Gelderland*:) This noble Knight like *Cæsar* charged the enemie so sore, that first an enuious Musquetier from the spitefull Spaniards espying his oportunitie slew his horse vnder him: who getting to horse againe, was with a poysoned bullet from the enemie shot in the thigh, wanting his Cuisses, which might haue defended him. The wound being deepe and shiuering the bone, yet his heart was good and his courage little abated, one *Vdal* a gentleman alighted and led his horse softly, to whom he thus spake: *Let goe, let goe till I fall to the ground: The foe shall misse the glorie of my wound.* And so riding out of the field with a rare and constant courage, his wound was searched, no salue too deare but was sought, no skill so curious but was tried to cure, ease, and recouer this noble Souldier languishing in paine, all remediles. Who feeling death drawing on, desired yet (were it Gods will so to be) that he might liue to doe his Countrie more seruice: alleaging that he feared not death, but lamented that his yeeres as yet (being but greene) brought foorth but leaues, the bloomes being faire, no fruite yet appearing, his life could not be lengthened for the enlargement of that good, which both in heart he wished and in power he would haue performed towards his Prince and Countrie, had he liued here longer: who being demaunded if he feared not any whit to dye, answered: *No whit because I liue thereby.*

Touching the honour of the field there fought, as all our English Lords and Knights by their valours much diminished the enemies force and daunted his courage: so amongst them Sir *Thomas Parrot* stroake downe *Gonzaga* at a blow, Countie *Hannibal* was left for dead in the field, and Captaine *George* one of the enemies commanders, was by the worthie Lord *Willoughby* taken prisoner: onely Captaine *Thomas* and Captaine *Martin* amongst our English were slaine in that fight, and not any m e of accompt missing. So by this honour ensued the vntimely death of this renowmed noble Knight on the 17. day of October 1586. liuing iust 25. daies after his receiued hurt, in hope by death to inherit with Christ the Crowne of life and glorie. Whose mortall death how greatly it was lamented of all sorts, from the highest to the lowest, who so please may looke and reade in the Reportarie of this action, afterwards penned by George Whetston Gentleman: where he declareth how the corps of this noble deceased Knight being brought ouer in the Blacke Pinnis, so called, was shrined in a Hearse within the Mynories in *London*: and his funerall day being appointed vpon Tuesday the 16. of February next after following in that yeere 1586.

The solemne order of the same was thus martialled in honourable manner, vz. hauing three Erles and other Lords of the States his chiefe mourners, with all their traine as they followed the Corps. After them went Sir *Wolston Dixie* Knight then Lord Maior of *London*, and the aldermen mourning in their purple robes. And last of al a warlike band of worthy Citizens his welwillers, with weapons trailed in solemne wise, brought the Corps from out of the Quier of the Cathedrall Church of S. *Paul* in *London* (after a learned Sermon there made) to the vpper North east end of the Isle aboue the Quier by the second piller, where with solemne honourable ceremonie vsuall, the corps was laid to his rest in Christ Jesus: which done, the said souldiers like Citizens bestowed for their last farewell of their beloued noble friend and Captaine, two volleys of shot, and so returned home euery man to his house, heauie, mournfull, and sad for the losse of so vertuous, honourable and true renowmed personage: vpon whose death the aforesaid George Whetston made this Epitaph.

Here vnder lyes *Phillip Sydney* Knight,
True to his Prince, learned, staid and wise:
Who lost his life in honourable fight,
Who vanquisht death, in that he did despise
To liue in pompe, by others brought to passe:
Which oft he tearm'd a Dyamond set in Brasse.

There is another Epitaph vsuallie pendant at the said piller vnder his Crest, Cote Armour, and colours there fixed.

England, Netherland, the Heauens, and the Arts,
The Souldiers, and the World, haue made six parts
Of the Noble *Sydney*: for none will suppose,
That a small heape of stones can *Sydney* inclose.
His body hath *England*, for she it fed,
Netherland his blood in her defence shed:
The Heauens haue his soule, the Arts have his Fame,
All Souldiers the griefe, the World his good Name.

There is a copy of this historical and autobiographical work in the British Museum, and in the Douce collection in the Bodleian Library. It sold in Sir Mark M. Sykes's sale, pt. i. No. 711, for 1*l.* 6*s.*; Skegg's ditto, No. 376, 1*l.* 7*s.*; Chalmers's ditto, pt. i. No. 959, 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*; Reed's ditto, No. 6715, 2*l.*; Nassau's ditto, pt. i. No. 837, 4*l.* 10*s.*; Heber's ditto, pt. iv. No. 376, 4*l.* 12*s.*; and *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 107, 5*l.* 5*s.*

Collation: Sig. A, four leaves; B, two leaves; C to Y 1, in fours; 83 leaves.

Bodleian duplicate. Half bound in Brown Calf.

CHEWT or CHUTE, (ANTHONY.) — Beawtie dishonoured written vnder the title of Shores wife.

Chascun se plaist ou il se trouve mieux.

London, Imprinted by John Wolfe. 1593. 4to. pp. 54.

It is not improbable that the legends or histories of the *Mirrour for Magistrates*, published a few years earlier, may have given the first idea of this historical poem by Chute, now of the utmost rarity. It is inscribed "To the Right Worshipfull Sir Edward Winckfield Knight," and is termed by the author "the first invention of my beginning Muse," and "myne infant labours;" from whence we may conclude that it was written in early life, and was the first production of his Muse. It consists of 197 six-line stanzas and is printed in *italics*; the running title being "Shores Wife." The poem, which gives a history of the varied and checquered fortunes of this celebrated mistress of Edward the Fourth, is written in the first person, and is supposed to be related by "her wronged ghost." Although it contains some smoothly flowing lines and many of the similes are appropriately expressed, it does not altogether as a poem exceed mediocrity, and is frequently disfigured by the quaint and forced conceits and punning antitheses of that period. But the reader will be better able to judge of the author's style from the following stanzas, which describe the youthful state of the subject of the poem:

Then where from siluer streamed *Isis* lying,
Sylent in Swans: and quyet in her brookes,
Forsaken *Thames*, into her selfe backe flying,
With muddie countenance, and unwilling lookes,
As discontent, doth make her sad resorte
As farre as now decaying Cæsars forte.

There recordes witnesse of mine education,
And vulgar Parents, of a meane degree,
To whom my dying day hath iust relation:
Yet was this meane a happie meane to me:
That liuing fayrest faire aboue the best,
Haplesse in life, in death I might be blest.

But madding thoughtes, ambitious of promotions,
Nurst in suspect of ages alteration,
As swolne with furie of the mindes commotions,
Deemes all things doubtfull, breedes not contentation,
And this discontent their mindes did guide me,
That being young, there were too many eyde me.

For looke how matter, admirably rare,
Drawes musing thoughts, to studdying contemplation:
And time not able to produce compare
Confermes the wonder with more admiration:
So, and such was my bewties quaint compare
Wonder it selfe did make me more then rare.

Yet humble, honorable, chast, and deuine,
True looking, pure, and bashfully reflecting,
Were all the honors of my mayden eyne,
In perfect act true modestie affecting:
And this *Decorum* I did euer seeke
To grace my bewtie with a blushing cheeke.

Myne eye no looke, no wanton wincke affected,
(The false fayre notes of *Syren* incantations)
No rash gase of immodestie detected,
My chast minde, bent to wandering alterations,
And yet, nor quoy, nor prowd my lookes were wayd
But purely such, as might befit a mayd.

The following stanzas are quoted as specimens of not unapt similes made use of by Chute:

As song the *Syrens* to the wandring knight
Th' illusive stanzaes of their charming song:
Pleasing th' attentive eare with sweet delight,
But hatefull Actors of intended wrong:
So sweetly song they songs of loue to me,
They seem'd, or *Syrens*, or more sweet to be.

For looke how in a solitarie guise,
The virgine querester of the listning night,
Chantes her sweet descant, in a flattring wise,
To gayne her litle freedome if she might:
And sings the sweeter by how much the more
She mindes the libertie she had before.

So when imprison'd in precise constrainte
Myne eye kept watch and my brow tyrannised:
Those that their free enlargement did awayte
In arguing pratle sweetly subtelised:
And as their passion did increase in feare,
It pleas'd so much the more my stranger ear.

And again:

(Quoth she) behold how in her wanton fayre
Rosie *Pallantias* (new stolne from her bed)

Blusheth her glorie on the morning ayre,
In bashfull decensie of vermillion red:
And from his stand the Northerne watchman frayes
With brighter comming of her sommer rayes.

Or as whilst *Thetis* in her eu'ning greeting,
Smileth her purple on the suns decline,
And with her *Tytan* in the West seaes meeting,
Appeares a wonder, bashfully deuine,
Such is her face (quoth she) herselfe so fayre
She seemes as bewtious as the eu'ning ayre.

Hast thou not seene how in her hemispheare
The morninges henchman, and the starre of Loue
Vales in her bewtie at the suns appeare
And seemeth dim'd his glorie to approue?
Euen so her eyes (quoth she) exceede so farre
As doth the sonne the sitting morning starre.*

More bewtie, more deuine doth her adorne,
Then all *Dianas* mesken† virgins graces
Those froes that in the dewy of the morne
Trip on the flowres in those silent places
To which the feathered queresters resort,
And chante them many a musicall report.

Oft haue I seene when to the strond of Po,
The floating swans did make their last repayre,
And siluer plum'd, as white as any snow
Blemisht *Indimions Scynthia* in her faire:
Yet ne'r did she, neuer did they excell:
The Iuorie white vpon her brow doth dwell.

As when before old sleepie *Tython* dawnes
(Dew'd in the wept teares of *Auroraes* eyes)
Sweet sauoring flowers of the meddow lawnes
With sweet perfumes, vp into heauen arise,
So breathes her brethes perfume, so sweetly smelling
It seems her breath the flowers are excelling.

Sung neuer at *Euridices* redeeming
The *Thracian* Harper to the god of hell
A song more honor worth, worth more esteeming
Yet *Orpheus* touch pleased deuinely well
Nor yet *Arion* euer so behau'd him
Although he song so sweet, the Dolphin sau'd him.

---

* This pretty stanza reminds us much of Spenser.

† *Qy.* mesquin (*French*), poor, contemptible.

Nor that old man, whose musicall recordes
The following walls of ancient *Theb's* did reare:
Nor *Pæan* pleasing in her sweet accordes
The curious iudgement of the nycest eare
Did euer sound, were euer song so well,
But her sweet wordes, her voyce doth farre excell.

Of the personal history of Anthony Chewt or Chute, the author of this exceedingly rare poem, little appears to be known. He was an intimate and valued friend of Gabriel Harvey, to whom he addressed some commendatory letters, together with a sonnet and some satirical lines on Nash, entitled "The Asses Fig," printed at the end of that writer's "Pierces Supererogation, or a New Praise of the Olde Ass." Lond. 1592, 4to. The sonnet against Nash, which is subscribed Sh. Wy.: for Shores Wife, the running title of Chute's poem, is as follows:

Sonnet.

Proceed, most worthy lines, in your disdain
Against the false suggestions you abuse;
Whose rascal style deserved hath to gain
The hatefull title of a railing Muse.

Doubtless, the wisest that shall chance to read you
In true iudicial of a quiet thought
Will give applause unto the wit that bred you,
And you shall win the good that you have sought.

Win more: and since the fool defames you still,
The fool whom Shame hath stained with foul blot,
Perform on him your discontented will:
Fame shall be your meed: *Shame* shall be his lot.

And so proceeding, you shall so redeem
The name that he would drown in black esteem.

Harvey, in his introductory letter before that work in "answer to Letters and Sonnets Commendatory," addressed to his friends M. Barnabe Barnes, M. John Thorius, and M. Anthony Chewt, speaking of the latter says:

Shores Wife eternized shall everlastingly testify what you are. Go forward in maturity, as you have begun in pregnancy .... Be thou, Antony, the flowing orator like Dove,* or the skilful herald like Clarentius; and ever remember thy Portugal voyage under Don Antonio.

* A celebrated preacher of Christ Church, Oxford, who died in 1618.

Nash in his "Haue with you to Saffron Walden," Lond. 1596, 4to, written in answer to this pamphlet by Harvey, speaks of Chute as having been a low attorney's clerk, as the author of *Procris and Cephalus* and other things, and as dead and rotten in 1596, having died of the dropsy within a year and a half from the publication of Harvey's book in 1592. The passage by Nash in answer to that by Gabriel Harvey concerning Chute, just quoted, is so curious and so characteristic of Nash's style, that we are induced to give it in extenso:

Chute, is hee such a high Clarke in hys Bookes? I knew when hee was but a low Clarke, and carried an Atturnies bookes after him. But this I will say for him, though he bee dead and rotten, and by his obsequies hath preuented the vengeance I meant to haue executed vpon him; of a youth that could not vnderstand a word of Latine, hee lou'd lycoras and drunke posset curd the best that euer put cuppe to mouth; and for his Oratorship, it was such, that I haue seene him *non plus* in giuing the charge, at the creating of a new Knight of *Tobacco;* though to make amends since, he hath kneaded and daub'd vp a Commedie, called The transformation of the King of *Trinidadoes* two Daughters, Madame *Panachœa* and the Nymphe *Tobacco*: and to approue his Heraldrie, scutcheu'd out the honorable Armes of the smoakie Societie. His voiage vnder *Don Anthonio* was nothing so great credit to him, as a French Varlet of the chamber is; nor did he follow *Anthonio* neither, but was a Captaines Boye that scorn'd writing and reading, and helpt him to set downe his accounts, and score vp dead payes. But this was our *Graphiel Hagiels* tricke of *Wily Beguily* herein, that whereas he could get no man of worth to crie *Placet* to his workes, or meeter it in his commendation, those worthlesse Whippers and Jack Strawes hee could get, hee would seeme to enable and compare with the highest. Hereby hee thought to conny catch the simple world and make them beleeue that these and these great men, euerie waye sutable to Syr *Thomas Baskeruile*, Master *Bodley*, Doctor *Andrewes*, Doctor *Doue*, *Clarencius*, and Master *Spencer*, had separately contended to outstrip *Pindarus* in his *Olympicis*, and fly aloft to the highest pitch, to stellifie him aboue the cloudes, and make him shine next to *Mercury*.

Speaking of John Wolfe, the printer of Harvey's work, as being much beholding to him, Nash says:

If there were euer a paltrie *Scriuano*, betwixt a Lawiers Clark and a Poet, or smattring pert Boy, whose buttocks were not yet coole since he came from the grammer . . . . . should stumble in there with a Pamphlet to sell, let him or anie of them but haue conioynd with him in rayling against mee, and feed his humor of vain-glorie, were their stuffe by ten millions more *Tramontani* or *Transalpine* barbarous than balletry, he would haue prest it vpon *Wolfe* whether he would or no, and giu'n it immortall allowance aboue *Spencer* . . . . . So did he by *Chutes Shores Wife*, and his *Procris and Cephalus*, and a number of *Pamphlagonian* things more, that it would rust, and yron-spot paper, to haue but one sillable of their names breathed over it.

By these complots and carefull purueyance for him, *Wolfe* could not choose but bee a huge gainer, a hundred marke at least ouer the shoulder.

Nash also, full of bitter rancour against Chute for taking the side of Harvey against him, thus again alludes to him near the close of his work:

Chute that was the bawlingest of them all, and that bob'd me with nothing but *Rhenish furie, Stilliard clyme, oyster whore phrase, claret spirit*, and *ale house passions*, with talking so much of drinke, within a yeere and a halfe after died of the dropsie, as diuers Printers that were at his buriall certefide mee. Beeing dead, I would not haue reuiu'd him, but that the Doctor (whose Patron he was) is aliue to answere for him.

From this account by Nash, therefore, we learn that Anthony Chute died of a dropsy somewhere about the year 1594 at an early period of his life. No copy of his *Procris and Cephalus* is known to exist, although entered on the Register of the Stationers' Company by John Wolfe in 1593: but Ritson thinks that this may probably be the poem alluded to by Shakespeare in the *Midsummer's Night Dream*:

> "Not Shafalus to Procrus was so true,
> As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you."

Shakespeare however only alludes to the tale, and not to any particular work on the subject.

Two copies only of this extremely rare poem are known to be in existence: one, the first on record, which formerly belonged to George Stevens, who wrote a note in it, saying that he had never seen another copy, and at whose sale it produced 3*l.* 15*s.* This copy afterwards successively passed into the Bindley, Perry and Jolley collections, producing at their sales respectively 34*l.* 13*s.*, 26*l.*, and 35*l.*; and was purchased at the last by Mr. Geo. Daniel, at whose sale in 1864, No. 395, it brought 96*l.*, and is now in the collection of Henry Huth, Esq. The other copy, which is the present one, belonged successively to Jadis, Hibbert, and Bright, at whose sales it brought 15*l.* 15*s*, 14*l.* 14*s.*, and 26*l.* 10*s.* There was no copy of this work in the libraries of Heber, Townley, Dent, Sykes, Nassau, Midgley, Freeling, Skegg, Chalmers, and other poetical collections; and we look in vain for it in the rich stores of the British Museum, the public or private libraries of Oxford and Cambridge, or the Bridgewater and other private Collections.

Collation: Sig. A to G 3 in fours; 27 leaves.

Remarkably fine copy. Bound by C. Lewis.

In Blue Morocco extra, gilt leaves.

As an appendix to this article on Chute, we are enabled to present our readers with a very curious letter of his, making application for the office of a Pursuivant at Arms, addressed to the Lord Treasurer Burghley, from the original among the Lansdowne MSS. in the British Museum, No. 77, article 83, which is entirely unknown to bibliographers. This is a remarkable document, containing more curious particulars than such petitions generally yield — although it is believed to have been unsuccessful in its object.

May it please your good Lordship

The advancement your Lp givethe to men Learned and honeste emboldnethe mee in most humble manner to beseeche your Lp, That whereas many are Sutors for the office of a Poursuivant at Armes that your Lp of your greate goodness will vouchsafe so much favor to mee a poore Gent. and a Scollar without frends, that yf for my quality and honnest deserts I shall be found meeter to doe her Matie seruice in that place then others that are recommended (according to the fauor and opinion of their frends) That your Lp will vouchsafe to bestow the same uppon mee whoe haue bin a studient in that profession, not without vnderstandinge ye Lattyne, Frenche, and Italien as also tricking of Armes, and all other partes belonging to blazon: — For tryall wherof yf your Lp may like to commande mee in any Seruice thereto belonging, or referre mee to the beste learned Heralds, to report my sufficiency, and to extende your honorable fauor accordingly, I shall praise God to haue fownd so Juste a Patron, and pray vnto him while I lyue, that your good Lp may in this liefe and a better be euer blessed and happy

27 Maij 1594
Anth. Chewte to be
a Psyuāt.

Your good Lps most humble
Anthony Chewte

To the Right Honorable and Singular good Lord
the L. Burghley L. High Treasurer
of Englande.

Clapham, (Henoch.) — A Briefe of the Bible, drawne first into English Poësy, and then illustrated by apte Annotations: — together with some other necessary Appendices. By Henoch Clapham.

Printed by Robert Walde-graue, Printer to the Kings Maiestie. Cum Priuilegio Regio. 1596. 12mo. pp. 238.

This little work, one of the earliest productions of its author, who published some other things both in verse and prose, is divided into two parts. The first, which is dated from Edinburgh, is dedicated "To the Right

Worshipful Master Thomas Mylot Esquier," and is followed by an address "To all Young ones in Christ's Schoole." The second part is dedicated "To the Right Worshipful, and one of her Maiesties chiefe Commissioners in causes Ecclesiasticall, M. Richard Topclyf Esquier," in which the author alludes to his captivity in prison, most probably in connection with the religious disputes of those times, and to his happy deliverance through this person's assistance. The verse is divided into what the author terms "staffes," thirty-three of these being devoted to the Old Testament, and nineteen to the New. They are each followed by the annotations, which display considerable biblical learning and research; but the verse is mere doggrel, and we fear that Clapham must be classed among those

> Who "rime the Bible, whose foule feete profane
> That holy ground that wise men may decide
> The Bible ne're was more apocryphide
> Than by their bold excursions."

A short example therefore of this abortion of Scripture will suffice for our readers.

17. Staffe.

He and *Aaron*
(brethren of *Levies* race)
Great wonders wrought,
before King *Pharaoh:*
Driving his Sor-
cerers from fore their face.
Yet would the wretch
not let poor Israel go.
At last, therefore
the Lord doth *Moses* call,
And tells to him,
what after should befall.

18. Staffe.

Go take, saith He,
A yearling Lamb spotles,
A male, yea through
each of your Familie
Do kill the same
with fire do rost the flesh.
The blood on doore-
posts smite.—Then orderly
With Bread unlea-
uend, and sowre hearbs do eat,
The rosted Lamb,
the Sacramentall meat.

19. Staffe.

That Night an An-
gell past through Ægypt Land:
And where blood sprink-
led was, he Passed by:
But other where,
he slc ve with deadly hand,
First borne of Man,
and Beast. So that the cry
Causd Pharaoh rise,
and give commandement,
That Israelites
forwith away be sent.

At the end of the *Briefe of the Bible* is "A Preface to Prayer, by way of Dialogue," which precedes a long paraphrase or explanation of the

Lord's Prayer, entitled "Direction to Prayer." Then occur two poems, called by the author "Sonets" — "A Soules Lamentation," in thirteen six-line stanzas, and "A Soules Solace," in five twelve-line verses; from the latter of which we quote a single verse.

Oh! thou my soule, and all within,
Praise thou thy God that pardons sin,
  Praise him that seales to thee all good.
Cast forth thy Gauntlet gainst hels dore
Thou in thy God strength more and more:
  Satan is conquered by Christs blood.
Powers belowe, *Powers* aboue
Can neuer alter God his Loue,
  Rejoyce all Faithfull then with me,
Tune heart-strings for this harmonie,
Sing forth cause of Soules melodie:
  No other cause of Ioye I see.

A short "Epilogue" to the young, a Latin address "Scholasticis," and a list of Errata conclude the volume. The present is the first edition. Another, by the same printer, is without any date; and a third, "amended and enlarged," was printed at London by R. B. for Nathaniel Butter in 1608, 12mo, and is inscribed to Prince Henry. Nothing appears to be known concerning the author.

See *Cens. Liter.*, vol. vi. p. 170. *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 154.

Inglis's sale, No. 288, 12*s.*; Bibl. Ang. Poet., No. 154, 2*l.* 2*s.* A copy of an edition of this work in 1639 sold in Nassau's Sale, Pt. i, No. 707, for 2*l.* 5*s.*

Collation: Sig. A to K II in twelves.

In the original Calf binding.

CLAPHAM, (HENOCH.) — אלהים or Ælohim-triune, 'displayed by his workes Physicall and Meta-physicall, in a Poeme of diuerse forme. Adapted to the Hebrew text, — the frame of Diuinitie — and Catholike exposition. Togither with necessarie marginall notes for relieuing of the young student. The First Part. By Henoch Clapham.

Imprinted at London for Iohn Harrison, dwelling in Paternoster-rowe, at the signe of the Ancker. 1601. 4to. pp. 30.

In a dedication of this little work "To the right Woorshipfull Sir Thomas Mounson Knight," the author brings forward numerous instances of persons who have "versified diuinitie" as an apology for following their examples, and concludes with observing, "The Right worshipfull Knight (your father deceased) hath sundry times vouchsafed to delight in my Iunior verses, it may be then of more elegant forme (for these 12. or 14. years I exiled that studie) nor haue I lesse hope that your Worship will vouchsafe the acceptance of this little Poëme. The argument will defend it selfe (for God by Moses hath pend it) but my slender handling of so worthy a subject, it needeth much a meeke, and deuoute reader. If this please, I meane to pursue the rest: if otherwise, then this my first dayes work will be more then enough." We presume that it proved "more than enough," for no more of it was ever published. The dedication is followed by an address "To the Christian Reader" and by a quotation from the 1st chap. Genesis to the end of verse 5, termed "The Poemes Text." It embraces the first day of Creation, and is divided into thirteen Sections, with marginal notes at the sides. Clapham's prose is far superior to his verse. As a specimen of the latter we give the sixth section as being the shortest:

6. Section.

Th' eternalls eye suruaying all,
The light he thence yclippeth day.
Thence-forth he darknesse Night dooth call,
And both his sacred word obay.
Euening and morning so afford
First day, effected by Gods word.

Darknesse was first, but named last:
The light was last, but named first.
Oh wicked, nill ye be agast,
Who workes of darknesse euer thirst?
Who from the *Proto-plast* his fall
Are darknes, euill, and worst of all.

You plead antiquitie and yeares,
And yet must stoope to latter light
The light your owly-eyes it feares:
For day hath name before the night.
Rough-hided *Esau* brag of age,
Yet **Iagnokobh* subdues thy rage.

* Jacob.

Euening and morning makes first day:
Wicked and godly make first age:
Some Sathans lore, some God obay,
And mutuall warres with other wage.
But in Iehouahs day of doome,
Darknesse, of day is ouercome.

On the last page is a woodcut device of a marigold with the letters G S., and a few Errata.

Baron Bolland's sale, No. 651, 1*l.* 11*s.* It is not in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*

Collation: Sig. A to D 3, in fours.

In Calf extra.

CLEVELAND, (JOHN.) — The Character of a London Diurnall: With severall select Poems. By the same Author. Printed in the Yeere clɔ lɔc xlvii. (1647.) 4to. pp. 52.

The prose tract at the beginning, "The Character of a London Diurnall," was first printed by itself in 1644, but the present is the first collected edition of Cleveland's poems, which afterwards ran through so many impressions, and were so much praised and admired by the followers of the Royal party. It contains sixteen pieces, exclusive of a Latin epitaph on the Earl of Strafford, and among them is "The Hermaphrodite," which, although printed in Randolph's Works, was the undoubted production of Cleveland; and also the celebrated satire on the Scottish Covenanters, called "The Rebel Scot," which first appeared in this edition. It is quoted at length in an article on Cleveland's Works in the *Retrosp. Rev.*, vol. xii. p. 123, and therefore not necessary to be repeated here. These poems are chiefly noted for their wit and satire, and being for the most part directed against the Puritanical party, and relating to the political events and characters of those times, they have lost much of their interest, and cause us to regret that the author did not pursue the purer and more simple paths of the Muses, instead of the turbid and muddy stream of politics and party spirit. The following passage forms a portion of one of the very few poems which are not connected with politics:

Upon Phillis walking in a morning before Sun-rising.

The sluggish morne, as yet undrest,
My *Phillis* brake from out her East,
As if shee'd made a match to run
With Venus, Usher to the sun.

The Trees, like yeomen of her guard,
Serving more for pomp then ward,
Rank't on each side with loyall duty,
Weave branches to enclose her beauty.
The Plants whose luxury was lopt,
Or age with crutches underpropt;
Whose wooden carkases are growne
To be but coffins of their owne;
Revive, and at her generall dole
Each receives his ancient soule.
The winged Choristers began
To chirpe their Mattins:—and the Fan
Of whistling winds like Organs plai'd
Untill their Voluntaries made
The wakened earth in Odours rise
To be her morning Sacrifice.
The flowers, call'd out of their beds,
Start, and raise up their drowsie heads:
And he that for thher colour seekes,
May find it vaulting in her cheekes,
Where Roses mixe:—No Civill War
Between her *Yorke* and *Lancaster*.
The Marigold whose Courtier's face
Ecchoes the Sun, and doth unlace
Her at his rise, at his full stop
Packs and shuts up her gaudy shop:
Mistakes her cue, and doth display:
Thus *Phillis* antidates the day.

* * * * * *

The trembling leaves through which he plai'd,
Dappling the walke with light and shade,
Like Lattice-windowes, give the spie
Roome but to peep with halfe an eye;
Least her full Orb his sight should dim,
And bids us all good-night in him,
Till she would spend a gentle ray,
To force us a new fashioned day.
But what religious Paulsie's this
Which makes the boughs divest their bliss?
And that they might her foot-steps strawe,
Drop their leaves with shivering awe.

John Cleveland or Cleiveland was born in 1613 at Loughborough in Leicestershire, where his father was then curate, and was the eldest son of the Rev. Thomas Cleveland, M.A., afterwards Vicar of Hinckley and Rector of Stoke in the same county. He was educated at Hinckley under the Rev. Richard Vynes, the schoolmaster there, a man of talent and learning, afterwards a distinguished and well-known member of the Presbyterian party, by whom he was well grounded in Greek and Latin. He removed from thence to Cambridge in his fifteenth year, and entered at Christ's College in Sept. 1627, and took his degree of B.A. in 1631, and of M.A. in 1635. In 1634 he was elected a fellow of St. John's College in the same University, and resided there for about nine years, the delight and ornament of that society, and was the tutor of several distinguished and learned men,—Dr. Turner, Bishop of Rochester and Ely; Dr. John Lake, Bishop of Chichester; Dr. Drake, Vicar of Pontefract, and others. Not having taken orders, as was necessary within six years, to enable him to retain his fellowship, he went out in Law in 1640, and afterwards in Physic in 1642; became rhetoric reader, and being in repute for the purity of his Latin style, was employed by his college in composing their speeches and epistles to

eminent persons. Cleveland was strongly and personally opposed to the election of Oliver Cromwell for Cambridge, who however succeeded in being returned by a single vote, which Cleveland declared had "ruined both Church and kingdom." On the breaking out of the Civil War, having been deprived of his fellowship at St. John's along with several others in 1644 by the Earl of Manchester, for refusing to take the Covenant, he joined the Royal army at the head quarters at Oxford, and gained much praise and admiration for his satirical poems against the Scotch Presbyterians, one of the earliest of which was "The Rebel Scot," and followed by some others of a similar kind, such as "The Mixt Assembly," "The Character of a London Diurnall," and "The Committee Man."

From Oxford he went to the siege of Newark, where he acted as Judge Advocate under Sir Richard Willis the Governor, until it surrendered in 1646. From that time, being deprived of all means of support except what he derived from the kindness of his friends, he followed the fortunes of suffering and distressed loyalty, heightened by the malice and hatred of his enemies, which ended in his being seized at Norwich in 1655 as a dangerous person and disaffected to the reigning government, and imprisoned for a long time at Yarmouth, from whence he forwarded a petition to the Protector remarkable for its boldness and address, which obtained him his liberty. He then retired to London, and settled in chambers at Grays Inn, where being much admired among all those of his own party, he became a member of a club of wits and loyalists, frequented also by the author of *Hudibras;* but being seized with an intermittent fever, he died there on the 29th April 1658, and was interred with a splendid funeral, followed by a large attendance of friends, at St. Michael's on College Hill, his funeral sermon being preached by Dr. John Pearson, afterwards Bishop of Chester. Numerous poems and elegies were composed to his memory, and his verses were for some time in great request. But although so popular at that time his poems have since fallen into disregard, and are almost forgotten. Full of metaphysical thoughts, of extravagant conceits, and coarse vulgarities, they want that beautiful simplicity and refinement in language and feeling which satisfy every mind, and are delightful in every age. There is a full account of Cleveland in Nichols's *Hist. of Leicestershire*, vol. iii. p. 913, and vol. iv. pt. ii. p. 727, the author of which was a descendant of this family; and from the same source we learn that Dr. Thomas Percy, Bishop of Dromore, by whom the poet's life was written in the last edition of the *Biogr.*

Britann., vol. iii. p. 628, was also descended from the same family, his grandmother being the youngest daughter of the Rev. William Cleveland, Rector of All Saints', Worcester, great-grandson of a brother of the poet. See also Nash's *Hist. of Worcestershire*, vol. i. p. 331, and vol. ii. p. 93; Lloyd's *Memoirs*, p. 168; Fuller's *Worthies*, p. 135; Phillips's *Theat. Poet.*, vol. ii. p. 26, edit. 1824; Winstanley's *Lives*, p. 172; Granger's *Biog. Hist.*, vol. iii. p. 126, edit. 1824; Chalmers's *Biog. Dict.*, vol. ix. p. 468; *Retrosp. Rev.*, vol. xii. p. 123; and *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, p. 156.

Cleveland is not noticed by either Ellis or Campbell in their selections.

Collation: Sig. A to G 2, in fours.

Half-bound in Calf.

CLEVELAND, (JOHN.) — J. Cleaveland Revived: Poems, Orations, Epistles, and other of his Genuine Incomparable Pieces, never before publisht. With some other Exquisite Remains of the most eminent Wits of both the Universities that were his Contemporaries.

Non norunt hæc Monumenta mori.

London, Printed for Nathaniel Brook, at the Angel in Corn-hill, (1659.) Sm. 8vo. pp. 168.

Prefixed to this posthumous edition is an engraved portrait of the author: a bust crowned with laurel (no engraver's name) inscribed "Vera Effigies J. Cleaulandi," and underneath:

For weighty Numbers, sense, misterious wayes
Of happie Wit, Great Cleauland claimes his Baies.
Sepultus Colleg. Whitintonij. 1. May. Anº. 1658.

These poems and other remains of Cleveland were collected together by E. Williamson, who in an address "To the Discerning Reader," dated from Newark, November 21st, 1658, says:

It was my fortune to be in Newark when it was besieged, where I saw a few Manuscripts of Mr. Cleavelands. They were offered to the judicious consideration of one of the most accomplisht persons of our age: He refusing to have them in any further examination, as he did not conceive that they could be published without some injury to Mr. Cleaveland; from which time they have remained sealed and lockt up; neither can I wonder at this obstruction, when I consider the disturbances our Authour met with in the time of the Siege; how scarce and bad the paper was,

the ink hardly to be discerned on it. The intimacie I had with Mr. Cleaveland, before and since these civill wars, gained most of these papers from him: it being not the least of his misfortunes, out of the love he had to pleasure his friends, to be unfurnisht with his own manuscripts, as I have heard him say often, he was not so happy, as to have any considerable collection of his own papers, they being dispersed amongst his friends: some whereof, when he writ for them, he had no other answer, but that they were lost, or through the often reading, transcribing or folding of them, worn to pieces; so that though he knew where he formerly bestowed some of them, yet they were not to be regained: for which reason the Poems he had left in his hands, being so few, he could not (though he was often sollicited with honour to himself) give his consent to the publishing of them, though indeed most of his former printed Poems were truly his own, except such as have been lately added to make up the Volume. At the first some few of his Verses were printed with the Character of the London Diurnal, a stitcht pamphlet *in quarto*. Afterwards, as I have heard M. Cleaveland say, the copies of verses that he communicated to his friends — the Bookseller by chance meeting with them, being added to his book, they sold him another Impression: In like manner such small additions (though but a paper or two of his incomparable Verses or Prose) posted off other Editions. I acknowledge some few of these papers I received from one of Mr. Cleaveland's neere acquaintance, which, when I sent to his ever to be honoured friend of *Grayes* Inne, he had not at that time the leasure to peruse them: but for what he had read of them, he told the person I had intrusted, That he did beleeve them to be Mr. Cleavelands, he having formerly spoken of such papers of his, that were abroad in the hands of his friends, whom he could not remember. My intention was to reserve the collection of these manuscripts for my own private use; but finding many of these, I had in my hands, already publisht in the former Poems, not knowing what further proceedings might attend the forwarduesse of the Presse, I thought myself concerned, not out of any worldly ends of profit, but out of a true affection to my deceased friend, to publish these his never before extant pieces in Latine and English, and to make this to be somewhat like a volume for the study. Some other Poems are intermixed, such as the Reader shall find to be of such persons as were for the most part Mr. Cleavelands contemporaries; some of them no lesse eminently known to the three Nations. I hope the world cannot be so far mistaken in his Genuine Muse, as not to discern his pieces from any of the other Poems; neither can I beleeve there are any persons so unkinde, as not candidly to entertain the heroick fancies of the other Gentlemen that are worthily placed to live in this Volume; some of their Poems, contrary to my expectation, I being at such a distance, I have since heard, were before in print: but as they are so excellently good, and so few, the Reader (I hope) will the more freely accept them.

After this long address are eight "Verses that came too late, intended for Mr. J. Cleaveland pictured with his Laurell," signed "E. W." *i.e.* E. Williamson. The poems are chiefly similar to what had appeared before.

Amongst them is the Latin version only of "The Rebel Scot," two "Elegies upon Ben. Jonson," "On Christ Church Windows," "An Entertainment at Cotswold," from the *Annalia Dubrensia*, "The Puritan," "The May Pole," and others. At the end of the poems on p. 83 is a fresh title:

> "Jo: Cleveland his Orations and Epistles, on Eminent Occasions, in Latin. Englisht by E. W. Printed for Nath. Brook, at the Angel in Corn-hill, 1659."

These orations and epistles are in the original Latin, with Williamson's translations, and are seven in number. At the end is a notice concerning the errata, and a list of books sold by Nath. Brook; four leaves.

This edition sold in Nassau's sale, pt. i. No. 719, for 3*s.*; White Knight's ditto, No. 859, 4*s.*; Bindley's ditto, pt. i. No. 1046, 5*s.*; *Bibl. Heber*, pt. iv. No. 306, 12*s.*

Collation: Title A 2, in fours; Sig. A to K 4, in eights; including Brook's list of books, four leaves.

In Brown Speckled Calf.

Cleveland, (John.)—The Works of Mr. John Cleveland, containing his Poems, Orations, Epistles, collected into one Volume, with the Life of the Author.

London, Printed by R. Holt, for Obadiah Blagrave, at the Bear and Star, over against the little North Door in St. Paul's Church-Yard. 1687. Sm. 8vo. pp. 546.

Opposite the title is a portrait of Cleveland in a clerical habit with a wig and falling band, although he never was in holy orders. The work is dedicated to Francis Turner, D.D., Master of St. John's College, Cambridge, successively Bishop of Rochester and Ely, formerly a pupil of Cleveland's. It is written in a smart and epigrammatic style by Dr. John Lake, Bishop of Chichester, and Dr. Samuel Drake, Vicar of Pontefract, also pupils of his, whose initials J. L. and S. D. are affixed at the end. In this Epistle Dedicatory they complain much of "some late Editions vended under his name, wherein his Orations are murthered over and over in barbarous Latine, and a more barbarous Translation: and wherein is scarce one or other Poem of his own to commute for all the rest. Cleveland thus *revived*, dieth another death." This is followed by "A short Account of the Author's Life," and by

some commendatory verses in Latin by J. L. (John Lake), L. T. (English), Gaspar Justice (Latin), Eduardus Thurman (Latin), and A. B. (English). The poems in this edition are "digested in order," and divided into three sections, the first containing his Love Poems; the second, Poems which relate to State Affairs; and the third the Miscellanies. At the end of these are his Characters, Orations, and Epistles in Latin and English, which close this portion of the volume. On p. 179 is a new title-page:

"John Cleaveland's Revived Poems, Orations, Epistles, and other of his Genuine Incomparable Pieces now at last Published from his Original Copies by some of his intrusted Friends.

Non norunt hæc monumenta mori.

London, Printed by R. Holt for Obadiah Blagrave at the Bear in St. Pauls Church-yard. 1687."

This part, which extends to the end of p. 384, is entirely in verse, and contains those poems which had before been collected and printed by E. Williamson in *Cleaveland Revived*, 1659, 8vo, together with an appendix supplying some additional pieces. Some of the poems in this impression are disfigured by coarseness and indelicacy, which was not the case in the former edition; and many of the others are written on low and vulgar subjects, which formed too much the character of Cleveland's wit and humour. This portion contains also some elegies on the death of Cleveland by various writers. The poem of "The Hermaphrodite," which had already been printed, as we have seen in Beaumont's Poems, 1640 and 1653, and appeared also in Randolph's Works, but which was the undoubted production of Cleveland, is printed in the first part of the present volume, among the Love Poems; together with some lines, "The Author to his Hermaphrodite made after Mr. Randolph's Death, yet inserted into his Poems," — thus clearly proving Cleveland's authorship. On p. 385 another title occurs:

"The Rustick Rampant, or Rurall Anarchy affronting Monarchy: in the Insurrection of Wat Tyler. By J. C.

Claudian.

Asperius nihil est humili cum surgit in altum.

London, Printed by R. Holt for Obadiah Blagrave at the Bear in St. Pauls Church-yard. 1687."

This was Cleveland's tract of *The Idol of the Clownes*, first published, we believe, in 1654, again under the present title in 1658, and now reprinted

in this edition. It has prefixed six stanzas in blk. lett. from Lydgate's *Poem*, lib. iv., and an address "To the Reader."

The historical parts of this tract are chiefly taken from Froissart, Thomas of Walsingham, Grafton, and other chroniclers. They relate the insurrection of Wat Tyler, Jack Straw and others in the time of Richard the Second. At the end is a table or index, which closes the volume. This is the best and most complete edition of Cleveland's Works.

A copy sold at Hibbert's sale, No. 1753, for 4*s.*; Perry's ditto, pt. i. No. 936, 4*s.* 6*d.*; *Bibl. Heber*, pt. iv. No. 308, 11*s.*; *Bibl. Ang. Poet*, No. 162, 1*l.* 1*s.*

Collation: Title A 2; Sig. A, eight leaves; a, four leaves; B to Ll 6, in eights.

In the original Brown Calf binding.

CLYOMON.—The Historie of the two valiant Knights Syr Clyomon Knight of the Golden Sheeld, sonne to the King of Denmarke: And Clamydes the white Knight, sonne to the King of Suavia. As it hath bene sundry times Acted by her Maiesties Players.

London, Printed by Thomas Creed. 1599. 4to. pp. 64.

It was about the middle of the Sixteenth Century, or a little later, that the old religious moralities and mysteries began to disappear, and the dramatic representations and stories drawn from profane history were gradually introduced upon the stage, followed by a taste for classical subjects, shortly after Elizabeth began to reign, which still further improved our national drama. Among the very earliest attempts to emancipate our dramatic literature from the ancient trammels, was the play of Sir Clyomon, which, although not printed until 1599, was undoubtedly written very much earlier. It still partakes of some of the old character of the Morality with its Vice and representation of Rumour, but introducing more of the Romance with its tales and adventures of love and war. It is composed throughout in rhymes in the long measure of fourteen syllables, and is filled with a mass of strange and improbable events.

The following passage forms part of a long soliloquy by Neronis, who being in love with Sir Clyomon, follows him disguised as a page. It is

written in a singular measure with double rhymes and may serve as a specimen of the author's style.

Neronis. How can that tree but withered be
That wanteth sap to moist the roote?
How can that Vine but waste and pine,
Whose plants are troden vnder foote?
How can that spray but soone decay,
That is with wild weeds ouergrowne?
How can that wight in ought delight
Which showes, and hath no good will showne?
Or else how can that heart, alasse
But die by whom each ioy doth passe?
Neronis, ah I am the Tree, which wanteth sap to moyst the roote.
Neronis, ah I am the Vine, whose plants are troden vnder foote.
I am the spray which doth decay, and is with wild weeds ouergrowne.
I am the wight without delight, which showe, and hath no good wil showne.
Mine is the heart by whom alas, each pleasant ioy doth passe,
Mine is the heart which vades away, as doth the flower or grasse.
In wanting sap to moyst the roote is ioyes that made me glad,
And plants being troden vnder foote, is pleasures that was bad.
I am the spray which doth decay, whom cares haue ouergrowne.
But stay *Neronis*, thou saist thou showest, and hath no good will showne.
Why so I do, how can I tell, *Neronis* force no crueltie.
Thou saist thy knight indued is, with all good gifts of courtesie:
And doth *Neronis* loue indeed, to whom loue doth she yeeld,
Euen to that noble brute of fame, the knight of the golden sheeld.

We give one more extract from that part of the play which introduces the same character again, disguised as a shepherd's boy, and may perhaps be considered as the most interesting portion of the performance.

Enter Neronis like a Shepherds boy.

Nero. The painfull pathes, the wearie wayes, the trauels and ill fare,
That simple feete, to Prince seeme, in practice verie rare,
As I poore Dame, whose pensiue heart, no pleasure can delight,
Since that my state so cruelly fell *Fortune* holds in spight.
Ah! poore *Neronis* in thy hand, is this a seemely showe,
Who shouldst in Court thy Lute supplie, where pleasures erst did flowe,
Is this an Instrument for thee to guide a sheepheards flocke?
That art a Princes by thy birth, and borne of noble stocke.
May mind from mourning more refraine, to thinke on former state?
May heart from sighing eke abstaine, to see this simple rate?

May eyes from downe distilling teares, when thus alone I am,
Resistance make, but must they not, through ceaselesse sorrowes frame
A Riuer of bedewed drops, for to distill my face?
Ah! heauens when you are reuengd inough, then looke vpon my case
For till I heare some newes alas, vpon my louing Knight,
I dare not leaue this loathsome life, for feare of greater spight:
And now as did my maister will, as sheepe that is a stray,
I must go seeke her out againe, by wild and wearie way.
Ah, wofull sight, what is alas, which these mine eyes beheld,
That to my louing Knight belongd, I view the Golden Sheeld:
Ah heauens, this Herse doth signifie my Knight is slaine,
Ah death no longer do delay, but rid the liues of twaine:
Heart, hand, and euerie sence prepare, vnto the Herse draw nie:
And therevpon submit your selues, disdaine not for to die
With him that was your mistress ioy, her life, and death like case
And well I know in seeking me, he did his end embrace.
That cruell wretch, that *Norway* King, this cursed deed hath dunne,
But now to cut that lingring threed, that *Lachis* long hath spunne,
The sword of this my louing Knight, behold I here do take,
Of this my wofull corps alas, a finall end to make:
Yet ere I strike that deadly stroke, that shall my life depraue,
Ye muses, ayd me to the Gods, for mercie first to craue.

Sing heere.

Well now you heauens, receiue my ghost, my corps I leaue behind,
To be inclosd with his in earth, by those that shall it find.

Here Providence descends, and by his interference saves the life of Neronis who is the principal heroine, and then ascends again. Among other characters introduced in this ancient and remarkable play, is "King Alexander the Great, as valiantly set forth as may be, and as many souldiers as can:" others are Subtle Shift, who acts as Vice; Rumour, who sends intelligence to the various parties; Knowledge, who inquires

What, are all things finished, and euery man eased?
Is the pageant packed vp, and all parties pleased?
Hath each Lord his Lady, and each Lady her love?

And lastly, God's Providence, who as we have stated, descends and saves the life of the heroine, and all concludes happily.

This play is of excessive rarity, and is not noticed in the *Biographia Dramatica*. See Collier's *Hist. Dram. Poet.*, vol. iii. p. 35. It has of late been attributed to George Peele, and Mr. Dyce has included it in his two editions of the plays of that author, his ground for doing so being that "on

the title-page of a copy of the play a very old hand attributes it to Peele." But we think this is hardly sufficient proof without stronger internal evidence to settle the question, and although it may be considered heresy to differ with so excellent and critical a judge in such matters as Mr. Dyce, yet weighing the style and composition of this play and other circumstances, we rather hesitate in giving the authorship of it to Peele.

A copy was sold at Sotheby's in 1821 for 12*l.* 12*s.*; Inglis's sale, No. 134, 13*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*; Heber's ditto, pt. iv. No. 2048, 16*l.* 5*s.*; and Jolly's ditto, pt. iii. No. 539, 15*l.* 10*s.*

Collation: Title A 2; Sig. A to L 1 in fours, 32 leaves, or 33 with the blank A 1.

Bound in Venetian Morocco, elegant.

COLLINS, (THOMAS.)—The Penitent Publican, his Confession of Mouth. Contrition of heart. Unfained Repentance. And feruent Prayer unto God, for Mercie and forgiuenesse.

At London, Printed for Arthur Johnson, dwelling in Paules Churchyard, at the signe of the white Horse, neere the great North doore of Paules Church. 1610. 4to. pp. 48.

Whatever may be the intrinsic merits of the publications of this writer, and the present is perhaps scarcely deserving of any very high degree of praise, of their extreme rarity there can be no question. Collins is known to be the author of two poems, *The Penitent Publican*, first printed in 1610, and *The Teares of Loue: or Cupids Progresse*, &c., 4to, 1615, of both of which it is believed that not more than two or three copies are known to exist. Mr. P. Collier has given a description of the latter work in his *Catal. of the Bridgewater Collection*, p. 68, from a copy in that library, and mentions that but one other is believed to exist. There was a copy sold in Heber's sale; see Cat., pt. iv. No. 511. This copy of the present work also, which formerly belonged to Sir F. Freeling, was thought by him to be the only one known. Another however occurred at the sale of Mr. George Chalmers's library, pt. i. No. 971, in the Catalogue of which it is said, "Mr. Lowndes gives the title of this scarce poem, but does not mention where a copy is to be found. The only other copy we can trace is that which was in the library of Sir F. Freeling." It com-

mences with a prose dedication "To the Right Honourable, Graue, and Vertuous Lady, the Lady Katherine Hastings, Countesse of Huntington," &c., which opens thus:

It may seeme somewhat strange unto your Ladiship, that I should thus presume to publish this my poore and *Penitent Publican*, under your Honorable protection: yet in regard of your Ladiships Integritie of heart unto God, manifested by your most vertuous life, and zealous love unto true Religion, I am animated to aduenture him in the worlds view, being shadowed under the shield of your sacred vertues, which (like the bright beames of Phœbus) may illustrate, and giue a long life, to this my illiterate, and litle-worth labour, which (wanting your fauorable reflection) might go without regard. For (Madame) I am not ignorant, that Enuie attends upon all good attempts: Ismael will scoffe, and mocke at Isaack, even in Abrahams house, and Shemy will reuile Dauid, to his teeth, and therefore the godlie in these dayes may well say with holy Job, my soule is cut off, though I liue. Job 10. 1. verse.

This dedication is dated "the 6. of Julie 1610," and subscribed with the author's name, "Thomas Collins." It is followed by a poetical address of fourteen lines "To the Reader whosoeuer," signed "T. C." The poem, which is written throughout in seven-line stanzas, then opens in the following manner:

On bended knees, and with a broken heart,
Eyes cast on earth, hands beating of my brest:
I come to act a penitentiall part,
Before th' almightie, who is pleased best
With sinfull soules, when they are thus addrest:
In whose dread presence (caitiffe that I am)
Prepared thus (till now) I neuer came.

Knees euer bow, and standing beare no more,
Eyes euer weepe, and nere be drie againe:
Hands beat my brest, and make it euer sore,
Heart neuer cease, but sigh and sob amaine:
Tongue, euer pray, and for my sinnes complaine.
Till teares, blowes, sighs, sobbs, prayers, and complaints,
Haue freed my soule from all her foule attaints.*

Humbling my selfe, may in Gods fauour raise me,
Weeping for sinne, may him to mercy moue:
Beating my brest, most sorrowful displaies me,
Sighing and sobbing, my hearts griefe approue:
Playning, and praying, may procure Gods loue.

* *i.e.* faults; see the *Comedy of Errors*, act iii. scene 2.

* I.e. Italia; see the Comedy of Errors, act iii. scene 2.

His loue is life, which causeth me to craue it,
And stedfast faith, doth tell me I shall haue it.

Great wonder-worker, worthiest worthie one,
By whose assistance *Henocke* walkt with God:
Thou that wert *Abrahams* righteousnes alone,
Thou that mak'st men moue mountains like a clod:
(Euen heapes of sinne) from off their old abode,
Thou pretious one, proceeding from aboue:
Soule-sauing faith (our euidence of Gods loue.)

By which we doe his promises imbrace,
By which we apprehend Christs righteousnes:
By which we doe, sinne, death, and hell, deface:
By which we are assured of redresse,
(If we repent and waile our wickednes)
By which our prayers are to God conuaid,
And without which, all suppliants are gain-said.

Oh blessed faith, my fortresse and my shield,
My onely comfort in calamitie:
Which dost resolue me I shall win the field,
And orecome, Sathan my arch-enemie,
Ile thanke my God (for thee) continually:
Cause 'tis his grace, and goodnes that I haue thee,
(Which art a signe, he will in mercy saue mee.

Thou that art God of gods, and King of kings,
Thou whom the Sun, the Moone, and Stars obey:
That fillst the poore and hungry with good things,
And dost the rich ones, emptie send away:
My soule shall magnifie thee day by day,
And all the powers that doe remaine in mee,
Shall onely praise, and euer pray to thee.

For thou hast vow'd, (and that most solemnely)
As thou dost liue (which art the life of all)
Thou dost not will those that doe wickedly,
And into many grieuous sinnes doe fall,
Should die the death, but rather will'st they shall
Returne and liue, oh sweet, and gracious Lord,
Which to thy foes saluation dost accord.

We quote three more stanzas from the close of the poem with which the volume concludes, and which with those already given will sufficiently enable the reader to judge of the style and merits of the author:

Ierusalem, peace be within thy walls:
And in thy pallaces let plentie bee:
For blest is he, whom thy sweet soueraigne calls,
And doth confirme free denizen in thee,
Where such joyes are, as th' eye did neuer see,
Th' eare ne're heard, nor can mans heart conceiue it,
Most blest, and happie they that shall receiue it.

Oh thou that art, of that great citie, King,
Thou life, thou light, and glory of the same:
Thou in whose honour, quires of Angells sing,
Thou that art great, and excellent in fame,
Thou onely good one (holy is thy name.)
Though I bee sinfull, yet (sweet Lord) in pittie,
Make my soule free of that most sacred cittie.

As thou art holy, heare my prayer Lord,
As thou art good, and gracious, pittie mee,
As thou art true, and faithfull of thy word,
Forgiue my sins (though infinite they bee)
And let me liue, to laud, and honour thee.
To whom be giuen, all glory, power, and praise,
Euen to the end, of neuer-ending daies.

In a poetical address to his readers, prefixed to his other work, *The Teares of Loue: or Cupids Progresse*, &c., Collins thus alludes in the first couplet to his present religious poem:

My Muse (of late) diuinely did indite,
But (Poet-like) I now a Pastorall write.

There is another allusion also to this work in some commendatory verses prefixed to that poem, signed Jo. B.; and it would appear also, from these verses, that Collins had written another poem, now supposed to be lost:

From *Newports* bloudy battell (sung by thee)
With *Yaxley's* death (the flow'r of Chivalry)
And from thy well-penn'd Publican, to bee
Transported thus to fields of Aready,
Shews that thy Muse is apt for all assayes, &c.

See Caldecot's Cat. for an account of another poem by this Thomas Collins, not noticed by Lowndes.

Nothing appears to be known of Collins beyond his being the writer of these two rare poems. Samuel Rowlands, who prefixed some stanzas to *The Teares of Loue*, calls him "his affected friend." See Dibdin's *Literary*

Reminisc., p. 927, and Collier's *Bridgewater Catal.*, p. 68. The present copy is from Sir Francis Freeling's library, who says: "I do not remember having either seen or heard of another copy."

If a "Mr. Collins" mentioned in the *MS. Lansd.*, No. 51, be the same person who wrote this poem, it would appear that in his early life he had served some office under government.

Bound in Calf extra, gilt leaves.

COLMAN, (W.) — La Dance Machabre or Death's Duell, by W. C. London, Printed by W. Stansby. n. d. 8vo. pp. 88.

Prefixed to this volume of poetry, which is a work of great rarity, not more than three or four copies at most being known, there is a beautifully engraved title-page by T. Cecill, which is so well and concisely described in the *Brit. Bibliogr.*, vol. ii. p. 463, that we shall quote the description from that work. "The above words" of the title are "on a central curtain, upheld by two angels; beneath, time on the globe, with his scythe, as in motion. Up the sides, eight ovals, with crowded figures, representing several different estates of mankind, from the monarch and pope to the laborious delver: death, as in triumph, surmounteth the angels, and the eternal glory is seen through an arch at the top. The crest and arms of the author occupy two corners. On a preceding leaf a few lines describe 'The mind of the Front:' which is executed with extraordinary spirit and minuteness by T. Cecill."

After the title is a prose dedication written in French, "A la Royne," *i.e.* Queen Henrietta Maria, the wife of Charles the First, who arrived in England June 13, 1625, and subscribed "Le tres humble et tres obeissant seruiteur et subjet. Colman." This is followed by some English verses likewise addressed to the same sovereign lady, inscribed "To the great Empresse of our little World," in which the author intreats for the favour of her Highness to his work as

> Being the first piece ventur'd on the Stage
> Since you were ours, To craue your Patronage
> You cannot with your Honour choose but giue
> It harbour, and a libertie to liue
> For its owne merit (rightly vnderstood)
> Let Enuie censure* whether it be good.

---

* *i.e.* judge. Not used here in the ordinary sense of the word.

And afterwards, speaking of his "unpractis'd youth," he requests her to

Water these
Young Plants, in time they may grow goodly Trees;

whence we may conclude that this work was the production of his early years. There next occur some lines entitled "The Authour to his Booke," in which we are informed:

Grosse food best suits with vulgar appetites,
On choicest morsels few place their delights.
Lasciuious Pamphlets euermore take best
When Poems of Deuotion few disgest.
Brought'st thou some light-heeld passage on the stage,
Or Planet stricken* Louer in a rage,
Then would the Ladies hug thee old and yong
Make thee their Morning Prayer and Euen-song,
Take thee to bed at night, and in the morne
Repeate againe, the better to enforme
Their memories, at eu'ry fripping Feast
Thou should'st be sure to be a gratefull Guest.

Then follow commendatory verses from John Peashall, E. H., Thomas Veridicus, James Sherlie (the dramatic poet), and John Crompton. We quote those by Shirley:

While other Muses wanton Poems sing
Thy pen being taken from a Cherubs wing
Teacheth the way to blisse, where they and we
Meet in a quire, to adore eternitie,
Death must begin our triumph, and the dust
That hangs vpon our fleshie garment must
Be first brush'd of, the vanities of life,
Riches and pleasures, that but sweeten strife
And to the eye of sense makes death appeare
Deform'd, by thy diuiner raptures here
Are quite destroide, the rugged path made eauen
And men acknowledge thee the way to Heauen.

On the reverse of the last page of the introductory matter is another engraving by Cecill, occupying the whole of the page, representing a figure of Death, his head reclining on his left arm, which is leaning on a shattered

* "This phrase appears to have been formerly in use for any sudden and violent attack not known by a familiar appellation." Halliwell's *Dict. of Archaisms*, p. 620.

COLLECTANEA ANGLO-POETICA

post, and his right holding a spade at the side of an open grave, with scattered bones, and worms creeping about. At the top is an inscription: "Sum quod eris Fui quod es;" and beneath a translation:

Behould, fonde* man, I am what thou shalt be,
And as thou art; soe was I once like thee.

The poem entitled "Death's Duell" then commences, with the motto prefixed; "Mors omnibus communis, We must all die." It extends through two hundred and sixty-two six-line stanzas, some of which are not without a certain degree of merit, both in their moral sentiment and mode of expression. The following may be taken as a specimen of both:

13.

Vnthrifty youth time prodigally spends,
That flyes away with vndiscour'd lust
Mocking our hopes, still future ioyes pretends,
Takes small content in recreations past.
Imagination sets our thoughts on fire
And what we cannot haue we most desire.

14.

So little Children wish, would we were men
Freed from the fetters of our pupill age;
Growne old, they couet to be yong againe,
Pretending in their wayes to be more sage
And circumspect, what is not we thinke best,
And others in their meaner fortunes blest.

15.

The carefull Pilot wafting from the Shoare
His ful-fraught Vessell, sitteth at the Sterne
Iudiciously to guide what goes before,
And from the hoary-headed Pole doth learne
Which way to steere and furrow vp the Ocean
With a secure, though vnsteady motion.

16.

The World's the Sea, and we the Vessels are,
Consideration, Stearesman, and pale death
The Sterne, in which we haue an equall share.
Swift-footed time still towards vs beckeneth
Dappled with age, which careles youth doth know,
Yet all too late beleeues it to be so.

* *i.e.* foolish.

17.

But so it is, what ere we doe pretend
And fondly flatter our Imagination,
Being as neere vnto our Iourneyes end
(For ought we know) as aged declination;
Experience tels vs; Whence we may presage
No certainty in youth, no hope in age.

Again:

29.

What though thy house be sumptuous, and thy fare,
Thy wife both vertuous, beautifull and wise,
Thy children hopefull and obedient are,
Thy seruants most obsequious in their guise,
Thy coffers full, thy Lordships round about thee,
Yet thou must goe, and they must stay without thee.

30.

And these vpon thy death-bed shall appeare
Like to so many glorious miseries:
Or like an Office thou didst lately beare
Transferr'd to another man before thine eyes:
For certaine 'tis what chiefly doth content thee,
In that sad houre to leaue shall most torment thee.

The following stanzas on the perishable and fading nature of woman's beauty, and the charms which captivated the lover, are also deserving of notice; the eighty-first stanza in particular is highly poetical:

77.

Or when thine eyes immodestly shall gaze
On fading beautie's curiositie
Which either age or accident may raze,
And make more vgly than deformitie,
Thinke how that beautie vnderneath doth weare
Death's pale-fac'd Liuery, which all mortals feare.

78.

And she that takes her false intelligence
From the deceitfull Index of a glasse,
Glad to be cozen'd in her owne defence,
Bid her reflect what euen now she was
Before that nature was abus'd by art,
Helps not when death shall come to play his part.

79.

'Tis not a borrowed looke or wanton glance
Of an alluring eye that can divert

Th' ineuitable fury of his Lance,
Nor all thy courtly conges, though thou wert
Equall in beautie, breeding, and thê rest
Of womanish additions, with the best.

80.

And thou, fond Louer, looke into the graue
Of thy dead Mistris, and her last condition,
Behold the Saiutly beauty lately gaue
Such motiues of respect and adoration
To thy inflamed thoughts, which did deuise
To defie 't, thyself the sacrifice:

81.

Calling her eyes the world's all glorious lights,
The splendor of whose Goddesse-like complexion
Gaue light sufficient to the darkest night,
Vowing thy selfe a Slaue to her affection,
Praising the louely tresses of her haires,
Inchanted threds of gold, delightfull snares,

82.

Which held thee captiue; in which bondage thou
Inioy'dst most freedome, as thy selfe wast wont
With fearefull protestations to vow,
Casting each night a most exact account
Of her new purchast fauours, now intomb'd
Lies putrifide, to loathsomnesse consum'd.

The 124th stanza is inscribed, "Authore incognito." The 148th consists of a quotation from Ovid's *Metamorph.*, book xv., "Most exquisitely Englished by Master George Sandys." The 174th and 187th stanzas are in Latin, with English translations given in the verses following. We quote three stanzas more as a concluding specimen:

228.

Suppose thou haue the happinesse to die
In thine owne country, at thy proper home,
And in thy father's Sepulcher to lie,
Preseru'd for his owne Family alone,
He that shall come to seeke thee there shall find
Naught but a ruin'd carcasse left behind.

229.

The poore remainder of thy wanton flesh
Which scarce the figure of a man retaines,

No humane application can refresh,
Nor sparkling bloud runs in thy parched vaines,
Nor vnchast thoughts the wanton heate returne,
Wherewith inflam'd thy sinfull youth did burne.

230.

Base is the entertainment thou dost giue
Thy liuing friends resort to visit thee,
In stead of sweet perfumes (when thou didst liue
And fluent words of course, then deeds more free)
Distilling forth infectious vapours, such
No man thy carcasse can endure to touch.

At the end of the principal poem are three leaves without paging or signatures, containing elegies "Vpon the Right Honorable George Lord Talbot Earle of Shrewsbury"* &c.; "Vpon the Ladie Marchionesse of Winchester, daughter to the Right Honourable Thomas Lord Sauage"† &c.; "Vpon the Right Honorable William Lord Paget Baron of Beaudesert;"‡ and "Vpon the Honorable Sir John Beaumont Knight Baronet."§ After which is "The Authours Apologie for the title of his Booke iniuriously conferd by Roger Muchill, upon a Sermon of Dr. Donnes;" and the following "Epitaph vpon Roger Muchill" concludes the volume:

Here lies Much-ill that nere did good (who thought
To coozen Death) in his untimely vault;
Harme watch, harme catch, his auarice was such
That at the length, he stole a Pot too much.
But he that would not take his bond before
May take his word, he shall doe so no more.

Dr. Donne died on the 31st March, 1631, and his sermon called "*Death's Duell*" was first published in 1632, so that although this poem of Colman's is without date, we can form a tolerably correct calculation of the time of its publication from this circumstance, which coupled with the dates of the deaths of those commemorated in the Elegies, would lead us to fix it not later than 1632 or the year after.

Mr. Douce, in his learned and elegant Dissertation on the *Dance of Death*, after giving an account of this book of Colman's, as in some degree connected with his subject by its title-page, has remarked in p. 185, that "there

---

* *ob.* April 2, 1630.
† *ob.* 1631. See *Milton.*
‡ *ob.* Aug. 29, 1629.
§ *born* 1582, *ob.* 1628.

appears to have been another edition of this book, the title-page only of which is preserved in Bagford's collections among the *Harl. MSS.*, No. 5936." He then proceeds to describe it. But it is evident from the account he has given, that it is the same frontispiece which we have described above, of which he had furnished only a partial description in his former notice of the book, and that there was in reality only one edition.

Concerning the subject of the work, *La Dance Machabre*, it will be sufficient to refer the reader to the elegant treatise before mentioned, in which the once popular subject of the Dance of Death, which during the middle ages was so frequently exhibited to the people on the walls of churches and other ecclesiastical buildings, or in the Missals and Service books of the Church, is fully and artistically discussed, and the term Macabre or Macaber satisfactorily explained. Among the numerous instances which Mr. Douce has mentioned of paintings of this Dance in various places abroad, including the earliest in which the date is known, that in the churchyard of the Innocents in Paris, painted in 1434, and the celebrated one in Basle, painted about 1440, he also notices one in the church of St. Mary at Lubeck in Lower Alsace. Dr. Nugent, in his tour through Germany, gives an account of this Lubeck Dance of Death, and says:

> The most noted thing in St. Mary's Church at Lubeck in Germany, is the painting called *Death's Dance:* it was originally drawn in 1463, but the figures were repaired at different times, as in 1588, in 1642, and last of all, in 1701. Here you see the representation of Death, leading an Emperor in his imperial robes, who with his other hand takes hold of such another figure, which leads up a King: and so, alternately, a figure of death and a human person through all conditions and stages of life. The intention of the artist was to shew that death pays no regard to age or condition. (Nugent's *Travels*, vol. i. p. 102.)

And Mr. Pennant, speaking of the Chapter House at St. Paul's in this country, observes that "on the walls of the Cloisters was painted the *Machabre* or Dance of Death, — a common subject at that time of day (circa 1221) on the walls of Cloisters and other religious places. See Pennant's *London*, vol. vi. p. 359; and much more information on the subject in Dugdale's *Hist. St. Pauls*, p. 290; Warton's *Observ. on Spenser*, vol. ii. p. 114; and *Hist. Eng. Poet.*, vol. ii. p. 53; with the very curious prefixes to Bewick's *Emblems of Mortality* and Holbein's *Dance of Death.*

There was a copy of Colman's work in Reed's collection, No. 6661, which was sold to Malone for 7*l.* 15*s.*, and is now in the Bodleian Library; another (the present copy) was in Sir Francis Freeling's library; a third

in the Bridgewater House collection of the Earl of Ellesmere; a fourth was in Mr. Heber's library, pt. iv. No. 413, with a duplicate impression of the frontispiece, and sold for 2*l.* 11*s.*; and another was sold by Sotheby in 1856 for 11*l.*

See *Brit. Bibliogr.*, vol. ii. p. 463; Mr. Payne Collier's *Cat. of the Bridgewater House Library*, p. 69; and Douce's *Dance of Death*, p. 185.

Collation: Title and "The Mind of the Front," two leaves; Sig. A four leaves; one leaf B to F 4 in eights, G one leaf.

Bound by C. Lewis. In Dark Green Morocco, gilt leaves.

COLSE, (PETER.) — Penelopes Complaint: Or, A Mirrour for wanton Minions. Taken out of Homers Odissea, and written in English Verse. By Peter Colse.

Armat spina rosas, mella tegunt apes.

London, Printed by H. Iackson, dwelling in Fleet-street, and are to be sold at his shop vnder Temple-barre gate. 1596. 4to. pp. 64.

Henry Willobie had published his *Avisa, or the true Picture of a modest maide, and a chast and constant Wife*, Lond. 1594, 4to., and several allusions are made to this poem, styled by Colse "a pamphlet," in the present work, which, while it treats it with great and invidious contempt, is yet an imitation of its style and versification. In a second edition of the *Avisa*, published in 1596, by Hadrian Dorrell, a friend of the author, he takes up the cudgels in his defence, and in an "Apologie" at the end of the poem, endeavours to vindicate his friend from the envious attacks made by Colse in this volume, who is styled by Dorrell as "one P. C."

The work is dedicated "To the vertuous and chaste Ladie, the Ladie Edith, wife to the right worshipfull Sir Rafe Horsey, Knight" in these words:

Perusing (vertuous Ladie) a Greeke Author, entituled *Odyssea* (written by *Homer* the prince of Greeke poets) noting therein the chast life of the Ladie *Penelope* (in the twentie yeers absence of her louing lord *Vlysses*) I counterfeited a discourse in English verses, terming it her Complaint: which treatise, comming to the view of certaine my special friends, I was by them oftentimes encited to publish it. At length weying with my selfe, the shipwracke that noble vertue chastitie is subiect vnto: and seeing an vnknowne Author hath of late published a pamphlet called *Auisa* (ouerslipping so many praiseworthy matrons) hath registred the meanest: I haue

presumed vnder your Ladiships patronage to commit this my *Penelopes Complaint* (though vnperfectly portraied) to the presse, &c., &c.

This is succeeded by some acrostic verses "In commendation of the right Worshipfull Sir Raufe Horsey Knight," "An Encomion vpon the right worshipfull Sir Rafe Horsey Knight, and the Lady Edith in Saphio verse." And more acrostics "In commendation of the vertuous, prudent, and chaste virgin, mistress Grace Horsey, daughter to the right Worshipfull Sir Raph Horsey Knight, and the Ladie Edith." These are all by Colse, then "Candido Lectori hexastichon," signed Ioannes Mayo, "Amico suo charissimo P. C.," subscribed "S. D." probably Samuel Daniel, and if written by him, are an amusing specimen of his Latin verse.

Quid quærit titulos, quid dotes iactat Auisa.
Anne ea Penelope est æquiparanda tuæ?
Penelope clara est, veneranda, fidelis: Auisa
obscura, obscuro fœmina nata loco.
Penelope satrapœ est coniux illustris: Auisa
coniux cauponis, filia pandochei.
Penelope casta est cum sponsus abesset: Auisa
casta suo sponso nocte dièque domi.
Penelopeia annos bis denos mansit: Auisa
tot (vix credo) dies intemerata foret.
Penelopeia procos centum neglexit: Auisa
vix septem pretium sustinuitque precem.
Penelope neuit, pensum confecit: Auisæ
lassauit nunquam pendula tela manus.
Penelope Graiis, Latiis celebratur: Auisæ
vnus homo laudas, nomen, et acta canit.
Ergo Penelope vigeat, cantatur: Auisa
nullo Penelope est æquiualenda modo.

A short prose address "To the Readers" concludes the introductory portion. In this he again alludes to the *Avisa* in similar terms to his former remarks, a portion of which we transcribe.

The cause I haue contriued so pithie a matter in so plaine a stile, and short verse, is, for that a vaine-glorious *Auisa* (seeking by slaunder of her superiors, to eternize her folly) is in the like verse, (by an vnknowen Authour) described: I follow (I say) the same stile and verse, as neither misliking the methode, nor the matter, had it beene applyed to some worthier subiect. Thus hoping you wil courteously accept my *Penelopes Complaint*, I wil shortly make you amends with her Will and Testament, in Pentameters, wherein I wil stretch my wits to Ela, to show my duetie, and satisfie your desires: and so farewell. Peter Colse.

The poem itself, or rather series of short poems, is composed in octosyllabic stanzas of six lines, each division having its separate heading or subject over it. A few extracts are added, from which the reader may be able to form a judgment of the merits of the whole poem.

Penelope complaineth of Vlysses departure.

You Nymphs that *Alcidalions* brookes,
And *Paphos* sportes are dispossest:
Which want the Sun of louely lookes,
And are displac'd of *Cupids* crest:
If you haue tried loues sweete aspect,
And do lament your ioyes defect:

Surcease, your cases to complaine
Your losses leaue so much to mone,
Alas my loues long lacking paine
Is more then yours tenne to one:
But if you needes will puling sit,
A pew-mate for you am I fit.

Let foolish *Phillis* cease to faint,
And for *Demophoon* leaue to mourne:
Let *Dido* finish her complaint,
And faithlesse false *Æneas* scorne:
For carelesse wights why do you care
And causelesse eke so wofull are?

Leaue off (I say) those causeless cares,
Help me bewaile my wretched woe:
What neede you shed those ruthlesse teares?
Your passions but of pleasure grow,
Oh! help me, seely soule relate
My toilesome lamentable state.

My loue (alas!) and I loue sicke
Ten thousand leagues to warres is gone,
And me hath left here widdow-like,
In shiuering bed to lie alone:
Oh! now, vnto my paine I proue,
A dririe lothsome thing is loue.

Alacke, how am I gallde with griefe,
Sith that no where I can behold,
Those louely lookes that of reliefe,
The locks and keyes and al do hold:
Whose smiling cheekes and merrie cheere,
To pleasure sweete the porters were.

Her answere to her sutors.

My louely youthes, and Lordings all,
As I haue said, so say I still:
I can but thanke you great and small,
For this your kindnes and good will.
It grieues me (Gallants) to the heart,
I cannot grant you your desart.

I loue you all, I do protest,
As did *Diana Phœbus* faire,
Who of al woodmen, likde him best,
But when he lou'd, to loathe him sware:
So you as friends, I entertaine,
But louers, I you al disdaine.

Yea, though my loue his bane hath bought,
(As Gods forebode) yet must you stay,
Vntil my web be fully wrought,
For why the world shal neuer say:
That such a worthie Knight as he,
Without a shrowde should buried be.

The author speaks of this poem as "the firstlings of his scholers crop," but we are not aware, although he promised to indulge his readers with Penelopes Will and Testament in pentameters, that he ever published any

thing more, nor are we acquainted with any of the circumstances of his life, or the period of his death. Although he was an imitator of the style and versification of Willobie, he is not considered to be an improver upon that writer. *Penelopes Complaint* was not in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.* The reader may see an article on this poem, with some extracts from it, by Mr. Park in the *Restituta*, vol. iii. p. 529. It is of considerable rarity, and sold in Heber's sale, pt. iv. No. 512, for 3*l.* 4*s.*

Collation: Sig. A to H 4 in fours.

Bound in Maroon coloured Morocco, gilt leaves.

COLVIL, (SAMUEL.) — The Whiggs Supplication, a Mock Poem in Two Parts. By Sam: Colvil.

Edinburgh, Printed in the Year, MDCXCV. Sm. 8vo.

Among the numerous and spiritless imitations of Butler's celebrated poem which sprang up at different times, many of which are of little value or interest, and scarcely repay the trouble of a perusal, the present volume is of a more able and superior character, and is not without some share of originality and humour. It is disfigured indeed by the same coarseness and vulgarity which is the usual attendant on all these kind of burlesque poems, but it possesses more spirit and merit than some of its fellow imitations. It was first printed at Edinburgh, we believe in 1657, and was frequently reprinted both in Scotland and in London. The poem is preceded by "The Authors Apology to his Reader" in prose. The subject of the poem, if there be any regular story, for it is rather a stringing together of a number of incongruous lines and odd ideas than any connected plot, relates to the rising of the Whigs and Covenanters in Scotland in the reign of Charles II., and gives an account of their leader the knight, here styled "The Good-man," his squire, his lady, his horse, dog, and pigeon, which in imitation of the original, are described at some length. After recounting the knight's knowledge of things and other attainments, he relates the poem of the Supplication which was to be presented to the king, and a long "Debate between the Knight and Squire about the mending of the Petition, and who should carry it to the King," the pilgrimage of the squire to London for the purpose of presenting the Supplication, his speech to the king on presenting it, and his final farewell to London, which is also given at the end in Latin. It is very

amusing in parts, and cannot fail exciting the risible faculties of the reader. Witness the following passage from the description of the knight:

Upon their head march'd the *Goodman*,
Like *Scanderbeg* or *Tamerlane*.
Dame Nature strain'd her utmost care
To mould him for a Man of War:
A terrible and a dreadful Foe,
As doth appear from top to toe.
The shape and fashion of his head,
Was like a Cone, or Pyramid:
Or for to speak in terms more groff,
It was just like a Suggar Loaf:
Or like the head of *Rob* the Criple,
Or like the spear of *Magdalen* Steeple:
Or like the bottom of a Tap,
Or like a fur'd *Muscovia* Cap.
They who the South east Countrys haunts,
Affirm such heads have *Turkish* Saints:
Which as some learned Writers notes,
Are here with us call'd Idiots.
Because long hair the Wit doth dull,
Nought was between Heaven and his skull:
His ears were long, and stood upright,
Which did so well become the Knight;
That at some distance he seem'd horn'd,
His one eye was with pearl adorn'd:
His other eye lookt so asquint,
That it was hard to ward his dint:
From thence down to his mouth arose
A mountain rather than a nose;
Upon which savage beasts did feed,
As Worms, and Selkhorns, which with speed
Would eat it up, but he begins
In time to pick them out with Pins.
His lips were thick, his mouth was wide,
His teeth each other did bestride:
His tongue was big, though well he meant,
He was not very eloquent.
His beard was long, and red, and thin,
Making a ball green on his Chin:
As trees do sometimes in a Wood,
Where Horse and Oxen gather food:
His arms were stiff like Barrow trams,
His Hands were hued like reisted Hams:
At Finger-ends he never fails
To have the King of *Babel's* Nails,
Which sooner than a Knife, by half,
Will cut the Throat of Sheep or Calf,
When he not loving to be idle
Turns Cook to any Penny-Bridle.
They scrap up Works about his Leagure,
A great deal stronger, and far bigger
Than those made by *Don Pedro Saa*,
When Spinola besiedg'd *Breda*.
He had a Lump upon his Back,
Which some took for a Pedlers Pack:
But others some did it suppose
A Bagg which kept his Meal for Brose.
But neither conjecture was good,
It was a lump of Flesh and Blood.

The following account of the knight's mental knowledge is too entertaining not to be quoted:

All things created he doth know
In heav'n above, and Earth below:
He solves the Questions everyone
That *Sheba's* Queen ask'd *Solomon*:
Or any other knotty doubt,
That can occur the World throughout.
Neither doth he prate and bable,
Like *Pliny* painting out a Fable.
At first he makes a clear Narration
And then backs all by Demonstration.
He knows whether the great *Magul*,
Doth drink out of his Fathers Skull.

amusing in parts, and meant for exciting the risible faculties of the reader. Witness the following passage from the description of the Knight:

Upon their head march'd the Quadrumane,
Like Somebody or Thereabout,
Dame Nature strain'd her utmost care
To mould him for a Man of War;
A terrible and a dreadful Foe,
As doth appear from top to toe.
The shape and fashion of his head,
Was like a Cone, or Pyramid;
Or for to speak in terms more great,
It was just like a Sugar-Loaf;
Or like the head of Mrs the Cripple,
Or like the spear of Magdalen Steeple;
Or like the bottom of a Tap,
Or like a fur'd Muscovia Cap.
They who the South seas Country
Haunts,
Affirm such heads have Twelve Saints;
Which is some learned Writers notes,
Are here with us call'd Idiots.
Because long hair the Wit doth dull,
Nought was between Heaven and his
skull:
His ears were long, and stood upright,
Which did so well become the Knight:
That at your distance he seem'd here'd,
His one eye was with pearl adorn'd:
His other eye look'd so aspiring,
That it was hard to ward his ding:
From thence down to his mouth cross
A mountain rather than a nose;

The following account of the Knight's mental knowledge is too entertaining not to be quoted:

All things created he doth know
In heav'n above, and Earth below:
He solves the Questions everyone,
That Sfinks's Queen ask'd Oedipus:
Or any other knotty doubt,
That can occur the World throughout.

If it be prov'd by any man
That he is come of *Tamerlan*;
Or if he keep Tobacco cut
In *Tortois* shell, or *Coco* Nut.
If *Ichneumon* and *Crocodile*
Do fight in *Niger*, as in *Nile*;
Or if we ought to believe them
Who say *Melchisedec* was not *Sem*,
Which raised once a fisty strife
Between a Preacher and his Wife
If any man yet ever born
Did see Phenix or Unicorn?
If there be a Philosopher Stone?
If men who have not Leg but one
With broad Soles, which by Toures
Defends their heads from Sun and Showers:
If the Emperour *Prestor John*
Be the offspring of *Solomon*?
If those who lately conquered *China*
Be the Brothers-Sons of *Diana*?
Who to those North East parts were turned
When *Assur's* King *Samaria* burned?
If *Romes* founders Wolfs did suck?
If *Job* in *Edom* was a Duke?
If Captain *Hynd* was a good fellow?
If *Wallace* Beard was black or yellow?
Which raised once a great discord
Between a western Laird and Lord.
If rosted Eggs be best, or sodden?
If *James* the fourth was kill'd at *Flodden*?
Which made two Schoolmen borrow swords
That they might fight after big words.
If Sword, or Surfeit more men kill?
Who had the better at *Edge-hill*?
Where meet the Brethren of *Cross Rosie*?
What sums the *Spaniard* in *Potosie*
Gains yearly by their silver Mines?
Since thirty eight who wins or tines?
He knows the price of Jewels and Rings,
And hidden causes of sundry things.
As of the Compass variation
Of *Nile* and *Nigers* inundation.
Why *Ireland* wanteth Toad and Snake?
Why some men white, and some Moors black?
Why *Regulus* eye makes men leave breadth?
Why spiders bite, them dance to death?
Why men *Tarantula* do not fear,
But at some seasons of the year?
Why Devils musick do not please?
What sort of thing is *Ambergrease*?
If Iron *Magnet*, or it Iron
Attract? — If Sea or Land inviron
That frozen great Magnetick Rock
Under the Pole? — where what a clock
There cannot be made any trial,
The one year's half, by *Phœbus* Dial.
By the Sea's motion he doth find
A North-East passage to the *Inde*:
Another he finds by the North-west,
Where *Davies* freezed to his rest:
When Icy Mountains did occur
And stopt his course to *Mar del Zurr*:
But he hath found a brave device,
That he may free those Seas from Ice;
He empties all the water, syne
He fills the place with brandy wine,
Which hardly will congeal with Frost,
If Whales turn drunk, and fishing lost;
Yet lose we not by that device,
For Whale Oyl we get *Indian* spice.
All other ways are but a cheat,
To fetch some Money from the State.
Its wonder they have sharkt so much,
Both from the *English* and the *Dutch*.

There is a curious list of all the various heresies professed by Sectarists in the time of the Rebellion on p. 100, but it is too long to be quoted. The

author of this burlesque is said to have been a son of Elizabeth Melvil, styled by courtesy Lady Culros, who indulged in sacred poetry, and published a rare poem called "Ane godlie Dreame," Edinb. 1603, 4to, long a favourite in Scotland, but this relationship appears very doubtful. Colvil, or at least a person of the same name, published a theological work under the title of "The Grand Impostor Discovered: or, an Historical Disputer of the Papacy and Popish Religion. Part I." Edinb. 1673, 4to. The *Whiggs Supplication* is noticed in an article on the Imitations of Hudibras in the *Retrosp. Rev.*, vol. iii. p. 317. See also Irving's *Lives of the Scottish Poets*, vol. ii. p. 299; and the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 169. Colvil's poem enjoyed great popularity, and was frequently reprinted. The present edition is very incorrectly printed, and on coarse paper.

Collation: Sig. A to H 8 in eights. pp. 128.

In the original Calf binding.

Colvil, (Samuel.)—The Whiggs Supplication, or, The Scotch Hudibras. A Mock-Poem. In Two Parts. By Sam. Colvil. London: Printed for James Woodward, in St. Christophers Church-Yard, in Threadneadle-street, and John Baker, at the Black Boy in Pater-Noster-Row. 1710. 12mo, pp. 190.

Another edition of the *Scotch Hudibras*, in which some of the errors (but not all) of the former one are corrected, and a few notes explanatory of the text are added. In other respects the contents are the same as in the former impression. *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 170, 18*s*.

Collation: Sig. A to Q 5 inclusive, in sixes.

Haslewood's copy. In Calf neat.

Coningesbye, (Harry.)—The Consolation of Philosophy. London Printed by James Flesher for the Author, 1664. Sm. 8vo, pp. 200.

The ancient and honourable family of Coningsby were seated at North Mimms in Hertfordshire, from the time of King Henry VIII., John Coningsby, the third son of Sir Humphrey Coningsby, having married Elizabeth daughter and coheiress of Henry Frowick of North Mimms, and

thus, in right of his wife, become possessed of that Manor. The present little work, composed by one of this family, whose pedigree, as given by Clutterbuck in his *History of Hertfordshire*, vol. i. p. 444, commences from the 22nd of K. John, is preceded by a long and interesting preface, giving an account of Thomas Coningsby of North Mimms, of this ancient family, and of as plentiful fortune, who having been High Sheriff of Hertfordshire in 1638, was for his loyalty, by a commission sent from Reading, again made High Sheriff in the year 1642, at the commencement of the Civil Wars, and received along with his commission a letter from Charles I. in his own handwriting.

Charles R.

Trusty and well beloved, We greet you well, and do hereby give you our assurance, that although we have at this present made choice of you to be our High-Sheriff of our County of Hertford, We have done it out of no other respect then as a mark and testimony of our Favour, and Confidence of the utmost of your Service, in these Times, wherein we intend to imploy Persons of greatest Integrity and known Affections to us, and the good of our Kingdom; of which you have formerly given sufficient testimony. And although it may bring upon you great Expence and Trouble; yet we are confident you will not value it, in regard of our Service, and the good of that our Country; which shall not be forgotten by us on all occasions. So we bid you heartily farewell.

From our Court at Redding
this 11th of November, 1642.

Soon after this he received a Writ and Proclamation from Oxford, which declared the Earl of Essex and his adherents traitors, and authorized him to array the County for the King's Service. Mr. Coningsby in executing this Writ at St. Albans, was there taken prisoner by Cromwell, carried to London, and committed to London-house, where he continued prisoner till 1643, and his estate was sequestered, and plundered, and himself robbed of above 2000*l.*

After this he was removed to the Tower, where he remained prisoner for seven years more under circumstances of great cruelty and privation, and his estate wasted and destroyed, until at last, worn out with sickness and disease, he was finally released by death, after twelve years suffering, in the year 1654.

He was the second son of Sir Ralph Coningsby of North Mimms, Knt., who was Sheriff of Herts in 1596, descended from Sir Humphrey Coningsby, Knt., a learned Judge of the King's Bench in the reign of King Henry VII., and lineally descended from a long and noble race of ancestors, Barons of

this kingdom from a very early period. "He was a person of admirable parts, and his great character was, that he lived and died honest, preferring his conscience and loyalty to his life, liberty, and estate; choosing rather to leave his family, which was numerous, poor and distressed, than rendered infamous and stained by any unworthy act of his."

After the death of Thomas Coningsby, his widow, in conjunction with her son Harry, the author of this work, sold the estate of North Mimms in 1658, 10 Car. II., to Sir Nicholas Hide, Bart., who was succeeded by Sir Thomas Hide his son and heir, who had an only daughter Bridget, who married Peregrine Osborne, second Duke of Leeds, by whom it was conveyed to that noble family.

It appears that Thomas Coningsby, during his calamities, in order to alleviate his troubled mind, translated into English *The Discourse on Constancy*, by Justus Lipsius, but which does not seem ever to have been printed. He died October 1, 1654, aged 63. His son Harry, the translator of this treatise of Boethius into an English dress, "leaves it as a relique of his honest mind, reposing his trust in Almighty God, who when he pleases, can raise up those that are cast down lowest: at least by this, posterity will know how and in what unhappy times, and for what cause it was the storm came upon him and ruined him, and learn to decline the fondness of this mutable world, and seek the never-fading Treasure."

At the end of the preface are some Latin lines, "Parentalia in memoriam nobilissimi T. C. arm. Hartford facta," and "On the same," in English, signed "M. S. D. D. G." The work is in verse, and commences with an invocation from the writer thus:

I that was wont to sing full merrily,
Am forc'd sad tones to howl in misery;
The tatter'd Muses bid me for to write
A mournful Song, while they with tears indite.
No terrour could affright these Sisters free
But of my griefs Companions they would be,
The glory of my happy youth does give
Some comfort to the cares in which I live,
Unwelcome age (that never-failing thief)
Intrudes himself, and mixes with my grief.
My hairs untimely from my head do fall,
My skin is loose, and joints do tremble all.
That death is happy that blithe Youth does spare,
But comes when call'd by one opprest with Care.

Alas! he will not close the weeping eye,
And deaf he is to souls in misery.
Whiles fickle Fortune fann'd me with her wing,
Each hower fear of death with it did bring.
But now that she has chang'd her cozening face,
Death takes delight to come a Tortoise pace,
O friends, why did you oft me happy call?
He ne're was firmly seated that could fall.

He then introduces a description of Philosophy, under the figure of "a woman of bright majesty," which will form as suitable a specimen of the poem as any other that can be selected:

While thus I musing lay alone
Designing how t' express my mone
Above my head appear'd to me
A Woman of bright majesty
With eyes that shined clear and bright
And pierc'd beyond all common sight;
Of lively colour and full strength
Although her years had drawn a length
Beyond what any mortal does.
Her stature too was various,
Sometimes o'th' common size of man;
But to the heavens she would then
Lift up her head and pierce the sky,
Deluding the beholder's eye.
Her Robes were made of finest thred,
And without seam were perfected:
And, as I after came to know,
With her own hands she weav'd them so.
Like as old Pictures do appear
In smoaky rooms, their colour were;
And in the lower bordering
The letter Π was weav'd in green:
And in the upper, see you might
The letter Θ weav'd in white.
Between the letters there were set
As 'twere a ladder up to get,
So climbing the degrees, to move
From Earth below to Heaven above.
But some rude hand her Robe did tear,
And every one catcht for a share.
In her Right hand a Book she held,
A Sceptre did her Left hand wield.
When she the Muses had descry'd,
They standing all by my bed's side
As willing for to comfort me,
On them she cast an angry eye
And, Who unto this languishing
Sick man, said she, these whores did bring?
With poisons they his fancy please,
But give no Physick him can ease.
These, these are they that Reason's corn
Destroy, with planting fruitless thorn;
These trouble, not relieve, the mind:
And could you none but this man find?
Had you but only drawn apart
A rude, prophane, or vulgar heart,
I had not car'd; but to insnare
Him who has been my only care,
In Wisdome's School brought up and nurst?
Go, go, ye Sirens, go accurst
And leave this sick man's cure to me.

The poem is divided into five books, and is interspersed throughout with short lyrical songs in various measures, but none of them of sufficient worth or poetical merit to deserve quotation. The present copy is accompanied with the following autograph letter, signed Harry Coningesbye, addressed

To S^r^ Thomas Hyde K^t^ and Baronet.

S^r^ finding my selfe lost as to the splendour of my family, I thought my selfe bound in vindication of my selfe to deriue to posterity the true cause of its fatal ruine, and having for my owne alleuiation pleased my selfe with englishing this Consolatory, I haue prefixed the true, sad, yet glorious and honest deportment of my most deare father, and for that your house was once his, and his forefathers, I ernestly beg that you would please to allow this little booke a little roome in it, that it may there remaine as a record of the honest mind of S^r^

Your harty well-wisher and humble seruant,

HARRY CONINGESBYE.

Weild hall, March 30^th^ 1665.

Weild or Wold Hall, in the parish of Shenley in Hertfordshire, was the place to which the widow of Thomas Coningsby and her son retired after the sale of North Mimms to the Hydes. Harry Coningsby married Hester Cambell, and was knighted by Charles II. The work appears to have been printed for the purpose of distribution among the friends of the translator, the loyalty of whose family brought upon them such heavy calamity. It is rare, and is unnoticed by either Lowndes or Watt. See full particulars of the Coningsby family, with pedigree, in Chauncey's *Hist. of Hertfordshire*, pp. 462–3, and Clutterbuck's ditto, vol. i. p. 444.

Collation: Sig. A to N 4, in eights.

In Brown Calf, marbled leaves.

CONSCIENCE. — Robin Conscience, or Conscionable Robin: His Progresse through Court, City, and Countrey: With his bad Entertainment at each severall place &c.

[Woodcut on the title.]

London. Sm. 8vo, blk. lett. pp. 16. [Imprint cut off.]

One of the numerous small metrical pieces or chapbooks usually ascribed to the prolific pen of Martin Parker, the great ballad writer of the reigns of Charles I. and II. Its continued popularity is shewn by the frequent reprints of it which appeared from time to time, chiefly in black letter, and which by their daily wear and tear will account for its great scarceness. The earliest edition of it at present known is one in the Bodleian, printed by F. Coles, with the initials of the author, "M. P.," 1635, 8vo, 11 leaves, unless it may be thought that the present one, of which the imprint is unfortunately cut off, is of an earlier date; but, as Parker did not begin to

publish anything till 1632, this is not very probable. There is a woodcut on the lower half of the title, but as the author was in the habit in his chapbooks of using old worn out woodcuts which had been employed for other works, and as a portion of it has been lost in the present copy, it is difficult to make out its meaning or application.

The tract commences without any prefix on page 3, and is written in the common three-line verse, with a rhyming termination, and is not without a certain merit from its satire and humour, as will be seen from the following short extracts from it:

I first of all went to the Court,
Where Lords and Ladies did resort,
My intertainment there was short,
cold welcome.
As soone as ere my name they heard,
They ran away full sore afraid,
And thought some Goblin had appear'd
from hell come.
Conscience quoth one, be gone with speed,
The Court few of thy name doth breed,
We of thy presence have no need:
be walking.
Thou tel'st us of our pride and lust
Which spite of thee we follow must:
So out of Court was *Conscience* thrust,
no talking.
Thus banisht from the Court I went
To *Westminster* incontinent,
Where I (alas) was sorely shent
for comming.
The Lawyers did against me plead,
It was no great matter some there said,
If *Conscience* quite were knockt i'th' head
then running

From them I fled with winged haste
(They did so threaten me to baste)
Though it was vaine my breath to waste
in Counsell.
For Lawyers cannot me abide,
Because for falshood I them chide,
And he that holds not on their side,
must down still.
Unto the City hyed I then,
To try what welcome there Trads-men
Would give poor *Robin Conscience*, when
I came there
The shop-keepers that use deceit,
Did come about me and did threat,
Unlesse I would be gone, to beat
me lame there.
And euery one both high and low,
Held *Conscience* as a mortall foe,
Because he doth ill vices show,
each minute.
Therefore the City in uprore
Against me rose, and me so tore,
That I am resolu'd I'le neuer more
come in it.

Having thus in his progress through the city visited Cheapside, the Exchange, Fish Street, Gracechurch Street, and various other places, Robin, seeing that wherever he goes, as soon as they discover him "they vanish," says:

I seeing all the City giuen
To use Deceit in spight of Heauen
To leaue their company I was driuen
perforce then.

So ouer *London bridge* in haste
I hist and scoft of all men, past,
Then I to *Southwark* tooke at last
my course then.

When I came there, I hop'd to find
Welcome according to my mind
But they were rather more unkind
than London.
All sorts of men and women there,
Askt how I durst to them appeare,
And swore my presense they would cleare
abandon.

Finding that he did not succeed any better in the borough, he "left them in their wickedness, bewailing his bad success, and goes into the country to try what would befall him there," but visits the yeomen and farmers, and rich men of the world, with no better success:

At last I to myselfe bethought
Where I must goe: and heauen brought
Me to a place where poore folks wrought
most sorely.
And there they entertain'd me well,
With whom I ever meane to dwell;
With them to stay, it thus befell
though poorly.
Thus people that do labour hard,
Haue *Robin Conscience* in regard;
For which they shall haue their reward
in Heauen.
For all their sorrow here on Earth,
They shall be filled with true mirth,
Crownes shall to them at second birth
be given.

* * * *

Thus *Robin Conscience* that hath had
Amongst most men but welcome bad,
He now hath found to make him glad
abiding.
Mongst honest folks that haue no lands,
But get their liuing with their hands:
These are his friends that to him stands,
and's guiding.
These still keep *Conscience* from grim
death
And ne'er gainsay what ere he saith,
These lead their liues so here beneath,
that dying
They may ascend from pouerty
To Glory and great Dignity,
Where they shall liue and neuer dye,
while frying
In hell the wicked lye, who would
Not use true *Conscience* as they should:
This is but for a morall told
you in it.
He that obserues, may somewhat spy
That sauours of diuinity,
For conscionable folks do I
begin it.
And so I'le bring all to an end,
It can no honest man offend;
For those that *Conscience* doe defend,
it praises.
And if that any gal'd Jade kick,
The Author hath devised a trick
To turn him loose i'th' fields to pick
up daisies.

Finis.

Mr. Collier has noticed in his *Hist. Dram. Poet.*, vol ii. p. 402, a large fragment of an early Interlude with the title of *Robin Conscience*, the date of which appears to be somewhat uncertain, but is supposed to be very early in the reign of Elizabeth, or possibly even earlier, and it is not unlikely that the title of Parker's tract may have been taken from this Interlude, which, however, has nothing in common with its successor, and its loss is not to be regretted on the score of any literary merit.

This little tract is very scarce, and from its satirical humour, and freedom from anything gross or improper, will merit reprinting. It consists of eight leaves only, including the title, printed very closely, containing nearly eleven verses on each page.

CONSCIENCE. — Robin Conscience: or, Conscionable Robin. His Progresse through Court, City, and Countrey: With his Entertainment at each severall Place &c.

London, Printed by T. F. for Fr. Coles and are to be sold at the signe of the Lambe in the Old Baily 1662. Sm. 8vo, blk. lett. pp. 24.

Another edition of the same curious and entertaining tract in black letter. It has on Sig A 1 before the title, a worn out woodcut or frontispiece, intended we suppose to represent Robin Conscience, in a robe trimmed with ermine, holding a cap in his right hand, and a long staff in his left. On the next leaf is the title as above, with a well known cut intended as a view of the city, and Robin with his staff in the centre, and a windmill on a hill in the distance. On the reverse is another old familiar and often used cut of the courtier and the countryman resting on his staff. The verse begins on A 3, and does not vary much from that in the former impression. The present copy wants the last leaf B 4, containing one verse only, and probably some small ornament or woodcut, to fill up the page. It is one of the imperfect pieces from the curious Wolferstan collection, and has the usual signature "Frances Wolfrestan her book" on the title, of whose literary tastes we have made mention before, see p. 89.

Parker published another similar tract to this in prose, called *Harry White his Humour*, 12mo, 163–, which was privately reprinted by Mr. Halliwell in 1851, 4to, but is inferior in merit and humour to Robin Conscience. See Collier's *Bibliogr. Cat.*, vol. ii. p. 102.

The present tract has been reprinted in the first vol. of the *Harl. Miscell.* This edition is equally scarce with the other, and a copy wanting the last leaf lately sold at Messrs. Sotheby and Co's for *l.* 18*s.*

Collation: Title A 2; Sig. A to B. 4 in eights.

Unbound.

CONSTABLE, (HENRY.) — Diana. Or, The excellent conceitful Sonnets of H. C. augmented with diuers Quatorzains of honorable and lerned personages. Deuided into viij. Decads.

Vincitur a facibus, qui jacet ipse faces.

At London, Printed by James Roberts for Richard Smith. 1594. 12mo, pp. 80.

This very rare and curious little volume is the production of Henry Constable, a sonnet writer of great reputation among his contemporaries, who was of St. John's Coll., Cambridge, where he took his degree of B.A. in 1579. Being a zealous Roman Catholic, and living at a period when the restless agitations and plots of the English Jesuits made all the professors of that religion suspected, he was compelled to fly from his native country, and remained for some years abroad, but afterwards venturing to return, he was committed to the Tower, and kept a prisoner there till near the close of the year 1604. Of his future fate or of the time of his death we have no account. He is supposed by Warton to have been the author of another rare work called *The Forest of Fancy*, 4to, 1594, but this writer seems to have founded his conjecture solely upon the initials of H. C. prefixed to the volume, for the difference of style renders the supposition most improbable. Anthony Wood calls him one of the best sonneteers of his time, and says, quoting from Bolton's *Hypercritica*, "there was no gentleman of our nation had a more pure, quick, or higher deliverie of conceit than he."—Wood's *Athen. Oxon.*, vol. i. p. 14. In that singular play of *The Returne from Parnassus*, or *The Scourge of Simony*, 4to, 1606, in which there are some curious and interesting notices of our early Poets, we are informed that

> Sweet *Constable* doth take the wond'ring ear
> And lays it up in willing prisonment.

His sonnet prefixed to King James I., *Poetical Exercises*, 4to, 1591, and addressed to that Monarch, was most especially admired, and is reprinted in Hawkins's *Origin of the English Drama*, vol. iii. p. 212; but though held in such high estimation in former days as a sonnet writer, Constable's fame will now be thought much exaggerated, and as hardly deserving a secondary place amongst this class of writers. The present work is mentioned in Brydges's *Restituta*, vol. iv. p. 447; and in Park's *Supplement to*

the Harleian Miscell., vol ix. p. 491, some sonnets of Constable's are inserted from an unpublished MS. volume in the possession of the Rev. H. J. Todd. In the second volume of the *Heliconia*, Mr. Park has given another set of sonnets by Constable, sixteen in number, never before printed, entitled "Spirituall Sonnettes to the Honour of God, and hys Sayntes by H. C.," from a MS. in the Harleian Collect., No. 7553. There are also four sonnets by Henry Constable prefixed to the very rare edition of Sidney's *Apologie of Poetrie*, 4to, 1595, which had never been reprinted till they were given in Collier's *Poet. Decam.*, vol. ii. p. 104. Another sonnet of his is to be found in Bolton's *Elements of Armories*, 4to, 1610, and in that rare work *Englands Helicon*, 4to, 1600, are four poems by H. C.[onstable], the last of which "The Shepheards Song of Venus and Adonis," for delicacy and harmony of expression, is perhaps as favourable an example of his style as can be produced. It was reprinted by Mr. Malone in his edition of *Shakespeare*, vol x. p. 74, who was of opinion that it preceded Shakespeare's poem on the same subject.

Perhaps we may have yielded too far in the above brief analysis, to the opinion of others in assigning so many scattered pieces to the pen of this writer on the authority of the initials alone, and we can only plead in excuse the extreme difficulty of arriving at any certain results in such matters. It may, however, be safely admitted that none are here ascribed to him involving too great contrarieties of style to be the work of the same writer, and in many cases identity of initials and similarity of composition must be accepted in the place of more positive evidence.

The first edition of the present work, entitled *Diana*, "the praises of his Mistres in certaine sweete Sonnets by H. C." was published in 1592, in 4to, of which a copy, considered to be unique, was sold at Mr. Heber's sale, pt. iv. No. 513, for 9*l.* 12*s.* In this first edition there is one sonnet following the title which is not inserted in the later one in 12mo. A short prose address of ten lines from "The Printer to the Reader" is added after the title, and is succeeded by a sonnet by Richard Smith "Vnto her Maiesties sacred honorable Maydes." We subjoin two of the sonnets as specimens of Constable's style.

The second Decad. Sonnet X.

Faire Sunne, if you wold haue me praise your light,
when night approcheth, wherefore doe you flie?
Time is so short, Beauties so many be,
as I haue neede to see them day and night:

That by continuall view, my verses might
tell all the beames of your diuinitie;
which praise to you, and ioy should be to mee,
you liuing by my verse, I by your sight.
I by your sight, and not you by my verse:
neede mortall skill immortall praise rehearse?
no, no, though eyes were blind, and verse were dumb,
your beautie shold be seene, and your fame known.
For by the winde which from my sighes doe come,
Your praises round about the world is blowne.

The sixth Decad. Sonnet II.

To liue in hell, and heauen to behold,
to welcome life, and die a liuing death,
to sweat with heate, and yet be freezing cold,
to graspe at starres, and lye the earth beneath:
To tread a Maze that neuer shall haue end,
to burne in sighes, and starue in daily teares,
to clime a hill, and neuer to discend,
Gyants to kill, and quake at childish feares;
To pine for foode, and watch Thesperian tree,
to thirst for drinke, and Nectar still to draw,
to liue accurst, whom men hold blest to be,
and weepe those wrongs which neuer creature saw,
If this be loue, if loue in these be founded,
My hart is loue, for these in it are grounded.

A facsimile reprint of this little edition, limited to 50 copies, was issued in 1818. The work was also reprinted in 4to, in 1818, by Edward Littledale, Esq., for the members of the Roxburghe Club, of which a copy (nunc penes nos) sold in 1820 at Bindley's sale, pt. iii. No. 1794, for 5*l.* 5*s.* The present copy belonged to Mr. Bindley, who has written in it "A most rare and curious little book." It originally belonged to Malone, by whom it was given to Mr. Bindley, September 12th, 1796, and sold at his sale in 1820, pt. i. No. 1190, for 7*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.* It unfortunately then wanted six leaves. These have since been added from the facsimile reprint. The date has been cut off on the title-page in the binding. Mr. Constable, of Edinburgh, to whom the volume once belonged, has written in it "I was in quest of a copy of this very rare volume for more than twenty years before I met with it. Arch^{d} Constable March 1822."

See in addition to the works already mentioned, Ritson's *Bibliog. Poet.*, p. 172; Wood's *Ath. Oxon.*, ed. Bliss, vol. i. p. 14; Warton's *Hist. Eng.*

Poet., vol iii. p. 292; Ellis's *Specim. Early Eng. Poets*, vol. ii. p. 304; Campbell's *Introd. to Ditto*, p. 120; *Brit. Bibliogr.*, vol. iii. p. xv; Dr. Drake's *Shakespeare and his Times*, vol. i. p. 609, and vol. ii. p. 55; Todd's *Milton*, vol. vi. p. 439; and Collier's *Cat. of the Bridgewater House Library*, p. 283.

Collation: Sig. A two leaves; B to F 6 in eights.

Bound by C. Lewis. In Green Morocco with joints, tooled inside, gilt leaves.

Conusaunce Damours. — Here begynneth a lytell treatyse cleped La Conusaunce Damours.

Imprinted by Rycharde Pynson printer to the Kynges noble grace. Cum priuilegio. n.d. 4to, blk. lett. pp. 32.

"The above title is over a fine woodcut of a man sitting down, with his left hand upon a book, his right pointing towards two women approaching, one of them with a branch and ball in her hands: in the back ground to the left is another woman. The whole is evidently of foreign workmanship. The author's prologue of three verses is on the reverse of the title-page." This description of the first leaf of this work is taken from Dibdin's *Typogr. Antiq.*, vol. ii. p. 566, the title to this very rare and curious poetical production in the present copy being unfortunately wanting. The poem is in seven-line stanzas, and is written in a style of elegance and pathos, and of moral sentiment superior to the general average of works of this class at that period. It relates to the stories of Pyramus and Thisbe, Troilus and Cressida, Canace and her brother Machareus, Phillis and Demophon, and many others of classical and romaunt lore. With respect to the first, this is probably one of the earliest forms in which the oft translated story of Pyramus and Thisbe had appeared in an English dress. Dunstan Gale's poem on this subject was not published till 1596, but William Griffiths had licence for printing a book entitled *Perymus and Thesbye* in 1562; another version was contained in the *Gorgeous Gallery of gallant Inventions*, 4to, 1578, and others followed later; but as Pynson did not print any after 1531, this may be considered perhaps as the first version. The story of Troilus and Cressida was known to the writer of this poem, whoever he was, through Chaucer's version of it, first printed by Caxton without any date,

and again by Wynkyn de Worde in 1517, 4to. It is thus referred to in the poem:

> What shulde I hereof, longer processe make
> Theyr great loue is wrytten all at longe
> And howe he dyed onely for her sake.
> Our ornate Chaucer, other bokes amonge
> In his lyfe dayes dyd underfonge
> To translate: and that most plesantly
> Touchyng the mater of the sayd story.

The reader will be anxious to see a short specimen of this curious poem, we therefore transcribe the opening stanzas:

> The thyrd idus in the moneth of July
> Phebus his beames lustryng euery way
> Gladdynge the hartes, of all our Hemyspery
> And mouynge many unto sporte and playe
> So dyd it me, the treuthe for to saye
> To walke forth, I had great inclination
> Perchaunce some where, to fynde recreation.
>
> And as I walked, euer I dyd beholde
> Goodly yonge people, that them encouraged
> In suche maner wyse, as though they wolde
> Ryght gladly haue songe or daunsed
> Or els some other gorgious thynge deuysed
> Whose demeanynge, made me ryght ioyous
> For to beholde, theyr dedes amorous.
>
> To wryte all thynges of plesure that I se
> In euery place, where I passed by
> In all a day recounted it can nat be
> Who coude discryue the fresshe beauty
> Of dames and pusels, attyred gorgiously
> So swete of loke, so amiable of face
> Smiling doulcely, on suche as stande in grace.

The author, who is supposed to be an unhappy lover without hope of success, next introduces some other personages in the following stanzas:

> But nowe to purpose, where I began
> Walkyng abrode, wandryng to and fro
> Beynge alone, with me was no man
> Sodaynly, came in my mynde to go
> Se a faire pusell, and two or thre mo
> Of her companions. This was myn entent
> And by and by, forth thether warde I went.
>
> Whan I came there, I founde at the dore
> A dammusell, standyng all alone
> Who I dyd salute, and ferthermore
> Of her demaunded I, curtesly anone
> Gentyll mayde, where is your companion?
> Syr, she sayd, (her hart on a mery pyn)
> Ye be welcome, she is nat nowe within.
>
> But by her faire and swete countenance
> I perceyued lyghtly, what she ment
> Dame daunger moued her to that daliaunce.

But Desyre bad me go, and in I went
And sodaynly, by the hand me hent
This most curtes mayde, who I went to se
Sayenge welcome, most derely unto me.

And by the hande, then as she me had
In we went, talkynge ioyously
Into a goodly parlor, she me lad
And caused me to sytte, curtesly
Than unto us, came shortly by and by
Another, that me swetely dyd welcome
Bryngyng fresshe floures, and gaue me some.
Than we began to talke and deuyse
Of one and other, of olde acqueyntaunce
For comonly, of maydens is the gyse
Somtyme to demaunde for pastaunce
If that a man be in loues daunce
Or stande in grace, of any dammusell
Under suche maner, in talkynge we fell.

We spake of loue, yet none of us all
Knoweth perfectly, what loue shulde be, &c.

The following are the reflections of "the damosell that the storie tolde" of Pyramus and Thisbe, which occupies thirty pages of the poem :

The damosell.

O curtes Pyram, and swete Thysbe also
Herde was your fortune and destanye
Your pitous deth, maketh myn hert wo
Yet me thynke, I se your bodies lye
The tre and fountayne, ryght sorowfully
Unto this day, wepe and complayne
The lamentable dethe, of you louers twayne.

Here was true loue, who can it deny ?
Here were the burnyng sparcles of Cupyde,
Here were two hertes, closed in one truly
Here were two louers, nat swaruyng asyde
O cursed lyonesse, wo mote the betyde
Thou were the cause, that these louers twayne
Were so soone, thus miserably slayne.

O ye parentes, of these louers two
Why suffred you them, so for to spyll ?
Ye caused them, thether for to go
Wherofsucceded alltheirmyschiefe andyll
Ye myght haue had your goodly children styll
If ye had done, as reason doth require
To marry them, after theyr desyre.

These gentyls dyd, as christens nowe a daye
Moost comonly use for to do
Whiche no doubt is, a moche cursed way.
And causer of many yuels also
They marry, without consent of the two
Whiche mariage is nat worth an hawe
Damnable, and eke ayenst the lawe.

For to receyue this hygh sacrament
Is required moche solemnite,
But one moost speciall, that is fre assent
Of both persones, of hye and lowe degre,
Without whiche, mariage can nat be
Perfectly allowed, before the glorious face
Of the hygh God, in the celestiall place.

The two next stanzas conclude the poem, in which the sorrowing and wretched author is supposed to take leave of his female companions, with whom the dialogue has been carried on, and who have been endeavouring to overcome his sadness and despair :

Thautor to the two damosels.

Lo nowe you two, haue herde to the ende
What is loue, by suche experience
As I haue had, — and nowe I you comende
Unto God, for I must depart hence.
I thanke you hertely of your pacience
Your curtesy, and eke your louyng chere
Of gentylnesse, that you haue made me here.
Your chere here (they sayd) is but small
We wolde it were moche better for your sake
Our ianglynge, that to us nowe hath fall
Wolde suffre us, no chere for to make.
And so theyr leaue, swetely of me they take
At the port or gate, and in they go,
And I went strayght to my home also.

It would have been both gratifying to the editor, and satisfactory also to the reader, could he have stated the name of the unknown writer of this interesting poem. Whoever he was, he appears to have been a person of taste and refinement — of some poetical pretension — and to have been well versed in classical learning; and the poem may be read with great interest and pleasure.

At the end on the reverse of Sig. D. iiii. is the colophon "Thus endeth la conusaunce damours. Imprinted by Rycharde Pynson, printer to the Kynges noble grace. Cum priuilegio." Only one other copy is at present known, which is now in the library of the late William H. Miller, Esq., at Britwell House. It was formerly in the collection of the Duke of Roxburghe, where it was believed to be unique; and at his sale in 1812, No. 3286, was purchased by Sir M. M. Sykes, Bart., for 54*l.*; and at the sale of the latter, pt. i. No. 731, it was bought for 26*l.* 5*s.* It was unknown to Ames and Herbert, and we have looked for it in vain in Lowndes or Watt.

Collation: Title A i., A to D iiii. inclusive, in fours.

Bound by Charles Lewis. In Green Morocco, gilt leaves.

Cooper, (An.) — *ΣΤΡΑΤΟΛΟΓΙΑ* or the History of the English Civil Warrs, in English Verse. Containing a brief Account of all Fights, most Skirmishes, Stratagems, and Sieges in England. From the very first Originall of our late Warres, till the Martyrdome of King Charles the First of blessed Memory. By an Eye-Witnesse of many of them. A. C.

Alta sedent Civiles vulnera Dextræ.

London, Printed for Joseph Crauford, at the Castle and Lyon in St. Pauls Church-yard. 1662. Sm. 8vo, pp. 200.

It is probable that the author of this metrical History of the Civil Wars, whose name appears to be Anthony, was a relation or connection of Anthony Ashley Cooper, who was created Earl of Shaftesbury in 1672. It is dedicated in verse "To the Right Honourable and Truly Noble Conyers Darcy, Lord Darcy, Meynell, and Conyers," a brave and loyal supporter of the royal cause, in which he fought and bled, who is thus addressed by the author:

An Actor on this bloody Scene you were,
And an eye-witnesse of most Fields fought here
That blood you lost your valour may declare;
Your judgement this, that no pretence (though fair)
Your intellect could blind; your faithfulness
In that you fought, till that of Souldiers lesse
Under your tattered Colours did appear,
Then Cinquefoils in your honours Colours were.
Wounds you receiu'd, and much of blood did lose,
Whilst on the field, your life you did expose
To do your Soveraign service. Sure that blood
Expended in a cause Royally good
Your Honour is: your wounds then chains of gold,
Are ornaments more glorious to behold.
Your sufferings since the Warres who hath not known?
You paid both for your Souldiers, and your own
Loyalty, nor would your brave mind submit
To composition, till much mov'd to it,
By your most vertuous Lady's prayers and tears:
Your name the last in that black Roll appears.
(Except the martyr'd *Slingsby's*) none there are
Of all your honour'd House engag'd in Warre
Against your King: these things induc'd my Muse
You (as the fittest person) Sir, to chuse
To patronize these her first rude Essayes.

The dedication is succeeded by "The Epistle to the Reader," in which the author touches upon his own history, and gives us some insight into his youthful years and pursuits. From this it appears that he went to Oxford when very young, "fully intent to study the learned sciences," but instead of books, was compelled to study the science of war, and entered the army on the King's side.

My years had not amounted full eighteen,
Till I on Field, wounded three times had been.

Three times in sieges close had been immur'd,
Three times imprisonments restraint indur'd.

The volume was written during the skirmishes and sieges in which he fought, and he intended to have added a second part to these "rude essayes," bringing the history down to the Restoration of Charles II., but seems never to have completed his design. In the course of his address he gives the following reasons for the success of the Parliament party:

The Parliament the Navy had procur'd
With them to side; all Armouries secur'd
And Magazines, usurped the Kings Lands,
Customes, Revenues, Rents, into their hands,
With Arms and Coyn their men they could recruit,
When ours of both indeed were destitute.

The work is divided into eight books, each being preceded by a prologue or table of contents in rhyme. The whole is written in a slip-slop style, and is merely a string of passing daily occurrences turned into rhyme, without any poetical or other kind of merit, save that of the writer having been personally cognizant of many of the scenes he describes. We can hardly find a passage worthy of being extracted for our readers, who must be content with a few lines from the second book, describing the two great leaders on the King's side, his royal nephews:

Rupert and *Morice* late arrived here,
Now in the fronts of armed Troops appear.
Rupert the elder, of complexion fair,
Yet somewhat swarthy, of brown coloured hair,
Of body slender, yet indifferent tall,
Of mind couragious, wondrous fair withall:
Scorning, both fears and dangers, on he went,
Yet inconsiderate, in the management
Of his bold charge: which prov'd indeed to us
In many fields disadvantagious;
His forwardness excus'd, *Europe* ne're bred
One who more nobly Chivalry on led.
Morice more corpulent, yea, and more tall,
Yet not so bloody, and so tragicall:
Full as couragious, not so unadvis'd,
More fortunate in what hee enterpris'd:
Whose prowess, and whose skill in feats of Warr
Were such as might renown a Souldier.

The following description of the night after the fatal battle of Edgehill may be added as one of the most favourable passages in the book:

But now the obscure mantle of the night
Each Army vail'd, from one anothers sight,
Only the Musketiers so thick gave fire,
As yet gave light to both for to retire:
Neither could either *Iõ Pæan*, sing
Though victory more inclined to the King:
Yet both parties claimed the triumphal Baies,
And noble Palme: both parties returned praise
For Victory, to their Heavenly Deities,
Both parties had taken Ensigns, Prisoners, Prize,
Both parties of Victory, Trophies did display,
And on the field that night, both parties lay:
By those great fires, which were the only light
Left them in this obscurity of night.
That night in a black cloud, the Sun had set,
As looking on *Edge-Hill*, with much regret;
Ravenous beasts, rapacious birds of prey,
All hovered neer this fatal field that Day,
Each man the night before, in his last sleep
Seem'd to lament, howle out, and sadly weep,
And by anticipation to prevent
In fancy, this curs'd daies doleful event.
Titan (though late) now *Thetis* lap forsook,
And either army, might with horrour look
Upon each other: all the Vale bespread
Betwixt them, with their intermixed dead.
Nor would the Sun, be-clouded that day, yeeld
His Rayes should shine upon this bloody field.
In warlike posture here both Armies stand
Until high-noon, then *Essex* gave command
For to march off: His *Brigades* to compleat,
From hence to *London*, straight hee doth retreat.
But when the best of Kings survey'd the slain,
Hee sigh'd and wept, and wept and sigh'd again,
Saying, alas! alas! deceived were
Some thousands of these dead, that now lye here
Slain in Rebellion: wee lament their fate,
And their Sepulture, here wee imperate,
As well as these, that Love and Loyalty
Have for our Cause engaged here to dye.

Our gracious Pardon too, wee here proclaim
To all, that shall or will embrace the same:
Before that *Cynthia* with her borrowed light
Shall three times fill her Globe; at this he sigh'd
And wept again; but off the Army went
For Loyal, Royal *Oxford* now intent.

We have sometimes heard of the fatal effects of fear; here is recorded another instance of the same:

A *Cornish* Foot-man slipt and got a fall,
As hee was running nigh a Garden wall,
Even at that time, that a thick flight of shot,
Came whistleing o're his head, hee swore by Got
That hee was slain: and panting there hee laid,
For Saints and Souls, desiring his comrade
Him there to bury: but to search his wound,
A Surgeon came; behold! none could be found.
They bid him rise, and fight, for nought him ail'd,
But all their words with him nothing prevail'd:
Rather, said hee, Inter mee here alive,
Then I should in such dangerous times survive.
Cold grew his limbs, his pulse beat weak, his breath
Fetch'd thick, at length hee dies, for fear of Death.

"A Table of the most remarkable passages contained in the Book" at the end, concludes the volume.

There is an account of this work by Mr. Park in the *Restituta*, vol. iii. p. 331, in which the contents of each of the eight books are given at length, and in which he speaks of only one copy of this publication having been seen by him. Nassau's copy, pt. i. No. 911, sold for 3*l.* 3*s.*; Bright's, No. 1433, 3*l.*; Skegg's, No. 420, 5*l.*

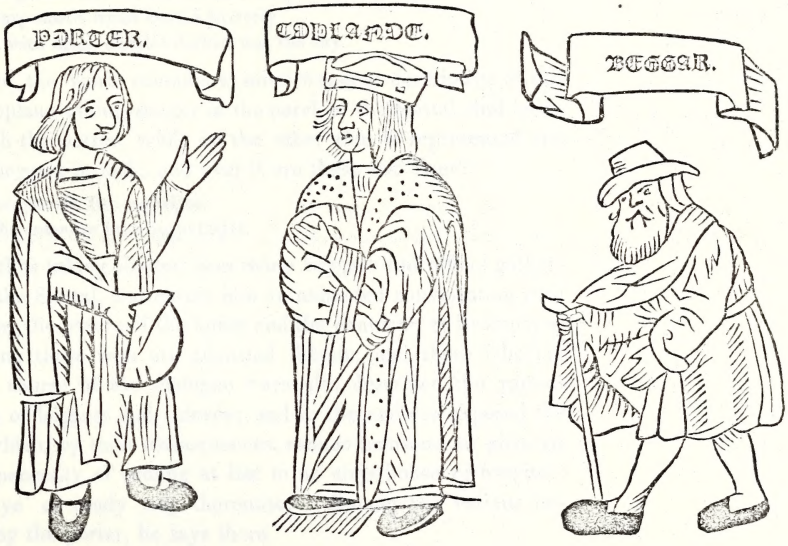
Collation: Sig. A, four leaves; B to N 4 in eights.

Bound by Charles Lewis. In Crimson Morocco, gilt leaves.

COPLAND, (ROBERT.)—The Hye way to the Spyttel Hous.—Coloph. Enprynted at London in the Fletestrete at ye Rose garland, by Robert Copland. n.d. 4to, blk. lett. pp. 40.

A book not more rare than it is curious and entertaining, as furnishing us with some amusing descriptions of the manners and customs of the lower

classes of society in the early part of the 16th century. It is very fully described by Herbert from the present copy, and his account is copied at length by Dibdin in his *Typogr. Antiq.*, vol. iii. p. 122. The title as above is over a woodcut representing Copland between a porter and a beggar, of which the following is a facsimile.



Underneath are these four lines:

Who so hath lust, or wyll leaue his thryft
And wyll fynd no better way nor shyft,
Come this hye way, here to seke some rest
For it is ordeyned for eche vnthryfty gest.

The work is preceded by twelve seven-line stanzas, entitled "The prologue of Robert Copland compyler and prynter of this boke." It is written in verse in the form of a dialogue between Copland and the porter of the Spittal, which is supposed by Herbert to be the ancient hospital of St. Bartholomew in Smithfield, where Copland represents himself as having taken shelter in the porch on account of a violent snow storm:

As the tyme was
About a fourtenyght after Halowmas,

I chaunced to come by a certayn spyttel
Where I thought best to tary a lyttell
And vnder the porche for to take socour
To abyde the passyng of a stormy shour
For it had snowen and frosen very strong
With great ysesycles on the eues long
The sharp north wynd hurled bytterly
And with black cloudes darked was the sky.

The first page of the work contains a small woodcut descriptive of this circumstance of Copland taking shelter in the porch of the Spittal, and holding a dialogue with the porter, while on the other side is represented the interior with two beggars in bed; and over it are these two lines:

Here begynneth the casualyte
Of the entrance into hospytalyte.

Copland, while thus taking shelter, sees many beggars and others gathering at the gate of the Spittal, and enters into an animated conversation with the porter respecting the nature of the house and the character of its inmates, the latter describing those who are admitted therein, and those who are refused. In the course of the dialogue "are also described the various deceits and frauds of beggars and thieves; and in the end are exposed the vices and follies which, by their consequences, reduce mankind to poverty, and thereby the necessity of coming at last to an alms-house or hospital: such being the 'hye' or ready way thereunto." Among the various deceivers described by the porter, he says there

—— be two sortes most comonly
The one of them lyueth by open beggery,
Ragged and lowsy, with bag, dysh, and staf,
And euer haunteth among such ryf raf;
One tyme to this spyttall, another to that
Prolyng, and pochyng to get somwhat
At euery doore lumpes of bread, or meat;
For yf the staf in his hand ones catche heat
Than farewell labour, and hath suche delyte
That thryft and honesty fro hym is quyte:
And in such mysery they lyue day by day
That of very nede they must come this way.
¶ *Copland.*
Of the other now, what is theyr estate?
¶ *Porter.*
By my fayth nyghtyngales of Newgate:

These ben they that dayley walkes and jettes,
In theyr hose trussed rounde to theyr doublettes,
And say, good maysters, of your charyte,
Helpe vs poore men that come from the se,
From the Bonaventure we were cast to lande
God it knowes as poorly as we stande!
And sōtyme they say that they were take in Fraūce
And had ben there uii. yeres in duraunce;
In Muttrell, in Brest, in Tourney or Tyrwyn,
In Morlays, in Cleremont, or in Hedyn;
And to theyr countrees they haue ferre to gone,
And amonge them all peny haue they none.
Now good mennes bodyes wyll they say then
For Goddes sake helpe to kepe vs true men!
Or elles they say they haue in pryson be
In newgate, the kynges benche, or marchalse,
As many true men take by suspecyon,
And were quitte by proclamacyon
And yf ony axe, what country men they be?
And lyke your maystershyp, of the north all thre,
Or of Chesshyre, or elles of Cornewale,
Or where they lyst, for to gable and rayle;
And may perchaunce the one is of London,
The other of Yorke, and the thyrde of Hampton.
And thus they lewter in euery way and strete
In townes and chyrches where as people mete
In lanes and patthes, and at eche crosse-way
There do they prate, bable, lye and praye.

He then alludes to others who represent themselves as "poore scholers" from Oxford or Cambridge,

—— that dayly syng and pray
With *Aue Regina*, or *De profundis*,
Quem terra Ponthus, and *Stella maris;*
At euery doore there they foot and frydge
And say they come fro Oxford or Cambrydge
And be poore scolers, and haue no maner thyng
Nor also frendes to kepe them at lernyng;
And so do lewtre only for crust and crum
With staffe in hand, and fyst in bosum;
Passyng tyme so, bothe day and yere,
As in theyr legend I purpose shall appere
An other tyme after my fantasy.

There is next a very humorous description of a quack doctor, who pretends

Me non spek Englys by my fayt
My seruaunt spek you what me sayt.

And when his hostess demands

—— "out of what straunge land, or coost,
Cometh this gentylman?" "forsothe, hostesse,
This man was borne in hethennesse,"
Sayth his seruant, and is a connyng man,
For all the seuen scyences surely he can;
And is sure in Physyck and Palmestry,
In augury, sothsayeng, and vysenanry;
So that he can ryght soone espy
If ony be dysposed to malady
And therefore, can gyue suche medycyne,
That maketh all accesses to declyne
But surely yf it were knowen that he
Shold meddle with ony infyrmyte
Of comyn people, he myght gete hym hate,
And lose the fauour of euery great estate;
Howbeit of charyte, yet now and then
He wyll mynyster his cure on pore men,
No money he taketh, but all for Gods loue
Which by chaunce ye shall se hym proue.
Than sayth he, "qui speke my hostesse
Graund malady make a gret excesse;
Dys infant rumpre ung grand postum
By got he ala mort, tuk vnder thum."
"What sayth he?" sayth the good wyfe:
"Hostesse, he swereth, by his soule and lyfe
That this chyld is vexed with a bag
In his stomacke, as great as he may wag,
So that or two or thre days come about
It wyll choke hym withouten dout;
But than he sayth, except ye haue his read
This chyld therewith wyll sodeynly be dead."
"Alas!" sayth she, "yf she loue it well
Now, swete mayster, gyve me your counsell,
For God's sake I aske it, and our lady,
And he e is twenty shyllyngs by and by."
"Quid est?" sayth he. "Forsoth she dooth offre
- Viginti solidi, pour fournir vostre coffre:
To do your help," sayth this fals scruyture —
"Non, poynt d'argent," sayth he, "pardeu le non cure."

"He wyll no money, hostesse, I you promyt,
For Gods sake he dooth it eche whyt."
Than calleth he anone for his casket,
That scantily is worth a rotten basket,
And taketh out a powdre of experyence,
That a carte lode is not worth two pence,
And in a paper he dooth fayre fold it vp,
Fastyng thre days, he byddeth that to sup.
Then for a space he taketh lycence
God wot as yet he payd for none expence;
And so departeth, and on the next day
One of his fellowes wyll go the same way,
To bolster the matter of his fals bewpere:
He sytteth downe, and maketh good chere,
Which in lyke wyse loketh on the chylde
Saying, "that heuenly vyrgyn vndefylde
Our lady Mary! preserue this chyld now,
For it is seke, hostesse, I tell it you;
For or thre days, but our Lorde hym saue
I ensure you it wylbe in a graue."
"Good syr," sayth she, "alas! and wele away!
Here was a gentylman euen yesterday
That tolde the same accesse and dysease."
"Hostesse," sayth he, "yf that it would you please
What maner man was it? I pray you tell."
"Good syr," she sayth, "in sothe I know not well;
But Englysh speche in dede he can none,
And is a Jewe, his man told vs ech one."
"Yea was," sayth he, "I know him well in dede
I wolde I had spoke with hym or he yede.
But hostesse, in faythe, toke he ony thyng?"
"By my trouth," sayth she, "not one farthyng."
"I wote," sayth he, "but I maruell that he wold
But of charyte, in suche a meane houshold
Do say so moche for yf great estates it knewe
His company than wold they all eschew."
"Good syr," sayth she, "yet of your gentylnes
Helpe this poore chyld, of this sayd sekenes:
And here is xx. shyllyngs for your payne,
And your expences for a weke or twayne."
"Well, hostesse," sayth he, "I wyll do more than that
For you, but I shall tell you what
For my labour I aske nothyng at all
But for the drogges that occupy he shall,

The which be dere, and very precyous:
And surely, I wyll neuer out of your hous
Tyll he be hole as eyther you or I."
Than gooth his knaue to a town to bye
These drogges that be not worth a ——
And there they lye a fourtenyght at borde
With these good folkes, and put them to cost:
Bothe meat and money clerely haue they lost.
Yet God wote, what waste they made and reuell:
So at the last departeth this Jauell
With the money, and streyght rydeth he
Where the thefe his felaw, and dyuers others be
And there they prate, and make theyr auaunt
Of theyr deceytes, and drynk theyr adew taunt
As they lyue, I pray God them amend,
Or as they be to bring them to an end:]
For the spyttell is not for theyr estate,
Howbeit they come dayly by the gate.

Among the rest are also curious descriptions of "pardoners" and "Preestes and clerkes that lyue vycyously not carying how they shold do theyr duty;" dissolute "yong heyres spending vp their patrymony;" "baylyffs and stuards that be neclygent to make reckenyngs;" "landlords, fermours and others;" and

Self wylled people that can not be in rest,
But in the lawe do euer wrythe and wrest,
Marchaunts and craftes men — gamblers — rufflers —
Rufflers and masterles men that cannot werke
And slepeth by day, and walketh in the derke,
And with delycates gladly doth fede,
Swerynge, and crackynge, an easy life to lede,
* * * * *
And when theyr money is gone and spent,
Than this way is most conuenyent,
Taverners — inholders — bakers and brewers
Yonge folke that wedde or they be wyse,

and numerous other kinds. After enumerating adulterers, swearers, usurers, and others, Copland inquires what the porter thought of

Theeves and murtherers, and these watchers of wayes
That robbe and steale, bothe by nyghtes and dayes
Do not they oft tymes come hyther by you?

¶ *Porter.*

Of them there cometh dayly ynow:
But they be led, and comenly fast bounde,
Bycause theyr lodgyng may soner be founde.
And ben conueyed by men of charyte
Where that they haue hospytalyte,
And ben well kept, and wrapped surely,
And whan tyme cometh that they must dye,
They be buryed-aloft in the ayre,
Bycause dogs shall not on theyr graues repayre.

Last come the drunkards, brawlers, proud boasters, hypocrites, and men with "deynty huswyues," of whom Copland says:

Well, good Porter, I pray you let them alone
For happy is he that hath a good one.
I pray you shewe me of other gestes,
For agaynst women I loue no iestes.

He then remarks:

The showre is almoost done, and I haue fer to go;
Come none of these pedlers this way also,
With pak on bak, with theyr brousy speche
Jagged and ragged, with broken hose and breche?

¶ *Porter.*

Inow, ynow; with bousy coue maund nace
Joure the patryng coues in the darkman cace
Docked the dell, for a coper meke
His watch shall seng a prounces nob chete
Cyarum by salmon, and thou shalt pek my iere
In thy gan for my watch it is nace gere
For the bene bouse, my watch hath a wyn
And thus they bable tyll theyr thryft is thyn
I wote not what with theyr pedlyng frenche
But of the spyttle they haue a party stenche
And with them comes gaderers of cony skynnes
That chop with laces, poyntes, nedles, and pyns.

Copland then inquires:

Come ony Maryners hyther of Cok Lorels bote?

¶ *Porter.*

Euery day they be alway a flote:
We must them receyue and geyne them coites fre,
And also with them the fraternyte

Of unthryftes, which do our hous endewe,
And neuer fayle with brethren alway newe.
Also here is kept, and holden in degre
With in our hous the ordres. viii tyme thre
Of knaues onely; we can them not kepe out,
They swarme so thyke as bees in a rout;
And chyef of all that dooth us encombre,
The ordre of fooles, that be without nombre;
For dayly they make suche preas and cry
That scant our hous can them satysfy.

We find mention of this Cock Lorell, who lived at the time of Henry VIII., in a curious tract by Samuel Rowlands, entitled *Martin Mark-all, Beadle of Bridewell: His defence and answer to the Belman of London*, 4to, 1601; whence we learn that he was "the most notorious knave that ever lived," was a tinker by trade, and was at the head of the fraternity of vagabonds, and ruler over them for twenty-two years, from 1511 until the year 1533. He was the person that reduced and brought into form the Catalogue of Vagabonds, called the Five and Twenty Orders of Knaves, which are enumerated in the *Fraternitye of Vagabondes, &c., confirmed for ever by Cocke Lorell*, 4to, 1575. A curious satire in verse had been printed a short time before under the title of *Cocke Lorells Bote*, by Wynkyn de Worde, a copy of which, wanting the first part, formerly in the Garrick collection, is now in the British Museum. A reprint of thirty-five copies of this tract, supposed to be unique, was presented by the Rev. Henry Drury to the members of the Roxburghe Club in 1817. Another, and not very accurate, impression of forty copies only was printed at Edinburgh in 1841. And a third reprint was also published by the Percy Society in 1843, with a Preface by Edward F. Rimbault, Esq., in which we think he rightly supposes that the idea of the *Bote*, under the guidance of Cock Lorel, was taken from Sebastian Brandt's *Shyp of Folys*, then very popular, as translated by Alexander Barclay: but Dr. Rimbault has omitted all notice of the present work by Copland in his enumeration of the mention of *Cock Lorell's Bote* by other writers. The reader will find further notices of *Cock Lorell's Bote* in Percy's *Reliques*, vol. i. p. 137; in Beloe's *Anecd.*, vol. i. p. 398; and in Dibdin's *Typogr. Antiq.*, vol. ii. p. 352.

Copland, in conclusion, puts one more question:

Yet one thing I wonder that ye do not tell,
Come there no women this way to dwell?

¶ *Porter.*

Of all the sortes that be spoken of a fore
I warraunt women ynow in store,
That we are wery of them; euery day
They come so thycke that they stop the way.
The sisterhod of drabbes, sluttes, and callets
Do here resorte with theyr bags and wallets
And be parteners of the confrary
Of the maynteners of yll husbandry.

¶ *Copland.*

A lewd sorte is of them of a surety.
Now, Mayster Porter, I thank you hertyly
Of your good talkyng, I must take my leue;
The shoure is done, and it is toward eue,
Another tyme, and at more leaser
I wyll for you do as great a pleaser.

¶ *Porter.*

There be a M. mo than I can tell
But at this tyme I byd you farwell.

The work concludes with the following:

Lenuoy of the auctour.

Go lytell quayre to euery degre,
And on thy mater desyre them to loke
Desyryng them for to pardon me,
That am so bolde to put them in my boke;
To eschue vyce, I the undertoke
Dysdeynyng no maner of creature,
I were to blame yf I them forsoke,
None in this world of welth can be sure.

Finis.

Then the Colophon as given before, and Copland's device.

Robert Copland, both the author and printer of this work, was first an assistant to Caxton, then at his death to Wynkyn de Worde, and afterwards commenced business on his own account. His first known work printed with a date is in 1515. He was a bookseller and stationer as well as printer, as was customary among the printers of his time, and is believed to have died about 1547 or 1548. Wood supposed him to have been a poor scholar of Oxford. He certainly seems to have had a better education, and to be more versed in foreign languages, than most of his contemporaries.

He was the author of another work, called *Jyl of Braintfords Testament*, printed by his brother, William Copland, 4to, n.d.; a poem of the grossest and most vulgar description, of which there is a copy in the Bodleian Library, and along with another sold to Mr. Payne Collier in the 4th Pt. of Mr. Heber's Collection, No. 517, are the only copies of it known. Copland also translated from the French and printed *The Secret of Secretes of Aristotle*, London, 4to, 1528; and prefixed metrical prologues and lenvoys to several other works, from 1520 to 1530 or later, and translated some other works from the French.

This was one of the volumes mentioned by Laneham as being in the collection of the renowned Capt. Coxe of Coventry, with *Jyl of Braintfords Testament*, by the same author. It has been reprinted by Mr. Utterson in his *Select Pieces of Early Popular Poetry*, vol. ii. p. 1; and for further notices of Copland, consult Wood's *Ath. Oxon.*, vol. i. p. 252; Warton's *Hist. Eng. Poet.*, vol. i. p. ccxxxvi, and vol. iv. p. 138; Dibdin's *Typog. Antiq.*, vol. iii. p. 122; Ritson's *Bibliogr. Poet.*, p. 173.

The present copy unfortunately wants one leaf, containing the prologue. It was successively in the libraries of Herbert, the Duke of Roxburghe, and Mr. Heber. It was purchased by the latter from the Roxburghe collection (wanting then *two* leaves, the title being one), No. 3305, for 6*l.* 16*s.* 6*d.* A perfect copy sold at the White Knight's sale, No. 1145, for 15*l.* 15*s.*

Collation: Sig A to E 4 in fours.

In the original Calf binding, with the Roxburghe arms on the sides.

COPLEY, (ANTHONY.) — A Fig for Fortune. Recta Securus, A. C. London Printed by Richard Iohnes for C. A. 1596. 4to, pp. 92.

The poem under notice is a work of some rarity by a writer but little known to bibliographers, who also put forth another volume, called *Wits, Fits, and Fancies*, the first impression of which is dated in the year before this, 1595. Copley, in a metrical dedication of four six-line stanzas "To the Right Honourable Anthonie Browne, L. Vicompt Montague," wishes "euerlasting glorie to his vertues." The next leaf contains "The Argument to the Reader," in which the author endeavours to explain the plot of his poem to the reader, which appears somewhat complicated and confused: after which are the "Faultes escaped in printing." The poem describes an

Elizian (*i.e.* living in the reign of Eliza[beth]) outcast of Fortune, urged by Despair to follow the example of Cato, or by the spirit of Revenge; recovering from his melancholy, is brought by Good Desire to Mount Sion, the Temple of Peace, where, being catechised by Catechrysius a hermit, he is armed by an angel against the attacks of Fortune, here called "Doblessa," "in respect of the double danger of her luring and lowring inconstancie." While the Sionites were all in peaceful adoration of Almighty God in the Temple, Fortune came with her "Babellonian" rout to assault the place, but was soon repulsed; and the grace of God hovering over the multitude, like a virgin attended upon with all the Court of Heaven, showered down roses upon them, and the Elizian, fancying it was his sovereign lady Eliza, and that the roses were hers, "was suddenly in ioy thereof rapt home again to Elysium."

The poem is written in six-line stanzas in a harsh and unpleasing style, with many compound words and new-coined terms, such as "beblessing," "unnighted," "bespeeded," "behonested," "bechampioned," "mundanitie," "solagements," "misdeeme," "gawdements," "albitude," "uplive," "unjoy," "uncharitie," "inconscience," "unreason," "clausually," "valliance," "saturitie," &c. The following extract, descriptive of the author being brought to Mount Sion, the Temple of Peace, and there celestially armed by an angel, and made a champion of the Temple against the insults of Fortune, including a graceful notice of Queen Elizabeth, is one of the most favourable passages in the poem, and will bear quotation:

He* then vp-rising toward me aduanced
And kist the Crucifix I had in hand,
So done; he said: Sweet *Iesu* be thou thanked
That hast vouchsau'd my prayer to vnderstand;
Confirm him in thy grace for now and euer,
That from thy loue and laud he varie neuer.

With that he imbrac'd me with a frount of glee,
And call'd me brother and Coparcener
Of *Christes* Domaine, and therwithall he gaue me
A golden ring; the poesie was *Perseuer;*
So foorth we went vnto the Temple-ward
Twas sacring time, and musick much we heard.

Along as vp the Rocke we footed it
He did congratulate my shone in armor

* Catechrysius.

And did expound vnto me euery whit
How I might vse it to Gods greatest honor
And then concluded: O *Elizian*
See what it is to be a Christian.

Wouldst thou haue thought in thy mundanitie
That euer Fortunes heel had had the might
To spurne th' away to such an after-glorie?
Or that thy sorie iourneyment all night
Would euer haue brought thee to sweet repose
As now thou feelest farre aboue thy woes?

* * * * *

Not all the flush of thy fore-frollicke state,
The worship of thy birth, thy rich reuenue,
Thy countries high applaud and estimate
And all that faire Elyzium can yeeld youe,
Is of the worth to countervayle thys hap
Fallen from faire Fortune into Graces lap.

Say that *Eliza* is the Lords deere daintie,
The *Phœnix* of true Principalitie
The feast of peace and sweet saturitie
Vnto the people of her Emperie;
Say that she is both Grace and Natures none-such
I bend my knee; and say and thinke as much.

For I haue heard the wonders of her name
Our coast is full of great *Elizabeth*,
Yea, all the world is fertill of the same;
Sweet Name that all mens pennes and tongues inableth,
Sweet sound that all mens sences lullabieth,
Sweet Marie that all the world imbatteneth.

But such her glories are but eare delightes
And lip-sweets only to our far awayes
For we are no *Elizium*-bred wightes
Nor haue we any such like merrie dayes;
We haue our ioyes in another kind.
Ghostly innated in our soule and mind.

Whom angour of mishap or guilt of ill
Driues to dispaire, and selfe misdoomfull deed,
Loe, heer th' vnfraught of his woe-loaden will
And reuerend riches to his ghostly need;
Loe, here his Arke against the inundation
Of Sinne and Fortunes funerall-temptation.

Heer (loe) the amitie of men and Angels
In vniforme adore of one true God,
Heer Peace and Pietie togither dwels,
Heer Scisme, and Discords clouen foot nere trod
Heer sacred Ceremonies are in vre
As wedlocke-rightes twixt Faith and Soules insure.

Heer chantes the Nightingale incessant praise
And prayer vnto the Orient sonne of God,
Heer Grace our vncouth Adamisme allayes
Stepping her golden foot where guilt erst trod,
Heer Sacrifice and Sacrificer both
Gods blesse and good acceptance still foregoeth.

Then follows, at some length, a description of Sion and the Temple:

The grownd was Faith: the meane-worke Charitie:
The Top, a hopefull apprehension
Of heauens attaine: All was of Vnitie
A sollid mettle heawn out of Christ his Passion:
Yet Christ himselfe was fundamentall stone,
And all the Sowder was Devotion.

There shin'd the Rubie and the Chrysolite,
The sparkling Diamond, and the Emeraud greene,
Each Saphyre in their seuerall delight:
There was the happie Iacent to be seene
The Topasse, Onyx, and many a faire gem
Corrall, Amber, and Aggats were trash among thē.

Which such bright rough-cast ouer all incrusted
Twas heauen to see what Rain-bowe rayes it yeelded
Whilst euerie gem ambitiously contended
T'out-stare each others starry neighbourhed;
It was ynough t'illumine all the world
But for the mysts that false *Doblessa* hurld.

Roses and flowers of all cullored kindes,
The Marie bush and pleasant Eglantine
The Honey-suckle in her twisted twines
Immixt with Yuie, and the Grape-full Vine,
Did all growe vp that starrie spanglement
Spousing her splendure with their spiced sent.

Below these heauen-amounting swauities
Grew ouer all the Temple-greene beside

Sweet Gilliflowers and Primroses
The Pink, and Gerisole (the Suns deer bride),
The Molie, Violet, and the pleasant Dasie,
Balme, Margerum, and sweet Coast-marie.

There grew the loftie Cedar, and the Pine,
The peacefull Oliffe, and the martiall Firre,
The verdant Laurell in her shadie-shine,
The patient Palme, and penitentiall Mirrhe:
The Elme, the Poplar, and the Cypresse tree
And all trees els that pleasant are to see.

All kinds of fruits were there perpetuall
The Date, the Almond, and the sauceful Citron,
The Fig, the Orange, and Pomgranet royall
The Quince, the Abricock, and the musk Mellon
The Plumme, the Cherie, and the pleasant Peare,
The Filberd, and the Mulberie grew there.

Amid these trees, these fruites, these flowerie sweetes
Ran in a Maze-like wile a chrystall streame
Of heavenly Nectar: in whose sweet floods and fleets
Swom sholes of fishes, euerie fishes gleame
Brighter than *Tytan* in his Southerne stage:
This streame was strong against prime guiltes enrage.

Her silent murmur was so musicall
As it dissolu'd the Rock to sand and grauell
Whereby it might more in especiall
With multiplicitie of eares incell
Her musick-sweets: yea euen the earth beloe
Did open, and eruct her bowels therto.

There sate the Mavis and the Nightingale
Carrolling their Layes vnto th' eternal spring
The little Larke high houering ouer all;
There euery bird did either play or sing,
The Parrat for his plumes did most excell
But Phœnix bare away the triumph bell.

Anthony Copley, the writer of this scarce volume, was the third son of Sir Thomas Copley of Gatton in the county of Surrey, and of Roughay in the county of Sussex, who was knighted and created a Baron by the King of France, and made Grand Master of the Maes by King Philip of Spain. He was one of the chief of the Roman Catholic exiles in the reign of Elizabeth; Camden styles him "*e primariis inter profugos Anglos.*" Anthony was

born about the year 1567. In 1582, being then a student of Furnival's Inn, "he stole away," and joined his father and mother at Rouen. He continued on the Continent, partly at Rouen, where he stayed until his father's death in 1584, partly in the service of the Prince of Parma in the Low Countries, and partly at Rome, until 1590. On his return to England he seems to have been immediately arrested as a Popish recusant, and, although soon set at liberty, appears to have been an object of great suspicion to the Government, and to have been in prison several times during the remainder of Queen Elizabeth's reign. Topliffe, in a letter to the Queen, dated June 22nd, 1592 (given in Strype's *Annals*, vol. iv. No. LXXXIX.), speaks of him as "the most desperate youth that lived." His published works, however, breathe the most fervent loyalty and devotion to the Queen. In addition to his poems, Copley took part in the controversy between the Jesuits and the Secular clergy, and wrote two pamphlets on the side of the Seculars, respectively entitled, *An aunswere to a letter of a Jesuited Gentleman by his cosin Maister A. C.*, 1601, pp. 122; *Another letter of Maister A. C. to his Disjesuited Kinsman concerning the Appeal, State, Jesuits, &c.*, printed in 1602, 4to; also a third letter of his *Apologetical for himself, &c.*, 1602, 4to, pp. 53. No writer has connected these pamphlets with Anthony Copley, or has indeed at all referred to the first of them. The second is noticed by Lowndes, under "C. (A.)," as quoted by Ant. Wood.

On the accession to the crown of King James, Anthony Copley was concerned in the plot for placing Lady Arabella Stuart on the throne. He and the other conspirators were tried and condemned to death (see *State Trials*), but Copley was afterwards pardoned, having made a confession relating the entire history of the plot, which is printed *in extenso* in the appendix to vol. iv. of Tierney's edition of Dodd's *Church History*. Beyond this time we have been unable to trace any further particulars of his history, but, as the present poem was his latest known publication, we may conclude that he did not survive much longer. His younger brother, John Copley, left the Church of Rome for that of England, and became rector of Pluckley, in Kent, and died at an advanced age in 1662. He published in 1612, *Doctrinall and Morall Observations concerning religion, wherein the Author declareth the reasons of his late unenforced departure from the Church of Rome, &c. By John Copley M.A. Seminary Priest*, 1612, 4to. For most of the particulars relating to the personal history of Anthony Copley we have been indebted to the kindness of Richard Copley Christie, Esq., of Manchester, Barrister-at-Law, to whom, for his obliging information, we beg to tender our very sincere thanks.

An imperfect copy, made up with manuscript, of this scarce poem sold in Jolley's sale, pt. ii. No. 813, for 1*l.* 19*s.*, and a perfect one in Bindley's ditto, pt. i. No. 1838, 7*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.*

Collation: Title, A 2; Sig. A to M 2, in fours; A 1 being a blank leaf.
Bound in Red Morocco, gilt leaves.

COPLEY, (ANTHONY.) — Wits, Fits, and Fancies: or, A generall and curious Collection of the Sententious Speeches, Answers, Iests, and Behauiours of all sortes of Estates from the Throne to the Cottage. Being properly reduced to their severall heads for the more ease to the Reader. Newly corrected and augmented, with many late true and wittie accidents.

Musica mentis, medicina Mæstus.

London, Printed by Edw. Allde, dwelling in little Saint Bartholomewes, near Christ-Church. 1614. 4to, blk. lett. pp. 200.

The present work is chiefly remarkable for its rarity, and for its being what may be styled in general terms a Shakespearian jest book, as two or three of its stories serve to illustrate some passages in his plays. The first edition of it, as we have already mentioned, was published in 1595, 4to, blk. lett., by Richard Johnes, and is of extreme rarity, not more than one or two copies at the most being known, one of them being Mr. Douce's, now in the Bodleian Library. This impression has at the end a poem entitled "Loues Owle." This poetical piece (together with Copley's name) is omitted from the present edition, probably from his participation in the conspiracy in favour of Lady Arabella Stuart, and the whole of the present volume is in prose. It consists of a series of jests, stories, anecdotes and sayings, chiefly collected from a Spanish work, *La Floresta Spagnola*, of which there is a French translation printed at Lyons in 1600. These stories and sayings, which, like Joe Miller's jests, are generally considered as common property, are often met with in other works, and are handed down as novelties even to our own days. One or two of these anecdotes will therefore suffice as specimens:

An Italian used to say that wine hath these two discommodities with it: if you put water into it, you marre it; and if you put none in, you marre your selfe.

The Dutchman useth to say, that eating is not any whit necessarie, other then in as much as it procureth a man to drinke and talke.

A gentleman using to dine often with the Maior of London, on a time brought his friend with him, saying, 'My Lord, heer I am come, a bold guest of yours againe, and have brought my shadow with me.' The Maior welcomed him and his shadow. Within a while after he came againe to dinner to him, and brought two companions with him: to whom the Maior said — 'Sir, you be hartily welcome: but I pray you tel me, Do you not think it a monstrous thing, for *one body* to have *two shadowes?*

That Shakespeare was acquainted with this curious book, and made use of it occasionally, has been shewn by Malone and Douce: The latter, noticing the direction in *Hamlet*, act iii. sc. ii., "Enter the players with *recorders*," which were supposed to be flutes or small pipes, quotes the following story from Copley's work, shewing that the pipe and recorder were different:

A merie recorder of London (supposed to be Fleetwood) mistaking the name of one *Pepper*, call'd him *Piper:* whereunto the partie excepting, and saying, Sir, you mistake, my name is *Pepper*, not *Piper:* hee answered; Why, what difference is there (I pray thee) between *Piper* in Latin, and *Pepper* in English: is it not all one? No, Sir, (reply'd the other) there is even as much difference betweene them, as is betweene a *Pipe* and a *Recorder*.

Mr. Collier also has noticed some instances from the second part of *Henry IV.*, act ii. sc. iv.; *Loves Labour Lost*, act iv. sc. ii.; *Twelfth Night*, act iii. sc. ii., &c., which it is not necessary to repeat here, and likewise an interesting anecdote of Henry Goldingham the author.

Copley, in his dedication of the first edition of this work to George Clifford, Earl of Cumberland, alluding to the poem of "Loues Owle" at the end of it, omitted in the present edition, remarks:

As for my Loues Owle, in the latter ende, the trueth is, I can pretend it no outlandish priuiledge to your Honour's fauour, and therefore doe rather leaue it to your pardon then good liking, as a folie of an idle value.

And again:

As for my Loues Owle, I am content that Momus turn it to a tennis ball if he can, and bandy it quite away: namely, I desire M. *Daniel*, M. *Spencer*, and other the prime poets of our time, to pardon it with as easie a frowne as they please, for that I giue them to understand, that an Universitie muse neuer penn'd it, though humbly devoted thereunto.

This poem of "Loues Owle," here omitted, is noticed by Mr. Park in the *Cens. Liter.*, who has given some extracts from it, which seem hardly worthy of quotation, and do not add to Copley's reputation as a poet.

For further notices of the present singular work consult Douce's *Illust.*,

vol. i. p. 341 and p. 454, and vol. ii. p. 249; *Cens. Liter.*, vol. ii. p. 126; and Collier's *Bibliogr. Cat.*, vol. p. 155.

A copy in Bright's sale, No. 1442, sold for 6*l.* 15*s.*, and since then another has been sold for 16*l.*

Fine Copy. Bound by Charles Lewis. Red Morocco, gilt leaves.

CORBET, (RICHARD.) — Certain Elegant Poems, written by Dr. Corbet, Bishop of Norwich.

London, Printed by R. Cotes for Andrew Crooke at the Green Dragon in Pauls Church-yard. 1647. sm. 8vo, pp. 92.

When we consider the subjects and style of these poems by Bishop Corbet, and the accounts that are given of the wit and drollery of the reverend author, and the peculiar anecdotes that are recorded of him, we must at once come to the conclusion that they are not such as either would or ought to recommend a man, in these days, for advancement to the dignity and office of a Christian Bishop, and that the author must have been indebted in a great degree to the patronage of King James I., to whom his brilliant wit and fancy, his quaintness in preaching, and his general gaiety and good humour and conversational powers were attractive, for his original advancement. In looking over his poems we cannot help being struck with their lightness and unfitness in one holding such an office. There is a joviality and humour in the composition of some of them, which, however they might please the manners and tastes of those days, would not be exactly suitable to the pen of a modern bishop. But perhaps we ought not to judge of these poems too harshly or unfavourably, as they were chiefly composed in his youth, and were not intended to be published at all. The work is a posthumous one, and did not appear until twelve years after his decease. The present is the first edition, and has a prose dedication "To the Right Honorable the Lady Teynham: Her humble Servant N. N. wisheth eternall Beauty, both in this world, and the world to come."

The first and longest poem, "Iter Boreale," is an imitation of Horace's "Journey to Brundisium," and relates the travels and adventures of four clerks of Oxford; two doctors, and two that would become so. It gives the various places they visited, and derives additional interest from the different persons, clergy and others, with whom they stayed being mentioned by name. They spent a night at Floore in Northamptonshire, from

whence the bishop obtained his wife, and from there went on to Daventry, Lutterworth, Leicester, Nottingham, Newark, Loughborough, Bosworth, Nuneaton, Coventry, Kenilworth, Warwick, Banbury, and home to Oxford. As an example of Corbet's lighter style we quote a short passage or two from this poem, which reminds us much of the *Iter Lancastrense*, by Richard James, only that there is more wit and fun in it than in that more soberly written poem. The first passage is descriptive of their adventures at Daventry:

——— The next morne
To *Daintry* with a Land-winde wee were borne,
It was the Market, and the Lecture day
For Lecturers sell Sermons, as the Lay
Doe Sheepe and Oxen, have their seasons just
For both their Markets; there wee dranke downe dust.
I'th'interim comes a most officious drudge,
His face and gowne draw'd out with the same budge.
His pendant pouch which was both large and wide,
Look'd like a Letters-patents by his side:
He was as awfull as he had beene sent
From *Moses* with the eleventh Commandement;
And one of us he sought, a man of *Flower*
He must bid stand, and challenge for an hower:
The Doctors both were quitted of their feare,
The one was hoarse, the other was not there,
Therefore him of the two he seized best
Able to answer him of all the rest,
Because he needs but ruminate that o're
Which he had chew'd the Sabbath day before;
For though we were resolv'd to doe him right
For Master *Bayleys* sake, and Master *Wright*,
Yet he dissembl'd that the Mace did erre,
For he nor *Deacon* was, nor Minister:
No, quoth the Serjeant, sure then by relation
You have a licence, Sir, or Toleration;
And if you have no Orders 'tis the better
So you have *Dods* precepts, or *Cleaver's* letter:
Thus looking on his Mace, and urging still
'Twas Master *Wrights*, and Master *Bayleys* will,
That he should mount, at last he condescended
To stoppe the gap, and so the Treaty ended;
The Sermon pleas'd, and when we were to dine
Wee all had Preachers wages, thankes, and wine.

Their next stage was to Lutterworth, the burial place of Wycliffe:

Our next dayes stage was *Littleworth* a Towne
Not willing to be noted, or set downe
By any Traveller, for when we had beene
Through at both ends, we could not find an Inne,
Yet for the Church sake turne and light we must,
Hoping to finde one dramme of *Wicklefs* dust,
But we found none, for underneath the Pole
No more rests of his body, then his Soule;
Abused Martyr! how hast thou beene torne
By two wilde factions! first the Papists burne
Thy bones for hate, the Puritanes in zeale
Doe sell thy Marble, and thy Brasse they steale.

At Nottingham they stop at the Bull's Head, and, after noticing the castle and the statues of the two giants who kept the gates, the author says:

The Bull-head is the word, and we must eate,
No sorrow can descend so low as meate:
So to the Inne we came, where our best cheere
Was that his Grace of *Yorke* had lodged there.
He was objected to us when we call,
Or dislike ought, my Lords Grace answers all;
He was contented with this bed, this dyet,
This keeps our discontented stomacks quiet.
The Inne keeper was old, fourscore almost,
Indeed an Embleme, rather then an Host;
In whom wee read how God and Time decree,
To honour thrifty Hostlers, such as he;
For in the stable first he did begin,
Now see he is sole Lord of the whole Inne.
Marke the increase of straw, and hay, and how
By thrift a bottle may become a Mow.
Marke him all yee that have the golden itch
All whom God hath condemned to be rich;
Farewell glad father of thy daughter Mayresse,
Thou Hostler *Phœnix*, thy example rare is.

The fine old church at Newark and the castle are thus noticed:

Would they pull downe the Gallery builded new,
With the Churchwardens seate, and *Burleigh* pew,
Newarke for light, and beauty might compare
With any Church, but what Cathedrals are:

To this belongs a Vicar, who succeeded
The friend I mention'd, such a one there needed,
A man whose life and tongue is eloquent,
Able to charme those mutinous heads of *Trent*,
And urge the Canon home when they conspire
Against the Crosse and Bells with sword and fire.
There stood a Castle too, they shew us here
The place where the King slept, the window where
He talked with such a Lord, how long he stayd
In his discourse, and all but what he sayd.
From whence without a perspective we see
Bever and *Lincolne*, where we faine would bee
But that our purse, and horses too were bound
Within the compasse of a narrower ground.
Our purpose is all homeward, and 'twas time
At parting to have wit, as well as wine.

The following is the account of their visit to the celebrated field of Bosworth fight:

The shot was easie, and what concernes us more,
The way was so, mine host did ride before,
Mine host was full of Ale, and History,
And on the morrow, when he brought us nigh
Where the two Roses joyned, you would suppose
Chaucer ne're writ the *Romant* of the Rose,
Heare him: see yee yond' woods? there *Richard* lay
With his whole Army: looke the other way,
And loe where *Richmond* in a bed of gorse,
Encamp'd himselfe o're night with all his force.
Upon this Hill they met, why, he could tell
The Inch where *Richmond* stood, where *Richard* fell.
Besides what of his knowledge he could say
Hee had authentique notice from the Play:
Which I might guesse by's mustring up the Ghosts,
And policies not incident to hosts:
But chiefly by that one perspicuous thing,
Where he mistooke a Player for a King,
For when he would have said King *Richard* dy'd,
And call'd a Horse, a Horse, he *Burbage** cry'd.

The succeeding lines "To his Sonne Vincent Corbet" are worth quoting:

* We learn from this passage that Burbage the player was the original Richard. *Dr. Farmer.*

What I shall leave thee none can tell,
But all shall say I wish thee well;
I wish thee (Vin) before all wealth,
Both bodily and ghostly health;
Nor too much wealth, nor wit come to thee,
So much of either may undoe thee.
I wish thee learning, not for show,
Enough for to instruct, and know;
Not such as Gentlemen require
To prate at Table, or at Fire.
I wish thee all thy mothers graces,
Thy fathers fortunes, and his places.
I wish thee friends, and one at Court
Not to build on, but to support;
To keepe thee, not in doing many
Oppressions, but from suffering any.
I wish thee peace in all thy wayes,
Nor lazy nor contentious dayes;
And when thy soule, and body part,
As innocent as now thou art.

R. C.

Some copies of this work end on page 53, on which occurs the word "Finis," and the next page left blank, as if the volume had been intended to close here. A blank leaf then occurs, and, probably some additional pieces having been obtained, the poems commence again in a somewhat different type, the paging being continued, but the signatures are renewed from A i. This part contains among others Corbet's amusing stanzas on the royal visit to Cambridge, "The Distracted Puritane," "Upon Faireford Windowes," his mock commendatory verses on Coriat's *Crudities*, "An Elegy on the Death of Queen Anne," and the following lines "On the Lady Arabella:"

How do I thank thee, Death, and blesse thy Power,
That I have past the Guard, and scap'd the Tower:
And now my pardon is my Epitaph,
And a small coffin my poor carcasse hath.
For at thy charge both soul and body were
Enlarg'd at last, secured from hope and fear.
That amongst *Saints*, this amongst *Kings* is laid
And what my *Birth* did claim my death hath paid.*

The last poem is "Dr. Corbet's Journey into France," which, as it has been so often quoted, and is given at length in the *Retrosp. Rev.*, we need not repeat here.

* Lady Arabella Stuart, born in 1577, was the daughter of Charles Stuart, Earl of Lenox, who was the younger brother of Henry Lord Darnley, father to King James VI. of Scotland and I. of England, by Elizabeth, daughter of Sir William Cavendish, Knt. She was privately married to Mr. William Seymour, Lord Beauchamp's son and the Earl of Hertford's grandson, and in 1610 both parties were put into close custody. In June 1611 they both attempted to escape to France, but were retaken, and the Lady died in confinement in the Tower, 1615.

What I shall leave thee none can tell, I wish thee all thy mother prays,
But all shall say I wish thee well; Thy fathers fortune, and his place,
I wish thee (Vin) before all wealth, I wish thee friends, and one as Grace
Both lordly and ghostly health; Not to be bought, but to be purchased;
Nor too much wealth, nor wit come to Or hope thee, not to doubt away
thee, Opportunities, but from nothing sep-
No monk of either may undoe thee. I wish thee peace in all thy ways,
I wish thee learning, and for store, Nor lazy nor contentless days;
Enough for to instruct, and know; And when thy souls, and body pass,
Nor such as Coxcombes require As treasure is now thee not.
To prate at Table, or at Fire.

R. C.

Some copies of this work end on page 52, on which occurs the word "Finis," and the next page left blank, as if the volume had been intended to close here. A blank leaf then occurs, and, probably some additional pieces having been obtained, the poems commence again in a somewhat different type, the paging being continued, but the signatures are renewed from A 1. This part contains among others Corbet's amusing stanzas on the royal visit to Cambridge, "The Distressed Puritan," "Upon Fairford Windowes," his mock commendatory verses on Davies's Creation, "An Elegy on the Death of Queen Anne," and the following lines "On the Lady Arabella:"

How do I thank thee, Death, and bless thy Power,
That I here past the Guard, and escap'd the Tower;
And now my pardon is my Epitaph,
And a small cell; my prize surmounts both.
For at thy charge both soul and body were
Kidnap'd at last, secured from hope and fear.
That amongst Saints this monster Fame is laid
And what my Birth did claim my death hath paid.

The last poem is "Dr. Corbet's Journey into France," which, as it has been so often quoted, and is given at length in the Reprint, &c., we need not repeat here.

---

* Lady Arabella Stuart, born in 1577, was the daughter of Charles Stuart, Earl of Lenox, who was the younger brother of Henry Lord Darnley, father to King James VI. of Scotland and I. of England, by Elizabeth, daughter of Sir William Cavendish, Knt. She was privately married to Mr. William Seymour, Lord Hertford's son and the Earl of Hertford's grandson, and in 1610 both parties were put into close custody. In June 1611 they both attempted to escape to France, but were retaken, and the Lady died in confinement in the Tower, 1615.

Bishop Corbet was born at Ewell in Surrey in 1583, and was the only son of Vincent Corbet, descended from the Shropshire family of that name. He was educated first at Westminster School, and afterwards at Broadgate Hall in Oxford, from whence he was elected a student of Christ Church, and took his degree of M.A. in 1605. While at Oxford he was intimate with Ben Jonson, who resided with him in Christ Church for a considerable period, and had the degree of M.A. conferred upon him. Having been appointed Chaplain to King James I., before whom he had preached, Corbet was nominated by him in 1620 to the Deanery of Christ Church. In 1625 he married Alice, the daughter of Dr. Leonard Hutton, vicar of Floore in Northamptonshire, by whom he had a daughter named Alice after her mother, and a son, Vincent, who was educated at Westminster, but afterwards ran through his means and came to beggary. Dr. Hutton, who was at that time Canon of Christ Church, was an intimate friend of Corbet, and was well known as an excellent Grecian and a learned and accomplished scholar, and was one of those employed in the translation of the *Bible*. In 1629 Corbet was made Bishop of Oxford, which see, however, he did not retain long, being, on the removal of Dr. White to Ely, translated thence to the see of Norwich in 1632, which he held till his death in July 1635, and was buried in the choir of that Cathedral. He was much celebrated among the scholars of his time for his readiness of wit, his lively and cheerful disposition, and for his liberality and kindliness of heart. Numerous stories and anecdotes are related of him, some of which are far from creditable to his episcopal character. The following is perhaps one of the most innocent. While he and Dr. Stubbins, one of his friends, a remarkably fat and jolly person, were riding together in wet weather, in a deep and dirty lane, the coach fell, when Corbet said that Dr. Stubbins was up to the elbows in mud and he was up to the elbows in Stubbins.

The best edition of Bishop Corbet's *Poems* is one (the fourth) published in London, 1807, 8vo, under the editorial care of Mr. Octavius Gilchrist, which contains several additional poems from MSS. and other sources, his Latin "Oration on the death of Prince Henry," and a "Life of the Author," including some of his letters and other documents. Of this edition a limited number only was printed, and it is now become scarce. Consult also further Wood's *Ath. Oxon.*, vol. ii. pp. 594 and 885; an interesting article in the *Retrosp. Rev.*, vol. xii. p. 299; Granger's *Biogr. Hist.*, vol. ii. p. 341; Harding's *Biogr. Mirror*, vol. ii. p. 34; Chalmers's *Poets*, vol. v. p. 553; Headley's *Anc. Eng. Poet.*, vol. i. p. xxxii.; *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 137.

Copies of this first edition of Corbet's *Poems* have sold in *Bibl. Heber*, pt. ii. No. 429, for 5*s.*; *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 137, 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

This first edition contains thirty-eight pieces, the second, *Poetica Stromata*, has twenty-five ditto, and the third, of 1672, thirty-six ditto. The poem "Upon Mistris Mallet," p. 26, is repeated at p. 56; and the one on p. 70, "In Poetam Exauctoratum et Emeritum," is omitted in the edition of 1672.

Collation: Title A 2; Sig. A four leaves; B to E 4, in eights; the last leaf blank; then Sig. A again (a mistake for F); and G 8, in eights.

In Brown Calf.

CORBET, (RICHARD.)—Poëtica Stromata or a Collection of Sundry Peices in Poetry: Drawne by the known and approued Hand of R. C. Anno 1648.

Sm. 8vo, without place or printer's name, pp. 128.

The present edition appears to have been printed abroad, most probably in France, the punctuation and spelling being very imperfect. It was put forth under the superintendence and sanction of the Bishop's family, and consists, according to the address "To the Reader," of "a Collection of certaine peices of poetry, which have *flowne* from hand to hand these many yeares, in *private* papers, but were never *fixed*, for the *publique* eie of the world to looke upon, til now." It contains only twenty-four poems, with a short address "To the Reader" prefixed, among which are the "Letter to the Duke of Buckingham" and the "New-Yeares Gift" to the same, the "Iter Boreale," "Lines on the Birth of Prince Charles," the "Distracted Puritan," "Upon Faireford Windowes," the "Christ-Church Play at Woodstock," on "Coryates Crudities," "On the Death of Queen Anne" and "Lady Addington," "Dr. Ravis, Bishop of London," and his own father, "On the Lady Arabella," &c., and on the last leaf is an index or table of contents.

There is a slight notice of Bishop Corbet in Campbell's *Introd.*, p. 196, but he has been overlooked by Mr. Ellis. See also Winstanley's *Lives of the Poets*, p. 121.

The *Poetica Stromata* sold in Dr. Bliss's sale, No. 102, for 8*s.*; Bright's ditto, No. 1447, 10*s.*; Roscoe's ditto, No. 1367, 13*s.*; Midgley's ditto, No. 180, 16*s.*; Hibbert's ditto, No. 1947, 1*l.* 1*s.*; *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 138, 1*l.* 1*s.*

Collation: Sig. A two leaves; B to I 6, in eights.

In Red Morocco elegant, gilt leaves.

CORBET, (RICHARD.) — Poems. Written by the Right Rev. Dr. Richard Corbet, late Lord Bishop of Norwich. The Third Edition, corrected and enlarged.

London: Printed by J. C. for William Crook, at the Green Dragon without Temple Bar. 1672. 12mo, pp. 148.

On the title-page of this, the third edition, is Crook's device of a dragon with the initials "W C" on the sides. It is dedicated by the publisher "To the Honorable and truly noble Sir Edmund Bacon of Redgrave-Hall in the County of Suffolk, Baronet," in which, in allusion to his name, he observes:

The very name of *Bacon* is so famous in our *British Isle*, that it stands not in need of the weak support of applause; for it proclaims at once your Merit and Ingenuity, being descended from so many noble Ancestors; among whom, give me leave to take notice of the worthy Sir *Nicholas Bacon*, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal of *England* in the time of Queen *Elizabeth*, who continued in that Honorable Employment the space of twenty years compleat; whose eldest Son, Sir *Nicholas Bacon* of *Redgrave* in *Suffolk* (your late Noble and deserving Predecessor) was the first that had the Honor of Baronet conferred upon him by King *James*: Sir *Francis Bacon*, the famous Philosopher, our English *Plato*, and your own near Relation, was Lord Chancellour of *England*, and afterwards, by his Majesty pre-mention'd, created Viscount St. Albans. Thus, Sir, being so Nobly descended from Persons of that Eminency for exquisite Parts, and Honorary Employments, I did presume to make this Address to you, and to present you with this Poem, the work of an eminent Divine; and the most Pious of the Clergie have made use of that innocent Art of Poesie, not only for their pleasant Diversion, but their most fervent Devotion.

"An Advertisement" follows, explaining that "upon the reprinting of these Poems diligent search was made to perfect them, (which were very imperfectly printed before.) And although in this Edition there be but few new Poems, yet you may finde many of them more perfect than before; for in some there is six, in others four, and in many two Lines added (out of perfecter Copies) which were left out in the former Impressions: Also all other Faults are diligently examined and corrected; so that now you have them as perfect as I can get them." "A Table" of the contents closes the introductory matter. There are a few fresh poems inserted, but none of them of any moment, and this edition, notwithstanding the boast in the title, is but little superior to the first. The following Epitaph on Dr. Donne, Dean of St. Paul's, may be quoted as a further specimen of his muse:

He that would write an Epitaph for thee,
And do it well, must first begin to be
Such as thou wert; for none can truly know
Thy worth, thy life, but he that hath liv'd so.
He must have Wit to spare, and to hurl down
Enough to keep the Gallants of the Town;
He must have Learning plenty, both the Laws
Civil and Common, to judge any Cause;
Divinity great store, above the rest,
Not of the last Edition, but the best.
He must have Language, Travel, all the Arts,
Judgment to use, or else he wants thy Parts.
He must have Friends the highest, able to do
Such as *Mecænas* and *Augustus* too.
He must have such a Sickness, such a Death,
Or else his vain Descriptions come beneath.
Who then shall write an Epitaph for thee,
He must be dead first; let't alone for me. R. Corbet.

The ensuing manuscript verses in honour of Bishop Corbet were found inscribed on a blank leaf of a copy of his *Poems:*

If flowing wit, if verses writ with ease,
If learning, void of pedantry, can please:
If much good humour, join'd to solid sense,
And mirth accompanied with innocence,
Can give a poet a just right to fame,
Then Corbet may immortal honour claim:
For he these virtues had, and in his lines
Poetic and heroic spirit shines;
Tho' bright yet solid, pleasant but not rude,
With wit and wisdom equally indu'd.
Be silent Muse, thy praises are too faint:
Thou want'st a pow'r this prodigy to paint,
At once a poet, prelate, and a Saint. J. C.

The reader may see also a copy of "Verses to Bishop Corbet" in Gomersall's *Poems*, 1633, sm. 8vo, p. 4, *et seq.* The poem "Upon Faireford Windowes" is contained in some Miscell. MS. Poems in the Brit. Museum, *Bib. Sloane*, 1446, signed "R. C."

This edition sold in the White Knight's sale, No. 998, for 8*s.*; Jolley's ditto, pt. ii. No. 815, 5*s.*; and in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 139, 1*l.* 5*s.*

Collation: Title A 2; Sig. A six leaves; B to G 9, in twelves.

In Brown Calf, sprinkled edges.

CORBET, (RICHARD.) — Poems. Written by the Right Rev. Dr. Richard Corbet, late Lord Bishop of Norwich. The Third Edition, corrected and enlarged.

London: Printed by J. C. for William Crook, at the Green Dragon without Temple Bar. 1672. 12mo, pp. 148.

Another copy of the same edition. It formerly belonged to the late eminent poetical antiquary Mr. Park, and is enriched with numerous notes and much interesting matter in manuscript, written in his peculiarly neat hand. It has a memoir of the author from the *Biogr. Brit.*, vol. iv. p. 271, ed. 89, and contains at the end a long poem in manuscript by Bishop Corbet, not given in the printed copies, but too long for insertion here, called "The Country Life," taken from Harding's *Miscell. Antiq.*, where it was printed from a MS., and has not appeared in any edition of Corbet's *Poems*. The MS. from which it was taken is dated 1625, and was then in the possession of Mr. F. G. Waldron.

This was the copy from the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 139, priced at 1*l.* 5*s.* In Boards.

CORYAT, (THOMAS.) — Coryats Crudities. Hastily gobled up in five Moneths travells in France, Savoy, Italy, Rhetia, commonly called the Grisons country, Helvetia alias Switzerland, some parts of high Germany, and the Netherlands; Newly digested in the hungry aire of ODCOMBE in the County of Somerset, and now dispersed to the nourishment of the travelling Members of this Kingdome.

Quadrigis, pedibus bene vivere, navibus atqè
Gallia, Germania, Italia.

London, Printed by W. S. 1611. 4to, pp. 902.

Few books in this catalogue are more singular and remarkable than the *Crudities* of the vain and facetious Tom Coryat, the Odcombian, as he styled himself, a person of no mean learning and acquirements, but unfortunately an arrant coxcomb, and altogether devoid of judgment. These deficiencies rendered him open to the attacks of the wits and poets of his time, who, while they inflamed his vanity, made him their butt, and an object for their

satire and ridicule. But Coryat possessed many of the essential requisites of a traveller, which, added to his wonderful facility of acquiring the languages of the countries which he visited, and a simple and truthful way of stating what he saw, rendered his travels interesting at the time, and gave a value to his account which was not altogether undeserved. It is to be regretted that he did not live to return home, and to publish the narrative of his later travels in the East, which would have been of great value and interest, as being so early a visitor of those countries, and we are well disposed to agree with a writer in the *Quart. Rev.*, vol. ii. p. 92, that "had Coryat reached his home he would no longer have been an object of ridicule, his inordinate and simple vanity would have been forgotten in justice to his acquirements, and his work would probably have been the best that had yet appeared concerning India."

Coryat was a native of Odcombe in Somersetshire, of which place his father was Rector, and was entered a commoner of Gloucester Hall in Oxford in 1596, being then nineteen, where he remained for three years, and afterwards removed to London, and was domesticated in the household of Prince Henry. In 1608, being filled with a passionate desire to travel and render his name famous, he went abroad into France, Italy, Germany and Switzerland, and on his return published the volume now under our notice, in 1611, which was preceded by what was called an *Odcombian Banquet*, consisting of an extraordinary collection of commendatory verses by the writers of that day. In the following year, 1612, he embarked on a longer journey into the East on foot, intending not to return home till he had spent ten years in his travels. Having visited Egypt and the Holy Land he went on to Syria and Armenia, and into Persia, and the country of the Great Mogul, till he arrived at Agra, where he rested for some time, until he had acquired a knowledge of the Turkish, Arabic, Persian, and Hindostani languages. After having visited several places in those parts, he went at length to Surat in the East Indies, where he was taken ill and died in December 1617, aged forty, and was buried there. His notes and observations made on his long travels appear to have been lost. There is a curious original letter of Coryat's on the subject of the present work, addressed to Sir Michael Hixes, Knight, printed in *Cens. Liter.*, vol. x. p. 331.

The volume commences with "Certaine Opening and Drawing Distiches" in rhyme, as "An Explication of the Emblemes of the frontispiece." These are by Laurence Whitaker and Ben Jonson. Then "The Character of the famous Odcombian or rather Polytopian, Thomas the Coryate; Traveller

and Gentleman Author of these Quinque-mestriall Crudities. Done by a charitable friend," &c., in prose. After these come "An Acrostic on the Author" by Ben Jonson, and an "Epistle Dedicatorie to Prince Henry," by the author, who subscribes himself "Your Highnesse poore Obseruer, Thomas Coryate, Peregrine of Odcombe." This is preceded by a woodcut of the Prince's plume and motto surrounded by rays, occupying the full page. An "Epistle to the Reader" and "An Introduction to the ensuing Verses" precede a most extraordinary number of mock commendatory, or "Panegyricke Verses upon the Author and his booke." These verses amount to eighty-nine, and are written by some of the most eminent authors and wits of the age, amongst whom are Sir John Harrington, Sir Dudley Digges, Sir Rowland Cotton, William Clavel, Dr. Donne, Laurence Whitaker, Hugh Holland, Walter Quin, Inigo Jones, Dr. Richard Corbet, Thomas Campion, John Owen, Thomas Bastard, Dr. Thomas Farnaby, William Austin, Michael Drayton, John Davies of Hereford, Henry Peacham, and many others less known to fame. After these verses come "An Oration in praise of Travell in general," made by "Hermannus Kirchnerus, a Civil Lawyer, Orator, and Cæsarean Poet, and Professor of Eloquence in the University of Marperg in the Landgraviet of Hesse," occupying thirty-three pages, and Mr. Laurence Whitaker's "Elogie of the Booke," which conclude the introductory portion of the volume. There is another "Oration" by the aforesaid Herman Kerchner after page 364, "in praise of the travell of Germany in particular," that it "is to be preferred before all other travells." This is not paged, and being unnoticed, has rendered the account of the paging in *Bibl. Ang. Poet.* incorrect.

At the end of the *Crudities* a new title occurs thus:

> "Posthuma Fragmenta Poematvm Georgii Coryati Sarisburiensis, Sacræ Theologiæ Baccalaurei, quondum e sociis Novi Collegii in inclyta Academia Oxoniensi, ac postea Ecclesiæ Odcombiensis in Agro Somersetensi Ministri, ubi tandem anno 1606 extremum vitæ diem clausit. Londini. Anno Dom: 1611."

From an account of George Coryat, the father of our traveller, in Wood's *Ath. Oxon.*, vol. i. p. 744, we learn that he was a native of Salisbury, educated at Winchester School, and admitted a fellow of New College, Oxford, from there in 1562, took the degree of B.A. in 1563 and M.A. in 1570, and in June of that year became Rector of Odcombe in Somersetshire, where he died, March 4th, 1606–7, and was buried in the chancel of the church at that place. According to Wood he "was much commended in his time for

his fine fancy in Latin poetry, and for certain things which he had written." These posthumous poems are dedicated in a Latin epistle to Prince Henry. The poems are all in Latin excepting that one of them, "Viridis Draconis Triumphus," on the death of William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, has a translation into English verse by the same person, and is further embellished with an engraving on copper of the green dragon. The poem begins thus:

> The *Penbroke* Dragon greene of hue, good reader, here behold,
> His scaled necke enuironed with glittering chaine of gold,
> His hooked clawes, his piercing eyes, his winges prepar'd to flight,
> His mighty crest, well fauoured limmes, and body shaped right.
> 'Twas not this Dragon whom the dames of *Colchos* did bewaile,
> The keeper of the golden Fleece: not *Hercules* did preuayle
> Against the same: it was not this which kept the Golden frute
> In *Hespers* groue, *Apollo's* sleight right cunningly did shute,
> His thousand shafts, which Pythō pierst: yea *Cadmus* hād hath slain
> Thy monstrous Dragon (mighty Mars) which kept Bœotian plain.
> The Gods themselves, the sonnes of God, no Imps of earthy wight,
> Not *Œsons* Sonne, not Ioues his youth, not *Cadmus* (put to flight
> By fathers wrath, *Agenors* ire) could quaile this Dragons might;
> No not despightfull death, euen she which cruell lawes doth make
> Against al things, who al things tames, which shape in earth do take;
> Death, death I say durst not presume this Dragons ouerthrow,
> Ne could it do: for when on earth she bid him not to show,
> To skies she sēt his glistering ghost.

The poems are chiefly addressed to Queen Elizabeth and some of the nobles of her time, with some epitaphs at the end, and are not remarkable for any peculiar excellence. The volume concludes with "A Table of all the memorable things contained in the *Crudities*," and with an apology for the errata, and a list of these.

Besides the engraved title-page by Will. Hole, containing at the bottom a portrait of the author, *ætatis suæ* 35, (2) the woodcut of Prince Henry's plume and feathers before the Dedication, and (3) of the green dragon mentioned before, the volume contains also (4) a small woodcut of Coryat's shoes encircled with laurel on sig. k 4, and the following engravings on copper by Hole: (5) whole length portrait of Coryat "Il Senior Tomaso Odcombiano," with a Venetian courtezan, p. 262; (6) "A Delineation of the Amphitheater of Verona," p. 311; (7) "A true figure of the famous Clock of Strasbourg, p. 452; (8) "A Sciographie or Modell of that Stupendious Vessell which is at this day shewed in the Palace of the Count Palatine of

Rhene in the citie of Heidelberg, p. 486; and (9) "Portrait of Frederic 4. Count Palgrave of the Rhine," p. 496.

The descriptions of Coryat are chiefly characterised by their simplicity and truthfulness, and his straightforward faithfulness in relating what he saw. His travels are more remarkable for their description of the cities, buildings and antiquities which he visited, than for the accounts of the manners and customs of their inhabitants. But they also contain many curious anecdotes and quaint observations, which, coupled with his excessive personal vanity, render his narrative very amusing.

Dibdin remarks that there are not any copies of this work on *large* paper in existence. Mr. Grenville had the presentation copy to Prince Henry from the author, bound in red velvet,* with an original letter inserted from Coryat to Sir Michael Hixes, requesting his influence in obtaining a licence for printing his book, being the same which appeared in the *Cens. Liter.* See Dibdin's *Libr. Comp.*, vol. i. p. 380. See also further on this subject Wood's *Ath. Oxon.*, vol. ii. p. 208; *Biogr. Brit.*, vol. iv. p. 273; *Retrosp. Rev.*, vol. vi. p. 206; *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 113; *Bridgew. Cat.*, p. 70; Granger's *Biogr. Hist.*, vol. ii. p. 149; *Quart. Rev.*, vol. ii. p. 92; and Lowndes's *Bibl. Man.*, p. 487, who has given a full collation and list of plates. Copies of this work have sold at various sales from four to twelve guineas, varying according to condition and completeness: Nassau, pt. i. No. 879, 4*l.* 14*s.* 6*d.*; Perry, pt. i. No. 1027, 4*l.* 5*s.*; Bright, No. 1471, 4*l.* 6*s.*; Freeling, No. 637, 4*l.* 8*s.*; Roxburghe, No. 7282, 5*l.*; Dent, pt. i. No. 969, 6*l.*; Dowdeswell, No. 255, 6*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*; Townley, pt. i. No. 498, 7*l.* 7*s.*; Gordonstoun, No. 675, 8*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*; Gardiner, No. 596, *l.*; North pt. iii. No. 567, 8*l.* 8*s.*; Strettell, No. 582, 7*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.*; Utterson, No. 475, 9*l.*; Hibbert, No. 2265, 9*l.* 19*s.* 6*d.*; Bindley, pt. i. No. 1831, 10*l.*; Stanley, 10*l.* 10*s.*; *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 113, 15*l.*; Williams, No. 333, 16*l.* 5*s.* 6*d.*

Collation: Frontispiece and printed title two leaves; Sig. a. four leaves; b. four leaves; a. 4 to 8, b. to g., eight leaves each; h. to l. four leaves each; B and C eight leaves each; D (before D 2. three leaves, Mr. Laurence Whitaker's "Elogie of the Booke" D 3.) to Z, in eights; A a. to Z z 8, in eights; A a a. to D d d 4, in eights; the last two leaves containing the errata, marked E e e 3 and 4.

---

* Coryat, in allusion to the book being bound in crimson velvet, in his oration to the Prince on presenting it calls it "this tender feathered *Red-breast*."

The Freeling copy, very fine, with all the plates.
Bound by James Black. In Russia, gilt leaves.

CORYAT, (THOMAS.) — Coryat's Crudities; Reprinted from the Edition of 1611. To which are now added, his Letters from India, &c. and Extracts relating to him, from various Authors: Being a more particular Account of his Travels (mostly on Foot) in different Parts of the Globe, than any hitherto published. Together with his Orations, Character, Death &c. With Copper-Plates. In Three Volumes.
London: Printed for W. Cater, No. 274. Holborn; J. Wilkie, No. 71. St. Paul's Church-yard; and E. Easton, at Salisbury. M.DCC.LXXVI. 8vo.

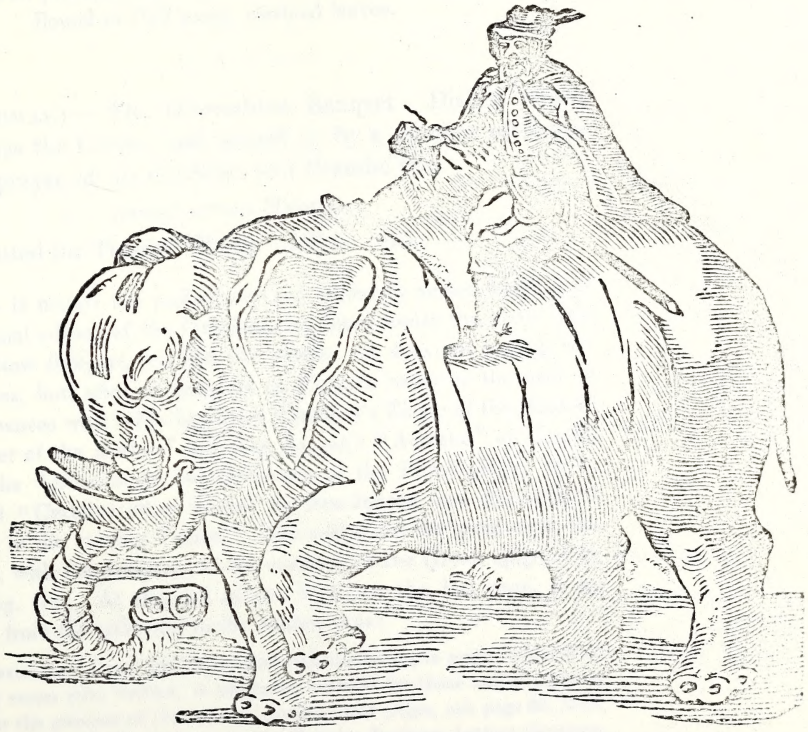
In a short "Preface to the Reader," prefixed to this reprint of *Coryats Crudities*, the editor says:

The Fame of this "Odcombian Leg-Stretcher," and the favourable reception his Book has always met with, rendered it so very scarce and valuable, that it was thought adviseable to reprint it, with all the original Copper-Plates. Had the Author lived to return to England, after his second Peregrination, he intended to have published the Remainder of his Travels, in different Parts of the Globe, but his dying in India prevented it. Several Persons have wrote concerning him, each of whom has given some account of his Travels; and many Letters of his own writing from India and other Places, have likewise made their appearance: But as all the different Publications concerning *Coryat*, are very rarely (if at all) possessed by one Person, it was imagined, that if every thing material relating to him were extracted from the different Authors, and subjoined to his Crudities, it would be a very acceptable present to the Public. This is done in the present Work, in which nothing of consequence, that could be procured, is omitted.

The Books from which the Extracts relating to *Coryat* are chiefly taken, consist of *Purchas's Pilgrims, Taylor the Water Poet, Terry's Voyage to India*, &c. with the whole of several Publications by his Friends, of his Letters from India, Orations, Poems &c. all which are contained in the third Volume.

The whole of the contents of the original quarto volume are accordingly here reprinted, together with all the plates, although some of them are somewhat reduced in size. In the third volume, at the end of the *Crudities* and posthumous fragments of George Coryat, the father, is a reprint of a small tract published in 1616, 4to, and noticed hereafter, called *Thomas*

Coriate, Traueller for the English Wits: (Greeting) From the Court of the Great Mogul, Resident at the Town of Asmere, in Easterne India. This contains "Coryats Letters from India" to various persons, and is embellished on the title with a woodcut portrait of the author riding on an elephant (of which there is a duplicate on sig. L 4.), a fac-simile of which is here given.



another of him as a pedestrian, and woodcuts of an antelope and an unicorn. Then follow the "Petitian to the Prince" concerning the printing of his travels, and his "Orations" to the King, Queen, &c. These are succeeded by "Extracts from Purchas's Pilgrims relating to Thomas Coryate," published in 1625; others "from the Works of John Taylor the Water Poet," printed in the year 1613. The chief part of these is Taylor's *Laugh and be*

Fat: or a Commentary upon the Odcombian Banket. And lastly "Extracts from the Voyage of the Rev^d. Edward Terry, Chaplain to the Right Hon: Sir Thomas Rowe Kn^t. Lord Ambassador to the Great Mogul. Printed in the year 1655." At the end is "A Table of all the Memorable Things contained in the Crudities."

The book is well printed, and is by no means scarce.

Bound in Calf extra, marbled leaves.

CORYAT, (THOMAS.) — The Odcombian Banqvet: Dished foorth by Thomas the Coriat, and serued in by a number of Noble Wits in prayse of his Crvdities and Crambe too.

Asinus portans Mysteria.

Imprinted for Thomas Thorp. 1611. 4to.

This volume is merely the preliminary and laudatory verses which preceded the original edition of the *Crudities*, reprinted under the above title of *The Odcombian Banquet*, without the travels. It does not contain any additional verses, but, after an anagram on Coryat's name on the back of the title, commences with "Mr. Laurence Whitaker's Elogie of the Booke," "The Character of the Author," and Ben Jonson's "Acrostic" on Coryat. Then follow the "Distichs on the Emblemes of the Frontispiece," by L. Whitaker, and "Certaine other verses" by Ben Jonson, and the author's "Introduction to the ensuing Verses." The verses are the same as in the former edition, with the exception of the omission of the Greek epigram by Farnaby on sig. G 4. At the end of the book, on the last page, is an advertisement from the publisher to the reader, thus:

Nouerint vniversi &c. Know (gentle Reader) that the booke, in prayse whereof all these preceding verses were written, is purposely omitted for thine and thy purses good: partly for the greatnes of the volume, cõtaining 654 pages, eech page 36. lines, each line 48. letters, besides Panegyricks, Poems, Epistles, Prefaces, Letters, Orations, fragments, posthumes, with the commas, colons, and ful-points; and other things therunto appertaining: which beeing printed of a Character legible without spectacles, would haue caused the Booke much to exceed that price, whereat men in these witty dayes value such stuffe as that and partly for that one,

Whose learning, judgement, wit and braine,
Are weight with *Toms* iust to a graine.

Instead therefore of epitomizing the present book, he resolves to wait

"till the Author of the Crudities shall have finished his second travels, who was likely to produce a booke of farre greater-bulk."

As the reader may perhaps desire to see a specimen of these burlesque verses, which are written in various languages, English, French, Italian, Spanish, Greek, Latin, Welsh, &c., we give one "In the Vtopian Tongue," by Henry Peacham, and in English by James Field:

Nythalonin ythsi *Coryate* lackmah babowans
Oasiam Europam Americ-werowans
Poph-himgi Sauoya, Hessen, Rhetia, Ragousie
France, Germanien doue Anda-louzie
Not A-rag-on O Coryate, O hone vilascar
Einen tronk Od-combe ny Venice Berga-mascar.

Explicit Henricus Peacham.

Incipit Jacobus Field.

Of all the *Toms* that euer yet were nam'd
Was neuer *Tom* like as *Tom Coryate* fam'd.
Tom Thumbe is dumbe, vntill the pudding creepe,
In which he was intomb'd then out doth peepe,
Tom Piper is gone out, and mirth bewailes
He neuer wil come in to tell vs tales;
Tom foole may goe to schoole, but nere be taught
Speake Greeke with which our *Tom* his tongue is fraught:
Tom-Asse may passe, but for al his long eares
No such rich iewels as our *Tom* he weares.
Tom Tell-Troth is but froth, but truth to tel
Of al *Toms* this *Tom* beares away the bel.

Explicit Iacobus Field.

The work is scarce. Mr. Heber had two copies, *Bibl. Heber*, pt. iv. No. 518 and 519, 19*s.* and 1*l.* 3*s.*; Perry, pt. i. No. 1026, 2*l.* 2*s.*; Freeling, No. 639, 2*l.* 4*s.*; Sir M. M. Sykes, pt. i. No. 735, 2*l.* 16*s.*; White Knights, No. 1150, 2*l.* 18*s.*; Bright, No. 1473, 3*l.* 3*s.*; *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 114, 7*l.* 7*s.*

Collation: Title A 2; A to F 4, in fours; Sig. A 1 probably blank.

Oldys's copy. Half-bound in Calf.

CORYAT, (THOMAS.) — Coryat's Crambe, or his Colwort twise Sodden, and now serued in with other Macaronicke dishes, as the second course to his Crudities.

London, Printed by William Stansby. 1611. 4to.

The title is on an oval within an elaborate woodcut compartment, with figures at the sides, a deer's head surmounted by a crescent at the top, and Diana at the fountain at the bottom. The first part of the volume contains "Certaine Verses written vpon Coryats Crvdities, which should haue beene Printed with the other Panegyricke lines, but then were vpon some occasions omitted, and now communicated to the World." These are by Ben Jonson, "Iohannes à Grandi-Bosco," "N. T.," Laurence Whitaker, Antony Washborne, William Rich and others. And then comes "A Petition made to the Prince (Henry) shortly after the Death of the last Archbishop of Canterburie, concerning the Printing of the Booke of his Travels," for which he had some difficulty in obtaining a licence. The rest of the volume is in prose, and is taken up with "Certaine Orations pronounced by the Author of the Crvdities, to the King, Queene, Prince, Lady Elizabeth, and the Duke of Yorke, at the deliuerie of his Booke to each of them." These are of a most extraordinary nature, some of them delivered on the Sunday, full of the greatest bombast and conceit, and the most ridiculous and incongruous images; as witness the subjoined opening of the one addressed to Prince Henry, in the Privy Chamber at St. James's, upon Easter Monday:

Most scintillant *Phosphorous* of our British *Trinacria*, Euen as the Chrystalline deaw, that is exhaled vp into the ayre out of the cauernes and spungie pores of the succulent Earth, doeth by his distillation descend, and disperse itselfe againe vpon the spacious superficies of his mother *Earth*, and so consequently fecundate the same with his bountifull irrigation: So I, a poore vapour composed of drops, partly naturall, partly literall, partly experimentall, having had my generation within the liquid Wals of this farre-decantated Iland, being drawen vp by the strength of my hungrie and high reaching desire of Trauell, and as it were craned vp with the whirling wheele of my longing appetite to survey exoticke Regions, haue beene hoysed to the altitude of the remote climates of France, Savoy, Italy, Rhetia, Helvetia, Alemannie, and the Netherlands; and being there in a maner inuolued for a time in the sweatie and humid clouds of industrie capitall, digitall, and pedestriall, did distend the bottle of my braine with the most delectable liquor of Observation, which I now vent and showre downe vpon the yong and tender Plants sprouting out of the same earth from the which like a poore Mushrome I first ascended, &c.

In like manner King James is called "the refulgent Carbuncle of Christendome," and the Duke of York "most glittering Chrysolite of our English Diademe," and to the former he offers

A farre-growne but a home spunne present, made indeede of coarse Wooll, but plucked from the backes of the glorious Palaces, the loftie cloud-threatning towers and decrepit mountaines of France, Savoy, Italy, Rhetia, Heluetia, Alemannie, and

the Netherlands; spunne into a threed by the wheele of my braine, the spindle of my Penne, and the Oyle of my industrie in my natiue Cell of Odcombe in the County of Somerset, and now wouen into a piece of *rawe* cloth in the Printers Presse of the most famigerated Citie of London. The lists of this Cloth are the Verses at both the ends of my Booke. In the beginning whereof some of the most singular and selected wits of your Maiesties triangular Monarchie doe combate in the listes of *Helicon* and *Parnassus;* and in the end my Fathers Ghost alone doeth diuerberate the enthusiasticke ayre of Pierian poesie.

In his oration to the Duke of York on the Sunday, at St. James's, he says:

Loe, I here present vnto your Grace the fruites of my furious Trauels; which I therefore intitle with such an epithete, because I performed my iourney with great celeritie, compassed and atchieued my designes with a kind of fortune not much unlike that of *Cæsar, Veni, Vidi, Vici.* I came to Venice, and quickly tooke a surney of the whole modell of the Citie together with the most remarkable matters thereof; and shortly after my arriuall in *England*, I ouercame my adversaries of the Towne of *Euill* in my natiue Countrey of Somerset, who thought to haue suncke mee in a bargaine of Pilchards, as the wise men of Gotham once went about to drowne an Eele.

After these orations comes Coryat's "Answere to the most Scandalous, Contumelious, and Hybristicall Bill of Ioseph Starre of Euill in the Countie of Somerset, Linen Draper," who had exhibited a bill in Chancery against him on his arrival in England against a debt of a hundred marks due from Starre to Coryat on his bond. In this answer Coryat appears more annoyed at the abuse and vilification of his travels than at the loss of his money. He says:

Well may I apply to *Starre Ciceroes* speech against Marcus Antonius, *Miror eum quorum facta imitetur, illorum exitus non perhorrescere.* I maruaille that *Starre* is not afraid lest hee should make such an end, that is, die such a death as they do whose example in lying he imitateth. He coaceruateth and conglomerateth a meere farrago of lyes. Also hee traduceth me about the smalnesse and commonnesse of my Voyage, as hauing beene out of England but fiue moneths. Can he iustly call this a smal and common Voyage, to passe almost two thousand miles by land? to expose ones body to such a world of iminent dangers both by Sea and Land as I did? to passe those stupendious mountaines of the snowie Alpes? to dispatch my iourney with such a compendious celeritie? to performe it with such a dispendious disaduantage to my estate? and after the consūmation of my trauels to be thus opposed by a Vilipendious Linnen Draper? to walke aboue the clouds ouer hils that are at least seuen miles high? For indeede so high is the mountaine *Senys* I passed ouer, which disterminateth Sauoy and Piemont: the danger whereof is such, that if in some places the traueller should but trip aside in certaine narrow wayes that are scarce a yard broad, he is precipitated into a very Stygian *Barathrum* or Tartarean

lake sixe times deeper then Pauls tower is high. Continually to stand in feare of the Alpine cutthroates called *Bandits?* Being entred into Italy, to passe throgh that carnificina, that excruciating and excarnificating torture of the *Spanish Inquisition*, which is more cruel then *Phalaris* his brasen *Bull*, or the exquisitest torturs that the Sicilian tyrants were wont to inflict vpon offenders? These dangers and many more I was exposed vnto, and like to be circumcised in Venice amongst the Iewes for maintaining the cause of my Sauiour and Redeemer against their refractorie obstinacie, as that Honourable and completely accomplished Knight Sir *Henry Wotton* our Kings Leager Ambassadour in Venice, that was an eye witnes of the conflict betwixt them and me, can testifie. At last being as desirous to see my natiue countrey as *Vlysses* after his ten yeares trauels was to see his ITHACA, which is so deare vnto me, that I preferre the very smoake of England before the fire of Italy, I walked alone afoote with one onely paire of shooes through many fierce and warlike nations betwixt Venice and Flushing in Zealand, hauing my throate like to be cut neere the Citie of Worms in Germanie, and my body to bee turned into wormes meate onely for plucking a poore cluster of Grapes in a Vineyard. These perils beeing considered, I hope your Lordship wil say I haue as hardly gotten my money as poore laborious Brickmakers eight pence a day for making Brick.

The remainder of the volume is occupied with two more orations, spoken to the "Euillians," or inhabitants of the town of Evill, three miles distant from Odcombe, his native place, on their mutual visits to each other, chiefly on the solemnities used in ancient times, on Church-ales and other such subjects. And the book closes with an address "To the Reader" respecting his former publication, "a Booke lately printed in huggermugger intituled *The Odcombian banquet:*" in order to clear himself of two very scandalous imputations, the first relating to the motto in the first leaf in the booke, *Asinus portans mysteria;* the other at the ende in his *Noverint vniversi*, &c. He says:

It hapned that after I had presented my Booke at Royston to the King, and returned backe to London for Bookes to present to Noblemen of the Court, I did determine for conceite sake, and to minister occasion of merriment to the King, to get me an Asse to carrie my Bookes, with this Latin inscription in faire Capitall Romane Letters upon that which should haue contained them, *Asinus portans mysteria;* being indeede taken out of Alciats Emblemes, and spoken of an Asse that caried the Image of the goddesse *Isis*. But heere the diuulger of the said *Odcombian Banquet* most sinisterly and malignantly applied it (as all the Readers doe interprete it) to my selfe, and thereby very peruersly wrested it from that allusion which I intended.

As for the second imputation contained in his *Noverint vniversi:*

It farre exceeded the first in spiteful bitternesse. For whereas he writeth that hee

could not melt out of the whole lumpe of my Booke so much matter worthy the reading as would fill foure pages, I will boldly affirme for the better iustification of my Obseruations, and by way of opposition against the malicious censure of that hypercriticall Momus, that of the sixe hundred fiftie and foure pages (for indeede so many are in the booke) he shall find at the least fiue hundred worthy the reading, especially in my descriptions of these Cities, Paris, Lyons, Milan, Padua, Venice, Verona, Brixia, Bergomo, Zurich, both the Badens, Basil, Strasbourg, Heidelberg, Spira, Wormes, Mentz, Franckefort, Colen, &c.

He challenges any one in the "whole Kingdome of Great Brittaine to shew both larger Annotations for quantitie and better for qualitie (*absit dicto inuidia*) gathered in fiue moneths Trauels by any Englishman since the incarnation of Christ," and concludes by observing that "my unparalled friend, that voluble linguist and sound Scholler M. *Laurence Whitaker*, who (I thinke) doth as farre excell in learning my antagonist the Author of the *Noverint vniuersi*, as a rose doth a nettle, or a Pearle a Pebble-stone in price, hath vouchsafed to confirme the authoritie of my booke with his no lesse learned then elegant Elogie that preceedeth my owne Obseruations."

Nothing can shew the vainglorious and conceited character of Coryat more forcibly than the contents of this book, and its ludicrous laudation of himself and his travels. It is exceedingly rare, and sold in Sir M. M. Sykes's sale, part i. No. 734, for 1*l.* 15*s.*; Inglis's, No. 381, 2*l.* 10*s.*; White Knights, No. 1151, 5*l.* 10*s.*; Bright's, No. 1472, 6*l.*; *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 115, 10*l.* 10*s.*

Collation: Sig. a. and b. four leaves each; then A to C four leaves; D eight leaves; E and F, in fours; G and H three leaves each.

The Heber and Freeling copy. In Red Morocco.

COTTON, (ROGER.) — A Direction to the waters of lyfe. Come and beholde, how Christ shineth before the Law, in the Law, and in the Prophetes: and withall the iudgements of God upon all Nations for the neglect of his holy worde, wherein they myght haue seene the same: Both which are layd before your eyes in this little discourse, by Roger Cotton Draper.

Imprinted at London, for Gabriell Simson and William White, and are to be solde at their house in Fleete lane. 1590. 4to, blk. lett., pp. 108.

Roger Cotton is known to be the author of three works, all of them bearing strong evidence of the excellent disposition of the writer, of which the present volume, in prose, is the earliest. The above title is within a neat arabesque woodcut border, containining the royal arms of England quartered with France at the top, and at the bottom a pelican feeding her young from the breast. The work is dedicated "To the Godlie and Learned Maister Hugh Broughton, Teacher of Divinitie, Grace and peace in Christ," in which the writer expresses his gratitude for the religious instruction he had received from him as follows:

For as much as it hath pleased the Lord (right reuerent) to make your selfe unto me a most comfortable Father: in that you haue begotten me unto Christe, euen as Paule did Tymothie, nay rather as he did Onesimus, that is, much more then from a seruant of Philemon, to be a brother of Philemon, euen from a seruaunt of sinne, to be a seruaunt of Jesus Christe: For as much I say, as it hath pleased the Lord you shoulde beget me after this sort, I thought good to present unto your learned view some part of the fruites of your owne labour in me begotten, not to the intent in any respect to benefite your selfe therewith (sauing that you wyll rejoyce to see, that your labour on me bestowed is not altogeather lost) but onely to the intent to incourage others to the studie of the most absolute and perfect word of God: because that Satan our old enemie striueth styl most lyke a subtle Serpent, especially to perswade men to the contrarie: ..... untyll such tyme as they shall attayne unto the sounde knowledge of euery poynt of that heavenly mysterie of our saluation: unto the which high mysterie of saluation you haue ful often, as a most heauenly Orator, not onely called me, but also many more, to their unspeakable comfort, euer warnyng us in lyke maner to geue attendaunce for the furtheraunce thereof, unto the reading of the same most pure and holy worde of God: Euen for this cause only haue I put foorth this lytle and unlearned Treatise. Wherefore, seeing the Lorde hath made you a Paule, to plant in me these thinges, and that it hath pleased this heauenly maiestie to geve the increase, I thought it meete to dedicate these some part of the fruites unto you a speciall meanes thereof: humbly beseeching you to shielde them under your most graue and learned protection, that so the benefite thereof may redownde to them, for whose sakes I brought them foorth..... And thus I cease beseeching the Lord to blesse you with a long and happie lyfe, euen to the begettyng of thousandes more, unto the Kingdome of the euer-lyving God: that so yourselfe may shine as a most glorious starre in the life to come: Amen. Yours begotten in the Lord. Roger Cotton.

This dedication is followed by a short address "To the Reader," explaining the purport of the work, which is in black letter, and is written throughout in a serious and devout style, and contains numerous marginal references, shewing the intimate knowledge of the writer with the Holy Scriptures. It concludes, in a fervent and animated strain, with a description of "the

unspeakable blessings which shall befall them, whose delight is in the law of the Lord," and with an exhortation "to drink of the waters of life freely."

This work was reprinted in 1592, 4to, and is scarce.

The present copy is bound.

COTTON, (ROGER.) — An Armor of Proofe, brought from the Tower of Dauid, to fight against Spannyardes, and all enimies of the trueth. By R. C.

> The name of the Lord is a strong Tower: the righteous run unto it, and are exalted. Prov. 18. 10.

Imprinted at London by G. Simson and W. White. 1596. 4to, pp. 32.

The title is within a broad arabesque border, at the bottom of which is a tree with twisted trunk. It is dedicated as follows: "To the right Honorable Gilbert Talbot, Earle of Shrewesburie, Lord Talbot, Furniuall, Strange of Blackmeare, Verdon and Louetoft, Knight of the most noble order of the Garter: Roger Cotton wysheth grace and peace in Christ Jesus." This "Epistle Dedicatorie," of some length, is followed by a short address "To the Christian Reader," in which he states that "as many weake ones were often terrified more then they should, and many others lesse regarde them then they ought, he had thought good to put foorth a few rude verses, of his poore Meditation thereupon: partly to incourage the weake and feeble in faith towards God, and partly to calle the rashe hardy, to learne better the cause thereof, if any such befall them," &c.

Roger Cotton, the pious author of this very rare poem, was the fifth son of Ralph Cotton, Esq., of Alkington in the parish of Whitchurch, Shropshire, by Jane, daughter and heiress of John Smith, *alias* Tarbock, of Newcastle-under-Lyme, Staffordshire. The ancestor of this Ralph Cotton in the fourth degree had married the heiress of the Gremytons of Alkington, whereby they had become possessed of that estate, and settled there from their original abode at Coton or Cotton in the parish of Wem in the same county; from whom also are descended the Cottons of Bellaport and of Etwall in Derbyshire. This Ralph Cotton, the father, appears to have been a pious and respectable man, and was the first of the original feoffees of the Free School in Whitchurch, which his father, Thomas Cotton, had been

instrumental in establishing in the reign of Edward VI., in compliance with the pious instructions of Sir John Talbot the founder of it, who did not live to complete his praiseworthy intentions. Ralph Cotton was the father of six sons, nearly all of whom distinguished themselves as patrons and encouragers of literature, and some of them arose to considerable wealth and eminence. John Cotton of Alkington, esq., the eldest son and heir, was the founder of the Free School of Newcastle in Staffordshire, and married Jane, daughter of John Dodd of Cloverley esq., in the county of Salop, and died s. p. William, the third son, was a draper in London, and a member of the Draper's Company, and from him immediately the line was carried on. Randle, the fourth son, was a captain in the East Indies, and died s. p. Allen, the sixth son, was brought up to business with his brothers as a draper in London, and was admitted a freeman of that company in 15—. He was so successful in business, and became so considerable in fortune, that he was made Sheriff of London in the year 1616, and created Lord Mayor in 1625–6, the first year of Charles I., and received the honour of knighthood from that monarch. He married Elinor, daughter of Edward Moore, gent., of London, who died A.D. 1622, by whom he had a numerous family of fourteen children, seven sons and seven daughters. Sir Allen Cotton died on the 24th December 1628, at his house in Caninge Street, and was buried, with his wife, in the parish church of St. Martin's Orgars, London, one of those destroyed in the memorable fire of 1666, in which a monument was erected to his memory by his three surviving sons, with the following inscription, the verses at its close being probably written by the brother, and poet of the family, Roger Cotton:

M. S.

Sir Allen Cotton, Knight and Alderman of London, some time Lord Mayor of this honourable City, Son of Ralph Cotton of Alkington, in the Parish of Whitchurch, in the County of Salop Gent. was espoused unto Ellinor, the Daughter of Edmund Moore, Citizen and Draper of London, by whom he had Issue seven Sons and seven Daughters, and lived unto the age of seventy Years, generally beloved; and died the 24th December 1628. He left behind him three Sons, Edmund, John, and William; and two Daughters. Which Sons, in a filial Expression of their Duties, have caused this Monument to be erected, in the memory of their dear deceased Father.

When he left Earth, rich Bounty dy'd,
Mild Courtesy gaue place to Pride,
Soft Mercy to bright Justice said
O! Sister, we are both betray'd;
White Innocence lay on the ground
By Truth, and wept at either's Wound.
The Sons of Levi did lament,
Their Lamps went out, their Oil was spent.
Heav'n hath his Soul, and only we
Spin out our Lives in Misery.
So, Death, thou'st missed of thy ends,
And kill'd not *him*, but kill'd his Friends.

Roger Cotton, the fifth son, the author of this work, was born in Whitchurch, as he himself acknowledges in the "Epistle Dedicatorie" of this poem, to Gilbert Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury. "I am no Scholler, but a Draper: (*i.e.* one of the Drapers' Company) therefore not able to continue my speaches in such sort, as willingly I would. My trust is, your honor will the rather pardon me, and accept the affection of my hart, and not weigh the rudenesse of my pen. I was borne in Whitchurch; which, as I thinke, is one of your honors principall Lordships: where my Ancestors haue of long time been poore well-willers unto your noble Progenitors, as at this present my eldest brother there, and we the rest of his bretheren here in London, are to your honorable selfe." He was most probably educated at the newly founded Free School in Whitchurch, which his grandfather had been so instrumental in erecting, and some of his brothers having prospered in trade in London, he was induced to follow their example and betake himself to the Metropolis, where, in conjunction with them, he followed the business of a draper. He appears, however, to have been gifted with a fondness for literary pursuits, and in particular with a taste for poetry. He was also imbued with a strong and affecting sense of religion, and, living in times when the over-ruling Providence of God was manifestly displayed towards this nation in the dispersion and destruction of the formidable Spanish Armada and the upholding the power and greatness of his country, these events seem to have contributed to the increase and fervour of his religious feelings, and to have called them forth before the public. We may conclude also that the pious conversation and example of the learned and accomplished Hugh Broughton, also a native of Shropshire, with whom he and his brothers lived on terms of great intimacy and friendship, and to whom he had dedicated the earliest of his works, had an effect in augmenting his religious zeal and knowledge.

His first work, in prose, called *A Direction to the Waters of Lyfe*, published in 1590, 4to, has been already noticed; the second is the present poem, *An Armor of Proofe*, &c., 4to, 1596; and the third, which is equally rare with the others, entitled *A Spirituall Song*, &c., was published in the same year, and will be noticed in the next article.

We have been thus particular in stating these circumstances relating to the author of these works and his family because they are little known, and because the works themselves are of very rare occurrence, and though not remarkable for any display of poetical genius or talent, indeed far otherwise, yet they are well intentioned, and do honour to the religious feelings of the

writer. Whether he produced any other works than those already mentioned we have not been able to ascertain, nor can we furnish any further particulars of his life than that he was admitted a member of the Drapers' Company, and that he continued to reside in London. He married Katherine, the daughter of —— Jenkes of Drayton in the county of Salop, by whom he left two sons, Samuel Cotton of Surrey, son and heir, and Alexander, the second. Of the exact time of his death we are also ignorant, but by his will, he, together with his brother William, alderman and free of the Company of Drapers, bequeathed 50*s.* each to be yearly paid by the said Company for the use of the poor of the parish of Whitchurch, to be distributed amongst them for the time being. Sir Allen Cotton,* their brother, by his will also bequeathed 4*l.* per annum for ever, to be paid by the same Company for the same purpose, and another of the family, probably the elder brother John, charged his estate at Alkington Hall with an annual payment of 4*l.* for the same object for ever.

We now return to the present work, which is described by Mr. Park in the *Restituta*, vol. iii. p. 138. We have already mentioned that it is dedicated to Gilbert Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, in allusion to whose noble family in connection with the place of his birth, the author thus remarks:

In so much as the fame of one of your owne most noble progenatours soundeth in our eares to this day, I trust it shall of none be thought amisse, yf I lay him before your Honorable eyes, as an other example. That noble Earle *John Talbot* is the man: who neither lived as languishing in idlenes, riot, or excesse: nor died as hauing surfited with vaine pleasures, and fonde delyghtes: but of manly woundes received in open feelde, after he had valiantly warred foure and twentie yeeres in defence of his Princes right: a death and life most honorable to them that are truely noble and valiant. Euen so this worthy peere, together with his valiant Sonne the Lord Lisle, in that sore battle fought at Castilion in Fraunce, their sweete lyves did ende: where a monument of the Earle remayneth unto this day, and this inscription folowing ingrauen thereupon:

Here lyeth the right noble Knight John Talbot Earle of Shrewsburie, Earle of Washford, Waterforth, and Valence, Lorde Talbot of Goodritche and Urchingfeilde, Lord Strange of Black-meare, Lord Verdon of Alton, Lord Crumwell of Wingfeilde, Lord Louetoft of Worsoppe, Lord Furniuall of Sheffeilde, and Lord Falconbridge, Knight of the most noble orders of S. George, S. Michael, and the Golden Fleece,

* Sir Thomas Winnington, Bart., of Stanford Court, Worcestershire, has in his possession a good portrait of Sir Allen Cotton, Knt., in his robes of office as Lord Mayor.

Great Marshall to King Henrie the sixt of his realme of Fraunce, who dyed at the battle of Castilion neere Burdeaux Anno 1453.

Now as this, and other your noble ancestors, haue been alwayes at home most honorable for their faythfulnes towardes the Crowne of Englande: and for their seruice both at home and abrode against the enemie, in so much that euen the very name of the *Talbot* to them hath been tirrible! so no doubt there is, but that your selfe will shew your selfe, in all nobilitie, as descended from such. A most noble warryer and faithfull subiect unto his annoynted Prince was he, whose example therein you follow.

The poem is written in eighty-six six-line stanzas, and commences with an allusion to the fears which were entertained of the dreaded invasion of the Spanish Armada in 1588, which presented a more formidable spectacle in the English Channel than had ever been witnessed before, but which, by the merciful intervention of Providence, rather than by the combined exertions of all ranks and classes in England, was defeated and destroyed:

When God of hosts in eighty eight had brought
an host of men, our Countrey to annoy;
In that distresse the Lord by vs was sought
whereby our woes were turned then to ioy.
But yet full true to us may this be sayde,
in your distresse, you onely seeke my ayde.

For then in deede, and only then we seeke,
when troubles great, and greeuous plagues aryse:
But those once past, no promise made, we keepe
nor yet by them can learne to be more wyse:
But as the Sow in fylth agayne doth wallow,
so we our sinnes of former times do swallow.

For great and small, no sinnes of olde forbeare.
No rich, no poore, can say in hart, I ioy:
For garment whyte, which I now dayly weare,
but steede thereof, we faigne and frame each toy,
each toy, yea toyes and tayles, such to behold,
with wyer and heare, that monsters be we would.

Yet few there be whose hartes consider well
what sinnes are wrought each day by men of might.
No one there is that thinkes how God doth tell
his owne misdeedes he worketh day and nyght:
Yet doth the Lord the least of them regarde
and will in time, give each his full rewarde.

* * * * * *

But wilt thou know what is the sinne of sinnes:
It is contempt of God's most holy worde:
for that cast off, Idolatrie begins,
false Gods then sought, God draweth out his sword,
his sword? yea all his plagues therewith are sent,
when on false Gods the mindes of his are bent.

He then earnestly exhorts all persons to study the Holy Scriptures, as a protection to their hearts from the wrath of God and a safeguard from all their enemies:

* * * * * *

But all degrees, contemne his holy name:
Few rich or poore, one Saboth true do keepe:
And all are bent their own willes to obey
but will of God, we seeke it no one day.

For whereas we should spend our lyves and time
in Gods owne Booke, his will to see therein:
Great store there be, that never sought one lyne,
to write in hart, that so they might know him.
And so God's will of us not being knowne,
he castes us off, to follow wayes our owne.

O Englande, then consider well thy state
oft reade Gods worde, and let it beare chiefe sway
within thy hart, or els thou canst not scape
the wrath of God: for he will surely pay.
Yea diuers rods the Lord of Hostes doth use
to chasten such, as do his worde refuse.

His sword thou know'st he threatened sore to draw,
in eightie eight; but then he did thee spare:
Yet since that time, in thee great sinnes he saw:
wherefore for thee great plagues he did prepare.
The Pestilence through out thy coastes hath bin,
and now with sworde to threat he doth begin.

* * * * * *

And what now wants of all Gods plagues to thee?
Now surely store: there is yet more behinde.
But yet this one I would thee wysh to see,
the which to view, I pray thee, be not blinde:
The Spanyardes now with Armour braue them dight,
in hope to finde thy fayth, but vayne and lyght.

Remember then thy former loue and zeale,
which thou to God, and to his worde didst beare:
And let them now agayne with thee preuale:
and so no force of forrayne shalt thou feare.
None shall then moue thy Candlesticke from thee,
yf thou from it a lyght wilt take to see.

The author then shows that we should not put our trust in chariots or in horses, nor in any help of man, but should turn to the Lord and meditate on his Law; and after giving an account of the delivery of the Law to Moses on Mount Sinai, and a paraphrase of the Ten Commandments, the poem closes with a prayer to the Almighty for a blessing upon the Queen, and for his protection and defence against all her enemies:

—— blesse our Queene, the hand-mayde of thy will:
who doth with Jael, thy foes sound blowes still lend.
Our gratious Queene, above all let be blest:
because alone, she fights against the beast.

Be thou O Lord, her buckler and her shylde,
her strong defence, agaynst all forren power:
Yea gaynst all foes that forces now do yeelde
to helpe that Beast, thy people to deuoure.
Confounde them Lord: their faces fill with shame:
And helpe our Queene, for honour of thy name.

Be thou her peace, her plentie, and her might.
Arme her with fayth, thy Gospel to defende.
Cause thou her Crowne, to shine long, fresh, and bright:
Yea Dauids dayes, twise double do her lende.
Cause her in peace, with Salomon to raigne,
in spight of all, that now are joynd with Spayne.

* * * * * *

So will we prayse and magnifie thy name,
thy glorious name to ages we will show:
Which is, that was, and still will be the same,
to all that seeke, thy face in Christ to know.
Christ is the ende of Law, for righteousnesse:
Beleeve in him, Gods Kingdome then possesse.

This and the the following piece by Cotton, Spenser's *Faery Queene* and Churchyard's *Worthinesse of Wales* "were the only poetical volumes produced from Ireland's Shakesperian library," and it is somewhat singular that three out of the four works should have been written by natives of the same

county with himself. Ireland's copy of this poem we formerly had for a while in our possession. It was the one described in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 122, and had formerly belonged to Mr. Park, whose neat initials were on the title: but was miserably stained, cropt and burnt (by Ireland for his forgery) and moreover wanted two leaves at the end. It was purchased at the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.* for 6*l.* 6*s.*, we presume by Mr. Heber, as it was afterwards in his collection, and was bought at the sale of the first part of *Bibl. Heber*, No. 1984, by Mr. Thorpe for 8*s.*, who afterwards marked it in his *Catalogue* for 1837, No. 1846, at 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* It was erroneously described, both in that *Catalogue* and in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, as only wanting the last leaf, but, on comparing it with the present perfect copy, we found that it was deficient in the *two* last leaves.

The following is a curious statement of the different forgeries of Ireland contained in this volume. On the title the name of "W^m^ Shakespere" is written, as having been the owner of the book. At the back of the title is written: "The gyfte o mye Kynde Masterre Lowinne thys 14 o Auguste 1601." On a blank page, on the reverse of the author's address "To the Christian Reader," appears the following: "Itte dothe appeare bye thyne dedycatyonne Masterre Cotton thatte thou beste ryghte relygyouse and godlye prythee doe thou butte goe soe onne ande thoulte fynde thyne accompte. W. S." In the 10th stanza, line 2, on sig. B 2, the word "whypt" is underscored, and a remark made below: "I lyke notte thatte worde Masterre Cotton." On the following page, stanza 14, line 2, "by *meanes* of Christ, eternall sonne of his" is written over "hys onlye blessedd Sonne." After stanza 40, on sig. C 2, occur these two lines:

O noe greate Godd thye Worde shalle alwaye swaye
Whyles Sunne Moone Starres yea thys vaste Globe decaye.

Stanza 50, on the fourth Commandment, has four lines, two above and two below, a portion of which are illegible:

O Sabboth holye daye o reste
Sweete sootherre of a syxe dayes toyle
Whyche dothe unntire the poore mannes .....
Sende downe sweete commfort .....

At the bottom of the 71st page, with which the volume concludes, is the following quotation from *Hamlet:*

Ile calle thee Kynge lovd fatherre royal Dane
O wherefore lette mee burste inne Ignoraunce.

See *Hamlet*, 1623, p. 257.

At the commencement of the volume is the following title to a Mock Morality by Ireland, in the possession of W. Richardson, 1799:

The Divill and Rychard.

As itt was donn onn Sonday laste att the Pallace att Westmynstre by the Clarkes and Boyes of Powles, fore oure gracyouse valarowse moste noble renownedd and puyssant Kyng Henry VII onn his Crownatyon afterr the Kyllyng oure late usurpyng Tyraunte Rychard iii. all the Courte beynge all thys syghtenn.

M.CCCC.LXXXV.

W. Henry Ireland -- April 26th 1795.

The scarcity of this poetical tract may be inferred from the prices which it has brought at public sales. The imperfect copy of it in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 122, was priced at 6*l.* 6*s.* A copy sold at Mr. Strettell's sale, No. 576, for 7*l.*, and at Mr. Bindley's sale in 1820, pt. i. No. 2198, for 10*l.* 10*s.* Bound in Calf.

Cotton, (Roger.) — A Spirituall Song: conteining an Historicall Discourse from the infancie of the world, untill this present time: Setting downe the treacherous practises of the wicked, against the children of God: Describing also the markes and ouerthrow of Antichrist, with a thankesgiuing to God for the preseruation of her Maiestie, and of his Church. Drawen out of the holy Scriptures, by Roger Cotton.

Psalm 37. 12. The wicked practiseth against the just, and gnasheth his teeth against him.

Psal. 37. 13. But the Lord shall laugh him to scorne, for he seeth that his day is coming.

Psal. 37. 33. The wicked haue drawne their sworde, and haue bent their bowes to cast downe the poore and needie, and to slay such as be of upright conuersation.

Psal. 37. But their sworde shall enter into their owne hartes, and their bowes shall be broken.

At London. Printed by G. Simson and W. White, 1596. 4to, pp. 26.

This third work by Roger Cotton, which is equally rare with the others,

was published in the same year as the last, and is dedicated, in prose, "To the right worshypfull Sir Francis Drake Knight," to whom he "wisheth continuance of health, with prosperous estate and felicitie." It appears that this celebrated circumnavigator had lately been incorporated into the worshipful Society of Drapers, of which Cotton was a member, and that this circumstance, and "the vertuous zeale that he alwayes had to defende Gods trueth, her Maiesties right, and Countries tranquilitie, had imboldened him (Cotton) to present unto him this Historicall discourse and short thankes-giving, which he had rudely, but truly, and according to the storie, collected out of the holy Scriptures," as an inducement to encourage others "to study the holy worde of God, which is the sworde of the spirite; and to take unto them the whole armor thereof, whereby they may be able to resist all the assaultes of the euyll one, and may also have a full hope in the Lord, that in the ende they shall haue a victorious conquest, and so learne with Martyrs, Apostles, and holy Prophets, to rejoyce and sing Hosanna and Haleluiah," &c. "This, (says he), if your Worshyp shal accept, being the first frutes of my small paynes, not regarding the barbarousnes of my phrase and verse, being no Scholler, but the zealous affection of my hart, to the loue of your godly care, for the upholding of Gods Religion. I shall (hauing so skilfull a Pilote to stirre my sterne, and so worthy a Captaine to encounter the enimie) be imbouldned hereafter to wade into deeper discourses (as God shall blesse and time permit) to gratifie your worthinesse withall: Untill which time, I humbly commende your selfe, and your most vertuous proceedinges, to the gracious gouernment of the puissant Jehouah, the victorious King of eternall glorie."

A short address "To the Reader" follows, in which the author says:

Since all thinges that are written in the holy Scriptures, are written for our learning, that we through patience and comfort of the Scriptures might haue hope, I haue brought to your remembraunce (as breefely as I can) the cheefest stories therein conteined for this purpose, that when you have heard, you may also say that you haue seene, his great seueritie in the late miraculous destruction of his and our Romish enimies, and his accustomed mercie in the deliverance and preseruation of his children, and so by that meanes be stirred up to giue all thankes and prayse unto God, and to have your heartes firmly stayed upon him, who is a wall and strong defence to Syon his Beloued, and who contiaually sits upon a throne, hauing a Rainebow round about, to assure us of his fauour to be continued agaynst the waters which the olde Dragon powreth out by the Italian Synagoue of Rome, &c.

After this address occur two pages of commendatory verses by P. K.,

G. W. (probably George Whetstone), A. W. (probably Arthur Warren or Andrew Willett), and R. J. We quote the second of these:

G. W. in prayse of this Booke.

Will men be taught in whom to put their trust,
In time of troubles, stir'd by tyraut's pride?
Or will they learne to whom the godly must
Sing thankfull himnes, when happie dayes betide?
Lo, heere a lantarne that may give them light,
Both to relie and to rejoyce aright.

The work then commences, headed by this text from Psalm cvii. verse 2: "Let them which haue beene redeemed of the Lord, shew how he hath deliuered them from the hande of the oppressor." It is written in five-line stanzas, and is divided into six parts or sections. A short specimen will suffice to show the nature of the work, in which the serious and well-meant intentions of the author are more deserving of praise than his poetry. The writer had been showing how, through the gracious assistance of the Almighty, the nation had escaped from the threatened danger of the formidable Spanish Armada, and the consequent re-introduction of Popery, "even as a bird is escaped out of the snare of the fowler:"

Wherefore as we haue heard, so haue we seene,
that God is still an helpe to his at hand,
agaynst the rage of Satan to withstand:
And by our Queene most worthy Prince of fame,
hath foyld his foes to their rebuke and shame.

Yea God hath put into her noble hart,
to hate that Beast, and flesh of his to eate,
and still to striue to make him desolate:
The which God graunt she may still so hold on,
that we may more see fall of Babylon.

And that her Grace, Gods will may thus performe,
we pray thee Lord, that long her raigne may be,
since on this day she chosen was by thee:
And Crowne didst giue, as due to her by right
because she was accepted in thy sight.

Therefore let us this day with voyces ring
and giue all prayse and thankes unto the Lord,
that hath her geuen for to defende his worde:
Agaynst the rage of Pope that monstrous Beast,
whose strength we pray, she dayly more may waste.

So will all still Halleluiah sing,
and eke confesse that God alone doth raigne,
a King of Kinges, foreuer to remayne:
Wherefore rejoyce, and prayses sing with hart,
and neuer let them from our mouthes depart.

At the end of this first poem there is another, entitled "A description of olde Rome, or misticall Babylon: and may be song as the 81. Psalme." This is written in a different metre from the first, and consists of fifteen eight-line stanzas, which are concluded thus:

Shew us O Lord, with golden Reede
thy Arke, thy Manna hid:
Shew us thyne Alter of fine golde,
whose Incense standes in steede,
Cloth us with holy garmentes White,
and golden Girdles give:
Us Sacrificers, wash thou cleane,
that we may euer lyue.

Lo Rome, we crowned are with Starres,
of Postles twelue, for light:
And Moses, Prophets, Christ the ground,
to frame our buyldinges right.
Loe Rome, our Lampes are filde with Oyle
our Harpes be tunde with skill:
Our Trumpets sound eternall prayse,
to him that heares us well.

So Rome, our Sackcloth shall remoue,
and with Palm bowes wee sing:
Hosanna and Halaluiah,
to Christ our Head and King.
To whom all prayse and glory be,
both now and euermore:
For all good graces shewed to us,
we give him thankes therefore.

R. Cotton.

There is a notice of this poetical work, written by Mr. Park, in the third volume of the *Restituta*, p. 141. See also the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 121, from an imperfect copy, which is there priced at 5*l.* 5*s.* A copy sold in Mr. Strettell's sale, No. 577, for 6*l.* 16*s.* 6*d.*; at Bindley's ditto, pt. i. No. 2199, for 8*l.* 5*s.*; and at Mr. Skegg's ditto, in 1842, No. 434, for 10*l.* 15*s.* The present is a remarkably fine and beautiful copy of this very rare poetical volume, of which we doubt whether there are three in existence, and is further illustrated with a portrait of Sir Francis Drake, to whom it is dedicated.

Bound by C. Lewis. In Blue Morocco, with joints, gilt leaves, and Morocco insides.

COWLEY, (ABRAHAM.) — Poetical Blossomes, by A. C.

——— sit surculus Arbor.

London, Printed by E. A. and T. F. for Henry Seile, and

are to be sold at his shop at the Signe of the Tygers-head in St. Paules Church-yard. 1633. 4to, pp. 64.

These *Poetical Blossomes* were published by Cowley, according to the generally received opinion, when he was in his fifteenth year, but, if we are to credit the authenticity of the portrait prefixed and of Langbaine, when in his thirteenth year, while still a pupil at Westminster school. As such they are remarkable effusions of poetical talent in so youthful a mind, but differ from the earliest productions of Milton, written almost at as youthful an age, in not being distinguished by any remarkable efforts of fancy or imagination, or exuberance of genius, but appearing rather to show a taste for the moral and didactic. They are dedicated "To the Right Honorable and right reverend Father in God John (Williams) Lord Bishop of Lincolne, and Deane of Westminster," and, after some stanzas "To the Reader" by Cowley, are graced by some commendatory verses by his schoolfellows, Ben. Masters and Rob. Meade. The first poem, written in six-line stanzas, is called "Constantia and Philetus," not as is erroneously said by Phillips and Winstanley, "Antonius and Melida," and afterwards copied from them by Ant. Wood and Dr. Kippis, who have thus perpetuated the mistake. Langbaine, who rightly corrects their error, but falls into another himself in saying that the comedy of "Love's Riddle" was first printed in the present volume, informs us that this poem was written when Cowley was only twelve years old. The second poem, "The Tragicall Historie of Piramus and Thisbe," which has a separate title-page, is dedicated "To the Worshipful my very loving Master Lambert Osbalston chiefe Schoole-master of Westminster Schoole." It is written in the same metre as the former, and, according to Langbaine, was composed when Cowley was but ten years old. The remaining poems in the book are "An Elegie on the Death of the Right Honorable Dudley Lord Carleton Viscount Dorchester, late Principall Secretarie of State;" another "On the Death of his loving Friend and Cousen Mr. Richard Clerke late of Lincolnes-Inne, Gentleman;" and a short poem entitled "A Dreame of Elysium." At the end, on a separate leaf, is the permission of the licenser, Henry Herbert, for the poems to be printed, dated the 19th of October, 1632, which, if Cowley was born in 1618 as is usually believed, confirms Langbaine's account of the dates when they were written. The contents of this volume were not generally reprinted with his later productions, but there was a reimpression with additions in 1636, 8vo, and in 1637, noticed in the next articles. "The *Poetical Blossomes* of

Cowley," says Granger, "which are an abundant proof of his talent for poetry, were generally regarded as an earnest of that fame to which he afterwards rose, and which, in the opinion of some of his contemporaries, eclipsed that of every other English poet. We are even more pleased with some of the earliest of his juvenile poems than with many of his later performances; as there is not in them every where that redundancy of wit; and where there is, we are more inclined to admire than be offended at it, in the productions of a boy." Campbell also says of Cowley with some truth, that "he wrote verses while yet a child; and amidst his best poetry as well as his worst, in his touching and tender as well as extravagant passages, there is always something that reminds us of childhood in Cowley."

Prefixed to the volume is a portrait of Cowley with a book in his hand, and two angels holding a chaplet of laurel over his head, inscribed "Ætat. suæ 13. anno 1633," engraved by Robert Vaughan, and underneath are these lines by B. Masters:

> Reader, when first thou shalt behold this boyes
> Picture, perhaps thou'lt thinke his writings, toyes.
> Wrong not our *Cowley* so; will nothing passe
> But gravity with thee? *Apollo* was
> Beardlesse himselfe, and for ought I can see
> *Cowley* may yongest son of *Phœbus* bee.

This portrait is of excessive rarity, and adds much to the value of the book. The present copy has also a smaller portrait of Cowley by another hand, taken from another edition of these poems, and is further enriched with some manuscript notes by the late Mr. Park. It is the same copy which was in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 140, and is there priced at 16*l.*, and was successively in the collections of Mr. Park, Mr. Hill, Mr. Perry, and Sir Francis Freeling, Bart. A copy was sold in Skegg's sale, No. 442.

Collation: A 2; Sig. A to H 4 inclusive, in fours.

Fine copy. Bound by Walker. In Blue Morocco, with leather joints, tooled inside, gilt leaves.

Cowley, (Abraham.) — Poeticall Blossomes. The second Edition enlarged by the Author.

——— sit surculus Arbor.

Cowley," says Granger, "which are an abundant proof of his talent for poetry, were generally regarded as an earnest of that fame to which he afterwards rose, and which, in the opinion of some of his contemporaries, eclipsed that of every other English poet. We are even more pleased with some of the earliest of his juvenile poems than with many of his later performances; as there is not in them every where that redundancy of wit; and where there is, we are more inclined to admire than be offended at it, in the productions of a boy." Campbell also says of Cowley with some truth, that "he wrote verses while yet a child; and amidst his best poetry as well as his worst, in his touching and tender as well as extravagant passages, there is always something that reminds us of childhood in Cowley."

Prefixed to the volume is a portrait of Cowley with a book in his hand, and two angels holding a chaplet of laurel over his head, inscribed "Aet. ann. 18. anno 1633," engraved by Robert Vaughan, and underneath are these lines by B. Matthews:

> Reader, when first thou shalt behold this hope
> Peirce, perhaps those'll think his writings, tapes.
> Wrong not our Cowley so; will nothing pass
> But gravity with thee? Apollo was
> Beardless himself, and for aught I can see
> Cowley may compass son of Phebus be.

This portrait is of excessive rarity, and adds much to the value of the book. The present copy has also a smaller portrait of Cowley by another hand, taken from another edition of these poems, and is further enriched with some manuscript notes by the late Mr. Park. It is the same copy which was in the Bibl. Anglo-Poet., No. 110, and is there priced at 10*l.*, and was successively in the collections of Mr. Park, Mr. Hill, Mr. Perry, and Sir Francis Freeling, Bart. A copy was sold in Skegg's sale, No. 412.

Collation: A 2; Sig. A to H 4 inclusive, in fours

Fine copy. Bound by Walther. In Blue Morocco, with leather joints, tooled inside, gilt leaves.

COWLEY, (ABRAHAM.) — Poetical Blossomes. The second Edition enlarged by the Author.

——— sit aureolus Arbor.

London, Printed by E. P. for Henry Seile, and are to bee sold at his shop at the Signe of the Tygers-head in S. Pauls Church-yard. 1636. Sm. 8vo, pp. 96.

This very scarce edition of the *Poetical Blossomes* is entirely unnoticed by both Watt and Lowndes. After the short dedication to the Bishop of Lincoln as in the first impression, is a prose address "To the Reader" by Cowley, in which he apologizes for his "poetical boldness" in publishing at so early an age, and himself confirms the account before stated as to the time when these verses were composed: "I should not bee angrie to see any one burne my Pyramus and Thisbe, nay, I would doe it myselfe, but that I hope a pardon may easily bee gotten for the errors of ten yeeres age. My Constantia and Philetus confesseth mee two yeers older when I writ it. The rest were made since upon severall occasions, and perhaps doe not belie the time of their birth." With the exception of this address the contents of the first portion of this edition are exactly similar to the preceding, the "Pyramus and Thisbe" having a separate title-page and dedication to his Master Osbalston as before. At the end of the "Dreame of Elysium" on Sig. E 1, a fresh title-page occurs, "Sylva, or Divers Copies of Verses made upon sundry occasions by A. C.," with the imprint and date as above. This portion embraces sixteen leaves with the title, and contains poems "On his Majesties returne out of Scotland," "A Song on the same," "A Vote," "A Poeticall Revenge," "To the Dutchesse of Buckingham," "To his very much honoured Godfather, Master A. B.," "An Elegie on the Death of Mrs. Anne Whitfield," "An Elegy on the death of Iohn Littleton Esquire, Sonne and heyre to Sir Thomas Littleton, who was drowned leaping into the water to save his younger Brother," "A Translation of Verses upon the B. Virgin, written in Latine by the right worshipfull Dr. A.," and seven odes on various subjects. From these latter we extract the sixth as a short example of Cowley's light, fanciful and airy style:

ODE VI.

Vpon the shortness of mans life.

Marke that swift Arrow how it cuts the ayre,
How it out-runnes thy hunting eye,
Vse all perswasions now, and try
If thou canst call it backe, or stay it there.
That way it went, but thou shalt find
No tract of 't left behind.

Foole 'tis thy life, and the fond *Archer*, thou,
Of all the time thou'st shot away
I'le bid thee fetch but yesterday,
And it shall be too hard a taske to doe.
Besides repentance, what can'st find
That it hath left behind?

Our life is carried with too strong a tyde,
A doubtful *cloud* our substance beares,
And is the *horse* of all our yeeres.
Each day doth on a winged *whirle-wind* ride.
Wee and our *Glasse* run out, and must
Both render up our dust.

But his past life who without griefe can see,
Who never thinkes his end too near,
But sayes to *Fame* thou art mine *Heire*.
That man extends lifes natural brevitie,
This is, this is the onely way
T'out-live *Nestor* in a day.

This copy has a very fine impression of the rare portrait by Vaughan of Cowley, "Ætatis suæ 13," with a single angel above placing a wreath of laurel on his head, and has an additional one inserted of the same reversed, without date. A copy of this scarce edition sold in *Bibl. Heber.*, pt. iv. No. 443, for 2*l.* 3*s.*, and in Skegg's ditto, No. 443, for 2*l.* 18*s.*

Collation: Title-page A 2; Sig. A. to F 8, in eights.
Fine copy. Bound in Red Morocco, gilt leaves

Cowley, (Abraham.) — Poeticall Blossomes. The third edition. Enlarged by the Author.

——— sit surculus Arbor.

London. Printed by E. P. for Henry Seile, and are to bee sold at the signe of the Tygers-head in Fleet-street between the Bridge and the Conduit. 1637. Sm. 8vo.

The contents of the first part of this third edition of Cowley's juvenile poems are exactly similar to that of the second, although it is not that impression with a mere change of title, but an entire newly printed edition. But at the end are added Cowley's two comedies of "Loves Riddle" and

"Naufragium Joculare," which were here published for the first time. They have each separate titles, the first being:

"Loves Riddle. A Pastorall Comœdie; Written at the time of his being Kings Scholler in Westminster Schoole, by A. Cowley. London, Printed by John Dawson, for Henry Seile, and are to be sold at the Tygres head in Fleet-street over against St. Dunstans Church. 1638."

This has a poetical "Epistle Dedicatorie" "To the Worthy and Noble Sir Kenelm Digbie Knight." It was written while Cowley was a King's scholar at Westminster school, and only fifteen years of age; and when it is considered that the plot of the play is entirely original and unborrowed, and the whole composed at so early an age, we must allow it to be entitled to much commendation. The title of the other play is:

"Naufragium Ioculare, Comœdia: Publicè coram Academicis Acta, in Collegio S. S. et individuæ Trinitatis. 4º Nonas Feb. An. Dom. 1638. Authore Abrahamo Cowley.

Mart. ——— Non displicuisse meretur
Festinat, Lector, qui placuisse tibi.

Londini, Imprimis Henrici Seile, 1638."

This is dedicated in some Latin verses to Dr. Comber, Dean of Carlisle, and Master of Trinity College, Cambridge. It was acted with great applause before the University by the members of Trinity College, and, like the former play, its plot was original. These first editions of the two Comedies were published separately, and as such are mentioned by Lowndes and Watt, but this third impression of the poems is not noticed by either. It is scarce, and this copy has a fine impression of the portrait of the author, "Ætatis suæ 13," and has a duplicate also of the same before the plays.

From the Mainwaring collection at Peover.

In the original Calf binding, red edges.

CRANE, (RAPH.) — The Pilgrimes New-yeares-Gift: or, Fourteene Steps to the Throne of Glory. By the 7. Corporeall and 7. Spirituall Acts of Charitie, and those made Parallels. By Raph Crane.

Proverb. 19. 17.

Mutuat Iehoua, qui gratiosè largitur tenui, et Beneficium ipsius rependet ipsi.

1. Thes. 5. 4.

Consolamini eos qui pusillo animo sunt: sublevate infirmos.

Printed at London by M. F. n. d. Sm. 8vo, pp. 48.

Under the title of *The Workes of Mercy, both Corporeall and Spirituall*, a former edition of this scarce poetical tract had been published in 1621, 8vo, which was dedicated to the Earl of Bridgewater, and of which a copy from the Bridgewater collection sold in Sir Mark M. Sykes's sale, No. 807, for 9*l.* 10*s*. The present and later edition is probably the same work, with merely a change of title to some copies which had remained unsold. It is without any dedication, but commences at once with "The Authors Induction" in verse, from which we learn that he was born in the city of London, his father having been a member of the Merchant Taylers' Company and borne "offices of worth." After receiving his education he appears to have been brought up to the law, and was for seven years clerk to Sir Anthony Ashley, Clerk of the Council, and afterwards a writer for the lawyers in the Inns of Court, but seems to have suffered from loss and poverty during the period of the great Plague in London, of which he was an eye witness; and although he escaped the disease himself, he suffered much from penury and woe, and was advanced in years when he penned the present work as a *New-years Gift*. The poem is divided into short cantos of little more than a page each, with a prelude of four lines prefixed to each, the first part containing "Mercies seuen Acts Corporeall," and the latter the same "Spirituall," which are thus made Parallels:

Corporeall.	*Spirituall.*
To giue Bread to the hungry.	To correct the Sinner.
To giue Drinke to the thirsty.	To Instruct the Ignorant.
To cloath the naked.	To Counsel the Doubtful.
To Ransom Prisoners.	To Comfort the sorrowfull.
To Harbour the harbourlesse.	To beare wrongs patiently.
To Visit the Sick.	To forgiue all men.
To Bury the Dead.	To pray for others, even our Enemies.

The verse is of a very humble and mediocre kind, and we prefer quoting a few lines from the induction descriptive of the Plague, than from the work itself, which has little to recommend it beyond its rarity:

Thinke of that yeare,
(In marble hearts too soone forgot, I feare,
In those that haue Compassion, and Remorse,
It needs must sticke an euerlasting force:)

That *Pestilentiall* yeare, that *heauy Time*,
(A *Parallel* to that, which (for his Crime)
Dauid selected, when he chose to lie
Vnder *Gods hand*, and not *Mans Tyrannie*)
Wherein depopulating *sicknesse*, *want*,
And *famine* (Ram-like) did their Forces plant
To batter and lay leuell with the ground
This City glorious, famous, and renown'd)
(For whom my selfe had cause ('fore many other)
Much to lament (because she was my *Mother*)
And for whose sake (with *Ionathans swift Boy*)
To serue her I would run with eager ioy:
She was my *Nurse;* but (which was worst of all)
Shee in my cradle) gaue me such a fall,
That howsoeuer yeares might heale the same,
Yet with *Mephibosheth*, I still goe *lame*.
This holy Place, for which the *Iewes* would mourne
As for Ierusalem, besieg'd, forlorne
This beauteous *Temple*, for which *Dauid* must
Needes weepe, to see her *honour in the dust:*
From whence no *Child* of *hers*, (if they had power)
But fled vnkindly lest she should deuoure
(As *Myriam* did) the Fruit of her owne wombe,
And so be both their *chamber* and their *Tombe*,
Onely some *Pillars* stood to keepe it vp,
(*The City Pretors:*) — Of this bitter *Cup*
They ventur'd drinking: — honour'd be their worth,
That then so good examples did bring forth:
But for those silly Soules, that staid behind
(Either for loue, or need) they could not find
Like *Noahs Doue*) a place to rest their feet
But crept from lane to lane, from street to street;
Where naught was seen, felt, tasted, toucht, or heard
But *Coffins*, *Pits*, *Bels-knowling*, things prepar'd,
To drag poore wretches, (dog-like) to the earth,
And that sometimes, ere consummating *death*
Had fully taken on them his possession,
Such was the fearefull hast, such the expression
Of *Horrors* shape: such *griefe*, such *Tragick sighes*
The *Sufferer* feeles, and the *Spectator* frights
For one man to another was a *Caine*,
No sooner met, but fearing to be slaine
By him they met: — take *East*, *West*, *North*, or *South*,
No wind that blew, but blew death in their mouth;

Vntill the bitter raging of that Stound
Had laid most vnder; left but few 'boue ground;
Thus, thus she was, ô thus like *Iob* she sate
A patient-bearer of a *ruin'd state:*
In Sorrow, Fasting, Sack-cloth, Ashes she
Shewes as her elder sister *Niniue:*
Nor shop nor house, naught open, but her *Eyes,*
And those but ope to see her *Miseries:*
Nothing was gratious in her at this time,
But that she had the *Grace* to know her *Crime,*
And with *repentant Marie,* wash in Teares
Her *Sauiours* feet, and wipe them with her haires:
Eu'n thus she was:—Thus (like *Iosephus*) I
Partooke of her distresses heauily:
And though a heauenly *Titus* kept mee free
And (with *Tobias Angèll*) guarded me,
So that I neither had the sores, nor dyde,
(For which my sacrifice of *Thankes* shall bide
A *Monument* eternall:) yet (alas)
I from her *Markes* not so exempted was,
Her *Markes* of *Penury, Expence,* and *Woes*)
Of Debts, engagements, all heart-breaking throes;
But that I still about me beare the signe
And still shall doe, till by some Power diuine
(As this of yours) I from the same be cleer'd,
My heart reuiued, and my soule re-cheer'd,

This edition is unnoticed by Lowndes, who only mentions the former one in 1621. Copies of the first impression sold in Bindley's sale, pt. i. No. 1244, for 3*l.* 5*s.*; Rice's ditto, No. 657, 5*l.*; Sir Mark M. Sykes's ditto, pt. i. No. 807, 9*l.* 10*s.*; Horner's ditto, No. 1854, 13*l.* 15*s.* The present copy came from Sir Francis Freeling's collection, No. 282, where it sold for 2*l.* 2*s.*, and is the only one of this impression that we know of.

Collation: Title one leaf; then Sig. A to C 7, in eights.

In Calf neat.

CRANLEY, (THOMAS.)—The Converted Courtezan, or, The Reformed Whore. Being a true Relation of a penitent Sinner, shadowed under the name of Amanda. By Thomas Cranley, Gent.

Admiranda canunt, credenda aliquando Poetæ.

Poets doe tell of strange things not a few,
Yet oftentimes those things, though strange, are true.

London, Printed for Bernard Langford, and are to be sold at the Signe of the Blew Bible, at Holbourne-Bridge. 1639. 4to, pp. 96.

This work was first published in 1635 under the title of "Amanda, or the Reformed Whore and other Poems composed and made by Thomas Cranley, Gent. now a Prisoner in the Kings Bench. Anno Dom. 1635." 4to. The present is the same work with merely an alteration of the title. It is dedicated by the author "To the worshipfull, his worthy friend, and Brother in law, Thomas Gilbourne Esquire," at the end of which is the licencer's certificate for printing it, dated July 1, 1635, and a metrical address from "The Author to his Booke." The title is a sufficient intimation of the nature of the contents of this poetical volume, which relates the story of a converted and penitent Magdalen, written while he was a prisoner for many months in the King's Bench. It is written partly in prose and partly in verse, consisting of seven-line stanzas, and paints in strong colours the dress, manners, and habits of the vicious and licentious denizens of the Metropolis. After describing the furniture and dress of Amanda, the author thus notices the books that then formed the fashionable reading of such characters:

And then a heape of bookes of thy devotion
Lying upon a shelfe close underneath,
Which thou more think'st upon then on thy death.
They are not prayers of a grieued soule,
That with repentance doth his sins condole,

But amorous Pamphlets, that best likes thine eyes,
And Songs of love, and Sonets exquisite.
Among these *Venus* and *Adonis* lies,
With *Salmacis*, and her Hermaphrodite:
Pigmalion's there, with his transform'd delight
And many merry Comedies, with this,
Where the *Athenian Phryne* acted is.

The following historical allusions to the evil effects of incontinence are selected for quotation, and may be presented as a specimen of the author's versification:

Behold the strange events,
The ruines, downfals, and the desolations,

Bloudy destructions, feareful accidents,
Of Kings, of People, Countreys, Kingdomes, Nations,
Their miseries, and their depopulations.
That have been wrought by foul concupiscence,
And by that ougly sinne, Incontinence.

How many Kings have lost Emperiall Crownes?
Their lives, their Wives, their Children, Subjects all?
How many Cities, and renowned Townes,
Have into ashes been observ'd to fall,
By that one sinne, that sinne veneriall?
It were too long, too teadious to relate,
'Twould tire thy sences to enumerate.

Had *Helena* beene true, the famous *Troy*
Had never suffer'd by the *Græcians* armes.
She had not tasted of that sad annoy
Which was procured by their proud alarmes,
Nor they themselves, had suffer'd halfe those harmes.
Young *Alexander* had not lost his life,
And *Menelaus* had enjoy'd his Wife.

Hector had liv'd, that died so well belov'd.
The stately tower of *Ilion* had stood,
And the Palladium had not beene remov'd.
Old *Priam*, and his fifty headed broode,
Had not all by the sword pour'd out their bloud.
The *Græcians* had not stoned *Hecuba*,
Nor had they sacrifiz'de *Polixena*.

These mischiefes, and a thousand others moe,
By lust, and by concupiscences rage,
Did all accrue, that else had not beene so.
The like enormities in every age
Still swell apace, and never will asswage.

This part extends to one hundred and ninety stanzas, after which follows "The penitential answer of the reformed Amanda," in one hundred and six stanzas, from which we learn, that dying to sin, and living unto grace, she spent the remainder of her days devoted to goodness and holy comtemplation:

Two yeares she liv'd in sound and perfect health,
The most reformed creature on the earth.

After two years she fell through grief into a hectic fever, which at length carried her off:

Death vanquisht life, concluding of her paine,
Shee liv'd, to die, and di'd to live againe.

Little is known of Cranley except that he was an intimate friend of George Wither, and in the *Abuses Stript and Whipt* there is a copy of verses by Wither "To his deare Friend Mr. Thomas Cranley," and also one prefixed to the same work addressed "To the impartial Author," subscribed "Thy deare Friend Th. C." which is believed to be Cranley. See the *Restituta*, vol. i. p. 342 and 352, and the *Brit. Bibliogr.*, vol. i. p. 5.

The edition of 1635 sold in Perry's sale, pt. i. No. 1270, for 4*l.* 5*s.*; Heber's ditto, pt. iv. No. 526 (imperfect), 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*; Bindley's ditto, pt. i. No. 2195, 5*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.*; Jolley's ditto, pt. ii. No. 1843, 8*l.* 8*s.*

Collation: Sig. A to M 4, in fours.

Bound by Bedford. In Red Morocco, gilt leaves.

CRASHAW, (RICHARD.) — Steps to the Temple, Sacred Poems. With the Delights of the Muses. By Richard Crashaw, sometimes of Pembroke Hall, and late fellow of S. Peters Coll: in Cambridge. The second Edition, wherein are added divers pieces not before extant.

London, Printed for Humphrey Moseley, and are to be sold at his shop at the Princes Armes in St. Pauls Churchyard. 1648. 12mo, pp. 204.

The poems of Crashaw were first printed in 1646, again in the present edition of 1648, at Paris in 1652, and in 1670. Crashaw was the son of William Crashaw, a clergyman of the Church of England, educated at the Charterhouse, and afterwards at Cambridge, first as a scholar at Pembroke College, and then of Peter House, of which he became a Fellow in 1637, and was also incorporated of Oxford. He was distinguished for his classical learning and for his talent in poetry, both Latin and English, and became a popular preacher in Cambridge; but was ejected from his fellowship in 1644 by the Parliament party, along with others, for refusing to take the Covenant. Retiring to France he soon afterwards embraced the Roman Catholic faith, and appears to have been in distressed circumstances, from which he was relieved by Cowley the poet, who recommended him to the notice of Queen Henrietta Maria, wife of Charles I., then abroad, by whose

means he was sent into Italy, and after a while obtained a canonry or chaplaincy in the church of Loretto, at which place he died of a fever in 1650. Besides being a master of five languages in addition to his own, Hebrew, Greek, Latin, French and Italian, he was also accomplished in music, drawing, painting and engraving. He was of a warm and enthusiastic imagination, a soft and amiable disposition, and of fervent piety; but debased by a spirit of superstition and mystical devotion, which led him away to the Church of his choice.

Crashaw was one of that class of poets termed metaphysical, formed upon the Italian style of Marini, of which Cowley and Donne were the leaders, full of laboured conceits and false tastes, and a continual straining after unnatural display and effect. Still there is much to admire in the poetry of Crashaw, which is never dull, but abounds in beautiful images, often expressed with great power and felicity of language. Much of his poetry is of a devotional kind, and this is the least attractive; but some of his other short and occasional poems and translations possess charms of a higher kind, and contain passages of much tenderness, beauty of thought, and correctness of versification.

The present volume, which in size and style of printing much resembles the early editions of Herbert's *Temple*, was published by a friend of Crashaw's during his exile abroad. It has an engraved title or frontispiece by T. Cross prefixed, representing the interior of a church with persons ascending the "Steps." The printed title is followed by a warm and enthusiastic "Preface to the Reader" by the friend of the author, who speaks of him as "Herberts second, but equall, who hath retriv'd Poetry of late, and return'd it up to its Primitive use; — Let it bound back to heaven gates, whence it came." He says:

> It were prophane but to mention here in the Preface those under-headed Poets, Retainers to seven shares and a halfe; Madrigall fellowes, whose onely businesse in verse is to rime a poore sixpenny soule a Suburb sinner into hell: May such arrogant pretenders to Poetry vanish, with their prodigious issue of tumorous heats, and flashes of their adulterate braines, and for ever after, may this our Poet fill up the better roome of man. Oh! when the generall arraignment of Poets shall be, to give an accompt of their higher soules, with what a triumphant brow shall our divine Poet sit above, and looke downe upon poore *Homer*, *Virgil*, *Horace*, *Claudian*, &c. who had amongst them the ill lucke to talke out a great part of their gallant Genius, upon Bees, Dung, Froggs, and Gnats &c. and not as himself here, upon Scriptures, divine Graces, Martyrs, and Angells.

Crashaw, while at Cambridge, was in the habit of frequenting St. Mary's

Church near his own College for prayer; in allusion to which, and to the title of the present work, his friend goes on to remark:

Reader, we stile his Sacred Poems, *Steps to the Temple*, and aptly, for in the Temple of God, under his wing, he led his life, in St. Maries Church neere to St. Peters Colledge: There he lodged under *Tertullians* roof of Angels: There he made his nest more gladly than *Davids* Swallow neere the house of God, where like a primitive Saint, he offered more prayers in the night, than others usually offer in the day: There he penned these Poems, *Steps* for happy soules to climbe heaven by.

And those other of his pieces, intituled *The Delights of the Muses*, (though of a more humane mixture) are as sweet as they are innocent,

At the end of this preface, on a separate page, is

The Authors Motto.

Live Jesus, Live, and let it bee
My Life, to dye for love of thee.

followed by "The Table," or list of Contents.

The first poem is styled "The Weeper," a few verses selected from which will serve to exemplify the remarks we have made on the faults and conceits on the one hand, and on the beauties and striking imagery on the other, of this author. We prefer however giving these verses from the edition of 1670, both because the arrangement of them there is much more preferable, and because the second beautiful verse is altogether omitted in this edition of 1648:

The dew no more will weep,
The primroses pale cheek to deck,
The dew no more will sleep,
Nuzzl'd in the lillies neck.
Much rather would it tremble here,
And leave them both to be thy tear.

Not the soft gold which
Steals from the amber-weeping tree,
Makes sorrow half so rich
As the drops distill'd from thee.
Sorrows best jewels lie in these
Caskets of which Heaven keeps the Keys.

When Sorrow would be seen
In her brightest majesty,
(For she is a Queen)
Then is she drest by none but thee.
Then, and only then she wears
Her richest pearls, I mean thy tears.

Not in the evenings eyes
When they red with weeping are,
For the Sun that dies,
Sits sorrow with a face so fair.
No where but here did ever meet
Sweetness so sad, sadness so sweet.

Sadness, all the while
She sits in such a throne as this,
Can do nought but smile,
Nor believes she sadness is;
Gladness itself would be more glad
To be made so sweetly sad.

After a few of these religious poems come the "Divine Epigrams," which are without any point or merit, and of which a single specimen will be sufficient:

Two went up into the temple to pray.

T vo went to pray, O rather say
One went to brag, th' other to pray:
One stands up close, and treads on high,
Where th' other dares not lend his eye.
One neerer to God's Altar trod,
The other to the Altar's God.

There is a beautiful hymn for the Circumcision of our Lord, beginning

Rise thou best and brightest morning,*

but with much of his usual false taste and conceit.

The following is a portion of his version of the 137th Psalm:

On the proud bankes of great *Euphrates* flood,
  There we sate, and there we wept:
Our Harpes that now no musick understood,
  Nodding on the willowes slept,
    While unhappy captiv'd wee
    Lovely *Sion* thought on thee.

They, they that snatcht us from our countries breast
  Would have a song carv'd to their eares,
In *Hebrew* numbers, then (O cruell jest!)
  When Harpes and Hearts were drown'd in teares:
    Come, they cry'd, come sing and play
    One of *Sions* Songs to day.

Sing? play? to whom (ah!) shall we sing or play
  If not *Jerusalem* to thee?
Ah, thee *Jerusalem!* ah! sooner may
  This hand forget the masterie
    Of musicks dainty touch, then I
    The musick of thy memory.

The principal and longest poem in the volume is a translation of the first book of the *Sospetto d'Herode* from the Italian of Marini, a poet celebrated for his genius and imagination, and for his extravagance of style and false taste. A similarity has been traced between some parts of this poem and Milton's

* Brightest and best of the sons of the morning.
Heber's Hymn for the Epiphany.

great work, and there is little doubt that he had consulted both this and another poem by Marini, *The Adamo*, printed in 1609, 4to; and that Pope was also indebted for some of his verses to Crashaw, to whose merits he had borne testimony in his early years. Crashaw shone most in translation, and the present version is so full of power and solemnity, that it is to be regretted that he did not complete the whole of the poem. Its merits are such that we shall be excused for transcribing a short portion of it, containing an allegorical description of Cruelty and her abode:

38.

Thrice howl'd the Caves of Night, and thrice the sound,
Thundring upon the bankes of those black lakes
Rung through the hollow vaults of Hell profound:
At last her listning eares the noise o're takes,
She lifts her sooty lampes, and looking round,
A gen'rall hisse from the whole tire of snakes
Rebounding, through Hells inmost Cavernes came,
In answer to her formidable name.

39.

'Mongst all the Palaces in Hells command,
No one so mercilesse as this of hers.
The adamantine doors for ever stand
Impenetrable, both to prai'rs and teares;
The walls inexorable steele, no hand
Of Time, or teeth of hungry Ruine feares.
Their ugly ornaments are the bloody staines
Of ragged limbs, torne sculls, and dasht-out braines.

40.

There has the purple Vengeance a proud seat,
Whose ever brandisht sword is sheath'd in blood.
About her Hate, Wrath, Warre, and Slaughter sweat;
Bathing their hot limbs in life's pretious flood.
There rude impetuous Rage do's storme, and fret:
And there, as Master of this murd'ring brood,
Swinging a huge Sith stands impartiall Death,
With endlesse businesse almost out of breath.

41.

For hangings and for curtaines, all along
The walls, (abominable ornaments!)
Are tooles of wrath, Anvills of Torments hung:
Fell Executioners of foule intents,

Nailes, hammers, hatchets sharpe, and halters strong,
Swords, Speares, with all the fatall Instruments
Of Sin and Death, twice dipt in the dire staines
Of brothers mutuall blood, and fathers braines.

42.

The Tables furnisht with a cursed Feast
Which *Harpyes*, with leane Famine feed upon,
Vnfill'd for ever. Here among the rest,
Inhumane *Erisicthon* too makes one;
Tantalus, *Atreus*, *Progne*, here are guests:
Wolvish *Lycaon* here a place hath won.
The cup they drinke in is *Medusa's* scull,
Which mixt with gall and blood they quaffe brimfull.

The second portion of these poems has a new title prefixed:

"The Delights of the Muses: or, Other Poems written on severall occasions. By Richard Crashaw, sometimes of Pembroke Hall, and late Fellow of St. Peters Colledge in Cambridge.

Mart. *Dic mihi quid melius desidiosus agas.*

London, Printed by T. W. for H. Moseley, at the Princes Armes in S. Pauls Church-yard. 1648."

This part commences with fresh paging and signatures, and consists of a more miscellaneous selection of short poems, translations, epitaphs, elegies, and some few Latin poems. It opens with what may be considered one of the finest and most brilliant efforts of Crashaw's poetical genius, — his "Musicks Duell." This is, we think, the great triumph of Crashaw; and we cannot help expressing our surprise that it should not have been more specifically noticed and commended by some of his many admirers, as one of his finest specimens of versification, and one of the most beautiful poems in our language. It is founded on the Latin poem of Strada, the subject of it being the contest between the musician and the nightingale. We know few poems in our early literature which exceed it in fluency and ease of expression, or in the masterly power he possessed over his own language. It was a favourite theme, and there is no doubt that the exuberance of his fancy and the melody of his verse were increased and animated by his taste and practical skill in that fascinating science. Notwithstanding the whole of the poem has been given in the *Retrosp. Rev.* (the sole exception to the remarks we have made above), we cannot resist the pleasure of quoting a few passages from it as a further exemplification of Crashaw's merits as a translator:

Now Westward *Sol* had spent the richest beams
Of Noons high glory, when hard by the streams
Of *Tiber*, on the sceane of a greene plat
Vnder protection of an oake; there sate
A sweet Lutes-master: in whose gentle aires
He lost the dayes heat, and his owne hot cares.
Close in the covert of the leaves there stood
A Nightingale, come from the neighbouring wood:
(The sweet inhabitant of each glad tree,
Their Muse, their *Syren*, harmlesse *Syren* she)
There stood she listning, and did entertaine
The Musicks soft report: and mold the same
In her owne murmures, that what ever mood
His curious fingers lent, her voyce made good:
The man perceiv'd his Rivall, and her art,
Dispos'd to give the light-foot Lady sport
Awakes his Lute, and 'gainst the fight to come
Informes it, in a sweet *Præludium*
Of closer straines, and ere the warre begin,
He lightly skirmishes on every string
Charg'd with a flying touch: and streightway she
Carves out her dainty voyce as readily
Into a thousand sweet distinguish'd Tones,
And reckons up in soft divisions
Quicke volumes of wild notes; to let him know
By that shrill taste, she could do something too.

The following portion of the further progress of the melodious contest on her part is charmingly described, and exhibits Crashaw's wonderful power and facility over the resources of his own language:

In that sweet soyle it seemes a holy quire
Sounded to th' Name of great Apollos lyre;
Whose silver-roofe rings with the sprightly notes
Of sweet-lipp'd Angell-Imps, that swill their throats
In creame of Morning *Helicon*, and then
Preferre soft Anthems to the eares of men,
To woo them from their Beds, still murmuring
That men can sleepe while they their Mattens sing:
(Most divine service) whose so early lay
Prevents the eye-lidds of the blushing day.
There you might heare her kindle her soft voyce,
In the close murmur of a sparkling noyse;
And lay the ground-worke of her hopefull song,
Still keeping in the forward streame, so long

Till a sweet whirle-wind (striving to get out)
Heaves her soft bosome, wanders round about,
And makes a pretty Earthquake in her Breast,
Till the fledg'd notes at length forsake their nest;
Fluttering in wanton shoales, and to the sky
Wing'd with their owne wild Eccho's pratling fly.
Shee opes the floodgate, and lets loose a tide
Of streaming sweetnesse, which in state doth ride
On the wav'd backe of every swelling straine,
Rising and falling in a pompous traine.
And while she thus discharges a shrill peale
Of flashing aires; she qualifies their zeale
With the coole Epode of a graver noat,
Thus high, thus low, as if her silver throat
Would reach the brasen voyce of war's hoarse bird;
Her little soule is ravish't: and so pour'd
Into loose extacies, that she is plac't
Above her selfe, Musicks *Enthusiast*.

We close our quotations with a few more lines, giving the result of the musical "duel," and the mournful fate of the nightingale:

At length (after so long, so loud a strife
Of all the strings, still breathing the best life
Of blest variety, attending on
His fingers fairest revolution
In many a sweet rise, many as sweet a fall)
A full-mouth *Diapason* swallowes all.
This done, he lists what she would say to this,
And she, although her breath's late exercise
Had dealt too roughly with her tender throate
Yet summons all her sweet powers for a noate:
Alas! in vaine! for while (sweet soule) she tryes
To measure all those wild diversities
Of chatt'ring strings, by the small size of one
Poore simple voyce, rais'd in a naturall tone:
She failes, and failing grieves, and grieving dyes.
She dyes: and leaves her life the Victors prise
Falling upon his Lute: — ô fit to have
(That liv'd so sweetly) dead, so sweet a Grave!

Our extracts have extended to so great a length that we are unable to add any from the smaller pieces which fill the remainder of the volume, although

some of them contain passages of much moral beauty, and well merit quotation.

There is an excellent critical article on Crashaw's poems, accompanied with a biographical notice and copious extracts, in the *Retrosp. Rev.*, vol. i. pp. 125, &c. His poems are also noticed with extracts in Headley's *Ancient Eng. Poets*, vol. i. p. xxxvi. and p. 130; Ellis's *Early Eng. Poets*, vol. iii. p. 224; and Campbell's *Specimens*, vol. iii. p. 358. See also Dibdin's *Libr. Comp.*, vol. ii. p. 312; *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, p. 127; Phillip's *Theat. Poet.*, p. 23, ed. 1803; *Biogr. Brit.*, vol. iv. p. 427.

Collation: Title A 2; Sig A, six leaves; B to F 9, in twelves; pp. 126. "The Delights of the Muses:" Title and Table, three leaves; then Sig. A to C 12, in twelves; pp. 73. Total pp. 204.

In Blue Morocco, gilt leaves.

CRASHAW, (RICHARD.) — Carmen Deo Nostro, Te decet Hymnvs. Sacred Poems, collected, corrected, avgmented, most humbly presented to my Lady the Countesse of Denbigh, by her most deuoted Seruant R. C. In hearty acknowledgment of his immortall obligation to her Goodness and Charity.

At Paris, By Peter Targa, Printer to the Archbishope of Paris, in S. Victors streete at the golden sunne. M.DC.LII. 8vo, pp. 140.

The poems in the present volume, with one or two exceptions at the end, are entirely of a religious character. They had all been printed before in the preceding edition just noticed. After the title are some lines on the author's anagram, "He was Car," one leaf, apparently written by the same person who composed the next, "An Epigramme vpon the pictures in the following Poems, which the Authour first made with his owne hand, admirably well, as may be seene in his Manuscript dedicated to the right Honorable Lady the L. Denbigh."

'Twixt pen and pensill rose a holy strife
Which might draw vertue better to the life:
Best witts gaue votes to that: but painters swore
They neuer saw peeces so sweete before

As these: fruites of pure nature; where no art
Did lead the vntaught pensill, nor had part
In th' worke.
The hand growne bold, with witt will needes contest,
Doth it preuayle? ah no! say each is best.
This to the eare speakes wonders; that will trye
To speake the same, yet lowder, to the eye.
Both their aymes are holy, both conspire
To wound, to burne the hart with heauenly fire.
Th's then's the Doome, to doe both parties right:
This, to the eare speakes best; that, to the sight.

Thomas Car.

Then follows, under an engraved emblem of a locked heart, a metrical address "To the noblest and best of Ladyes, the Countesse of Denbigh. Perswading her to Resolution in Religion, and to render her selfe without further delay into the Communion of the Catholick Church."

Several of the poems are preceded by some neatly engraved embellishments, by J. Messager, and it would appear from the lines by Car just quoted, that some of these were engraved from designs furnished by Crashaw himself. He certainly did not design them all, as a portion of them are from the works of the old masters, and were probably, as has been suggested, from coppers used on former occasions, and that Crashaw's designs extend only to the vignettes of the locked heart, and on pp. 1, 56, 67 and 85.

This curious volume from a foreign press is most incorrectly printed. It is very rare, and sold at Nassau's sale, pt. i. No. 791, for 1*l.* 17*s.*; *Bibl. Heber.*, pt. iv. No. 449, 1*l.* 12*s.*; Bright's ditto, No. 1522, 1*l.* 19*s.*; Jolley's ditto, pt. ii. No. 876, 2*l.* 7*s.*; Price's ditto, No. 654, 2*l.* 12*s.*; Townley's ditto, pt. i. No. 335, 4*l.* 16*s.*; *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 126, 6*l.* 6*s.* From the account given in that work of the latter copy, it was evidently imperfect, wanting the first leaf a ij, containing the lines on Crashaw's anagram.

Collation: Title a i; Sig. a, four leaves; then A to R ij, in fours; pp. 140. Bound by Mackenzie. In Brown Morocco, gilt leaves.

CRASHAW, (RICHARD.) — Steps to the Temple, the Delights of the Muses, and Carmen Deo Nostro. By Ric. Crashaw, sometimes Fellow of Pembroke Hall, and late Fellow of St. Peters Colledge in Cambridge. The 2nd Edition.

CRASHAW, (RICHARD.) — Steps to the Temple, the Delights of the Muses, and Carmen Deo Nostro. By Ric. Crashaw, sometime Fellow of Pembroke Hall, and late Fellow of St. Peters College in Cambridge. The 2nd Edition.

In the Savoy, Printed by T. N. for Henry Herringman at the Blew Anchor in the Lower Walk of the New-Exchange. 1670. 8vo, pp. 226.

Although the present is called the second edition, this is not correct, according to the dates we have already given: nor is this a mere re-issue of the former impression with a new title, but an entire new edition, with considerable alterations and improvements. The arrangement of the poems is also very different from the former, the number of the pieces being rather less, and the lines "In praise of Lessius, his rule of Health" being twice given, on p. 108 in the "Delights of the Muses," and again in the "Sacred Poems," p. 207. Fronting the title is an engraved frontispiece of the Temple different from that in the former edition, and the poems are preceded by the same "Preface to the Reader" by Crashaw's friend, and by "The Table" of Contents. "The Delights of the Muses," and the "Carmen Deo Nostro, or Sacred Poems," have each separate title-pages; and this may be considered the most complete edition of Crashaw's poems, comprehending as it does the contents of both the preceding volumes.

Bibl. Ang. Poet., No. 128, 15*s.*; Bright, No. 1523, 17*s.*

Collation: Sig. A to O 8, in eights; the last leaf blank.

Bound in Russia, with leather joints inside, gilt leaves.

Crashaw, (Richard.) — Richardi Crashawi Poemata et Epigrammata, quæ scripsit Latina et Græca, dum Aulæ Pemb. Alumnus fuit, et Collegii Petrensis Socius. Editio Secunda, Auctior et emendatior.

Εἵνεκεν ἐυμαθιης πινυτόφρονος, ἣν ο Μέλιχρος
Ἤσκησεν, Μουσῶν ἄμμιγα καὶ Χάριτων.—Ανθολ.

Cantabrigiæ, Ex Officina Joan. Hayes, Celeberrimæ Academiæ Typographi. 1670. 8vo, pp. 96.

The Latin and Greek poems of Crashaw were first published anonymously at Cambridge in 1634. The present is the second edition. These poems are dedicated to Dr. Benjamin Lang, head of Pembroke Hall, to whom he has addressed some pleasing verses, as well as others to two of his tutors. The poems in the early part of this collection, including the

epitaph on William Herrys, "To the Queen," &c., had been printed in the former edition of his poems in 1648. To these succeeded his "Sacred Epigrams" in Greek and Latin, preceded by an "Address to the Reader" in verse and prose. It was in these that his celebrated epigram on the miracle at Cana in Galilee first appeared, p. 29, "Aquæ in vinum versæ," ending with the well-known line,

> Nympha pudica Deum vidit, et erubuit.
> The modest water saw its God, and blushed.

Crashaw's learning and taste for poetry were early shown in these academical poems, which were greatly admired, and are much superior to the general run of Latin poetry, though subject to the same objections as in his English verse, many of the epigrams containing exactly a similar turn to those which we find in his English compositions. We present our readers with a single specimen both in Latin and Greek:

> Luc. 18.
> *Pharisæus et Publicanus.*
> En duo Templum adeunt (diversis mentibus ambo:)
> Ille procul trepido lumine signat humum:
>
> It gravis hic, et in alta ferox penetralia tendit.
> Plus habet hic templi; plus habet ille Dei.
>
> Ἄνδρες, ἴδου (ἕτεροισι γόοις) δυω ἱρὸν ἐσῆλθον·
> Τηλόθεν ορῥωδει κεῖνος ὁ φρικαλέος,
>
> Αλλ' ὁ μὲν ὥς σοβαρὸς νηοῦ μυχον ἐγγυς ἱκάνει·
> Πλεῖον ὁ μὲν νηοῦ, πλεῖον ὁ δ' εἶχε Θεοῦ.

See an article in Kippis's *Biogr. Brit.*, vol. iv. p. 427, written by Will. Hayley, Esq.

Collation: Sig. A to F. 8, in eights; pp. 96.

Bound up with the preceding edition of his English poems, and thus forming altogether a complete collection of the poetical works of this author.

In Russia, gilt leaves.

Crashaw, (Richard.) — Poetry, by Richard Crashaw, who was a Canon in the Chapel of Loretto, and died there, in the year 1650. With some Account of the Author; and an Introductory Address to the Reader, by Peregrine Phillips, Attorney at Law, Author of the Brighthelmstone Diary, and many

Tracts relative to the late Disputes between Great Britain and North America.

Magna est veritas, et prevalebit.

London: Printed by Rickaby, for the Editor, and to be had at Bell's British Library in the Strand. M DCC LXXXV. Sm. 8vo, pp. 182.

Crashaw's poetry had been long neglected, and was fast sinking into oblivion, when his merits were again brought into public notice by the present judicious selection of some of his more valuable poems, published by Mr. Peregrine Phillips, who in an Address to the Reader prefixed, claims the merit of first rescuing Crashaw's memory from oblivion, and of calling public attention to them. His zeal however in behalf of his subject, has led him in this address to make some violent and rather injudicious attacks on several of our English poets, whom he accuses of having borrowed from his works without any acknowledgment. He particularly accuses Pope, in his "Epitaph on Elijah Fenton," not only of having adopted the thoughts, but in some places the very words of Crashaw's "Epitaph on Mr. Ashton;" Milton, of having borrowed from the *Sospetto D'Herode;* Young, Gray and other poets, of doing the same. These charges have been discussed at greater length than they perhaps deserved, and completely set at rest in the *Biogr. Brit.* by Mr. Hayley, who has well remarked that "if Pope borrowed any thing from Crashaw in this article, it was only as the sun borrows from the earth; when drawing from thence a mere vapour, he makes it the delight of every eye, by giving it all the tender and gorgeous colouring of heaven."

The editor of this selection in his "Address to the Reader" calls himself a *moderate Protestant*, and therefore has carefully omitted whatever relates to theological controversy, which has made the present volume comparatively small. He gives the account of Crashaw from the *Fasti Oxon.* of Wood, vol. ii. p. 4; also extracts from that in Kippis's *Biogr. Brit.*, and from Pope's *Epistolary Correspondence with H. Cromwell, Esq.* in 1710. Among the poems selected are "The Weeper," "Hymn on the Nativity," "Sospetto D'Herode," several of the epitaphs, "Music's Duell," "Wishes to his supposed Mistress," "In Praise of Lessius," "Dies Iræ," "On the Death of Mr. Herrys and Mr. Ashton;" and at the end are seven of the Latin poems.

Jolley's copy. Half bound, in Red Morocco.

CROMPTON, (HUGH.) — Poems by Hugh Crompton, the Son of Bacchus, and God-son of Apollo. Being a fardle of Fancies, or a medley of Musick, strood in four Ounces of the Oyl of Epigrams.

Aut prodesse volunt, aut delectare Poetæ.

London, Printed by C. C. for Tho. Alsop, at the two Sugar-loaves over against St. Antholin's Church at the lower end of Watling-street 1657. Sm. 8vo, pp. 128.

The exceedingly rare little volume of poems about to be noticed, of which not more than two copies have occurred for public sale, is dedicated to the author's "well affected, and no lesse respected Friend and Kinsman Colonell Tho. Crompton." It is divided into two unequal parts, the first, extending through the greater portion of the volume, to p. 110, contains sixty-seven poems, chiefly of an amatory description: the second, embracing only ten pages, consists of twenty-one epigrams. The poetry, which is of a miscellaneous kind, is not of an elevated character, so that a short specimen or two, selected from each part, will be sufficient.

11. *The Check.*

Down, ye aspiring thoughts, where would ye mount?
What! would ye veil proud *Atlas* brow, or count
The countlesse lights of heaven? Do you strive
(With *Polyphemus*) to unthrone, and drive
Great *Jupiter* from his imperial seat?
Alas, alas, your power is not so great.
Review your weaknesse, span your selves again,
I am but dust and ashes; — O refrain
This frailty, and self-flattery, and see
The inside of thine imbecilitie.
I'm but a pondrous clod, and cannot rise
Above the stage of earth, each thought that flies
Higher then that, is haughty, and doth prance,
And may (with its excelsity) advance
My finall ruine. He that looks to sit
Above his fellowes, deals with pride, not wit:
His guide is Folly, and his friend a stranger;
The Life-guard of his safety is but danger.
Then die conceits, and rest within the tombe
Of earth, polluted earth, from whence ye come.

35. *The true beauty.*

Tempt not my thoughts with powder'd hair,
With Sattin, or with Lawn.
This cannot make a Lady fair
Whose honour lies at pawn.
Bring not thy jewels unto me,
I neither value them nor thee.

Look not so high though fortune please
Fairly to set thee forth;
Thy own ambition's thy disease
And bridle of thy worth;
Thy beautie's blur'd, thy fame destroy'd,
Thy honour's strangled in thy pride.

'Tis she that's fair, and only she,
Whose minde does not advance
With fate, above her pedigree;
That glories not in chance.
Whose beauty has more brightly shone
To others senses then her own.

Such is my *Claria*, she that holds
My heart within her breast:
Whose parallel, in *Cupid's* folds,
Or flocks, did never rest.
She whose ambitious smoke doth smother,
Aspiring not above another.

She whose own merits might transport
Her love beyond my case;
Is humbly pleas'd my flames to court,
And offerings to imbrace.
With me she'l laugh, with me she'l sing,
With me she will do any thing.

She knowes no scorn, she'l not deny
Her lips at my request.
She ne're saw me in misery,
But she would be opprest.
Therefore my *Claria*, only thou
Must rule my soul and fortunes now.

Humility.

I' th' petty fourm this Lady sits,
Learns innocency more than wits:
Reads duty-lectures to her sons
Bid her but go, and straight she runs.
Poor she at all times, and all places
Waits (servant-like) upon the Graces
She owns her self most vile and base,
Yet her descent's the Royall race.

Sim.

Sim sayes he's highly blest, because he looks
Upon abundance of religious Books.
'Tis true he does so; yet he keeps his sin;
He looks upon them, but ne're looks within.

Winstanley, in his *Lives of the Poets*, who lived not long after Crompton, says that he was a gentleman born, and well educated, but his father leaving him with small means, he betook himself to some genteel employment, whatever it was, for his support, which however failing him, he became an author from necessity. It would appear from his other work noticed hereafter, that he at first wrote for his own mere amusement, and intended his

labours for waste paper, till his necessities compelled him to act otherwise. Crompton is supposed, but we know not on what authority, to have been a member of the Lancashire family of his name. Winstanley states that after the publication of his poems, he went into Ireland, and continued there for some time, but whether his death took place in that kingdom or no, appears to have been uncertain. Granger also reports that "he was a gentleman well educated, though but of small fortune," and that "his necessities obliged him to turn author." See Granger's *Biog. Hist.*, vol. iv. p. 41, and Winstanley's *Lives of the Poets*, p. 191. These poems have been described by Mr. Park in *Restituta*, vol. iii. p. 167, but are not noticed either by Ellis or Campbell.

There was a copy in Bindley's sale, pt. i. No. 1192, which sold for 11*l.* 11*s.*; and the same copy afterwards sold at Rice's ditto, No. 634, for 5*l.* 5*s.* Another copy was in Caldecot's collection, No. 301, which sold for 4*l.* 5*s.* The present copy, which is presumed to be the only other one known, and by far the best, is the one from Mr. Skegg's library, No. 462, and sold for 9*l.* 5*s.* It is illustrated with a beautiful pen-and-ink drawing of the author, ætat. suæ 18. There was no copy in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, nor in the Heber, Bridgewater, Malone, or Douce collections.

Collation: Title A 2; Sig. A, four leaves; B to I 4, in eights; pp. 128, the first leaf blank.

Bound by C. Smith. In Russia, gilt leaves.

CROMPTON, (HUGH.) — Pierides, or the Muses Mount. By Hugh Crompton Gent.

London, Printed by J. G. for Charles Webb, at the Golden Boars-head in Saint Pauls Church-yard. Sm. 8vo, pp. 158.

Another very rare miscellany by the same writer. The dedication "To the Right Honourable Mary Dutchess of Richmond and Lenox," &c., is followed by a short epistle "To the Reader," in which he states his reasons, after having intended "his Muses for waste paper," for "resuming the Quill, that idleness might not sway;" and says of his Muse to the Reader:

For want of a better labour in my ramble, I gathered this Sallad from *Parnassus*, and washt it in *Helicon*. But thou must find Oyl and Vinegar, and Sugar it with thy good conceit if thou pleasest. Errors thou shalt have many, it may please the

better, since the time glories in them. Yet if thou pinch me hard, I have learned to cry *Peccavi*. Enter, and peradventure it will please, if not, the remedy is removed.

The work consists of one hundred and ten miscellaneous poems, written in various metres, of which the following may be taken as average examples of Crompton's poetry:

The Encomium.

Reach me a golden pen that writes
Such curious raptures as the Court affords;
Such dainty language as delights
Ladies saluted by their sprightly Lords:
Such as may paint the feature of *Adonis*,
Or tell a blind man how serene the Sun is.

Oh! 'tis my dear, the subject now
Wherein to sport my sporting Muse incites me,
And 'tis the splendour of her brow,
Whose fair reflexes on my Muse inlights me.
Bright Star of Majesty, methinks I see
The Gods and Angels strive to worship thee.

So sweet a lip, so pure a cheek,
Such graces seated in her christall eye,
As *Paris* might in *Helen* seek;
Such food in *Juno Jove* did ne're enjoy:
Tongues must be silent, phrases are too light,
Textor can teach us no such Epithet.

Therefore I must content my passion,
That now is grown so furious and so proud,
Not with my pen, but speculation:
And this must be too through some velvet cloud:
For if I see her clear whom I adore,
Her charms will blind me, I shall see no more.

The Soliloquy.

I have no riches, neither know
I where the mines of silver grow;
The golden age I cannot find
Yet there is plenty in my mind.
'Tis wealth I crave, 'tis wealth that I require;
Yet there's no wealth to fill my vain desire;
Nor hopes thereof to still my craving lyre.

What shall I do in such a case?
I am accounted mean and base:

Both friends and strangers frown on me,
'Cause I am gaul'd with poverty.
Well let them frown, yet I will not lament,
Nor value them, though fortune has not lent
To me her blessings, yet I have content.

Alas! poor plant of low esteem,
How base of thee the world doth deem!
I'me but an object, could my name
But once procure the wings of fame;
Then like *Apollo*, glittering in the skies
I'de ride triumphant, and I'de tympanise,
Daring the apples of all human eyes.

I, but I am not so sublime
In parts and merits, as to clime
Into the high terrestrial story
Of fame, triumph, renown, and glory:
Yet my content shall vanquish my disease,
Perhaps if I should climb such stairs as these,
(Like Icarus) I might salute the Seas.

For glory has but waxen wings;
It's like the voice of one that sings
A Prick-song ditty; now he vauls
With mounted voice, and then he falls:
So falls our fame, for censure will exile it,
And ill look't Envy quickly discompose it:
The least disaster may at last defile it.

Then farewell care for carnal wealth,
For worldly fame and fleshly health:
I'le use no Doctor, while I find
A wholesome temper in my mind.
I will not grieve, no fate shall make me vary,
Both cross and loss shall be no adversary,
I'le wash down all with glasses of Canary.

Taylors.

Taylors and Wood-cocks both agree,
(But not in point of skills)
For both of them (we plainly see)
Do live by their long bills.

The Taylors scrub, the Wood-cocks fly;
So both be quick and nimble;
The Wood-cock trusts unto his eye,
The Taylor to his thimble.

In the Garden.

Rosella did but look
Upon the milk-white Rosie bushes,
And presently each Rose forsook
Their white, and vapor'd in *Rosella's* blushes.

She did but cast her eye
Upon the blew-lipt Lavanders,
And presently they did defie
Their own complexion, and did boast of hers.

The vivid Marjoram
Her sparkling beauty did but see,
And presently their green became
All dy'd with scarlet, blushing red as she.

And when 'tis my delight
My perisht beauty to renew,
Then I accost her, whose first sight
Then turns my pale cheeks to a crimson hue.

Brave Artist, then I'le sue
Philosophers no more, to know
Their Elixar; — it's all in you,
Prov'd by experience wheresoere you go.

The reader may see an account of this very scarce volume, with copious extracts from it, by Mr. Park, in the *Restituta*, vol. i. p. 272. Many of the poems are written with great freedom and coarseness, and would scarcely suit the more refined, and let us add, the more pure and moral taste of the present day. Copies of this work have been sold in Lloyd's sale, No. 366 (no portrait), for 1*l.* 8*s.*; Bright's ditto, No. 1538, 4*l.* 14*s.*; Gardner's ditto, No. 547, 5*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.*; Rice's ditto, No. 633, 7*l.* 10*s.*; Bindley's ditto, pt. i. No. 1193, 12*l.* 15*s.* No copy exists in any of the collections named in the preceding article. The present copy has the original engraved portrait of Crompton in an oval with flowing hair, which has been well copied by Richardson.

Collation: Sig A, four leaves; B to L 3, in eights.
Bound in Russia, gilt leaves.

CROMPTON, (RICHARD.)—The Mansion of Magnanimitie. Wherein is shewed the most high and honorable acts of sundrie English Kings, Princes, Dukes, Earles, Lords, Knights and Gentle-

men, from time to time performed in defence of their Princes and Countrie: set forth as an encouragement to all faithfull subiects by their example resolutely to addresse them selues against all forreine enemies. Published by Richard Crompton an Apprentice of the common Lawe. 1599. Whereunto is also adioyned a collection of diuerse Lawes and Statutes meete to be knowne of all men: with a briefe Table, shewing what munition ought to be kept by all sorts of her Maiesties subiects, for the defence of her Highnesse Realmes and Dominions.

London, Printed for William Ponsonby. 1599. 4to, blk. lett. pp. 120.

On the reverse of the title to this very rare and curious treatise is a large woodcut, occupying the whole page, of the arms and quarterings, fifty-four in number, encircled with the motto of the Garter, of Robert Earle of Essex and Ewe, Earle Marshall of England, Viscount Hereford, &c., to whom the work is dedicated by Crompton, and in which he alludes to "the fame, honour, and renowme which he had attayned in his late valiant seruice at Cales in Spaine, and else where." This is followed by "An Oration to be made by the General to the whole Armie afore the Battell," concluding with a prayer for victory and success. The work is written in prose, interspersed with poetry, and is in black letter. It is divided into twelve chapters, treating of the various subjects and laws recorded in the title. The fifth chapter, which is one of the most interesting of the series, "sheweth sundrie examples of diuerse Noblemen of this land, who haue aduentured their liues in defence of their countrey, and how that euerie man ought to indeuour him selfe to follow their steps, and most valiantly and resolutely to fight in defence of his Prince and countrey, against all foreine enemies." After mentioning in this chapter the prowess of King Henry the fifth in person at the battle of Agincourt in France, he thus enumerates the valiant and warlike services of the noble house of Talbot, and especially of the celebrated John Talbot, created Earl of Shrewsbury in the wars in France, who was there slain in 1453:

Among others, what valiant and faithfull seruice hath the noble house of the Lord *Talbot* done from to time to their Princes and countrey, when the Earle of *Suffolke* (hauing the charge of *Mauns* in France) and the magistrates (specially the cleargy of

the same citie) conspired with the French, assuring them that if they would come to surprise the citie, they should find them ready to receiue them; and so they did, by meanes whereof, the said Earle with the rest of the said English men were forced to take the castle there, and keepe it, and in all hast sent to the Lord *Talbot*, who then lay at *Alaunson*, certifying him in what state they stood, hauing neither victuall nor munition, and their castle almost vndermined, so that yeelding now must follow, for resistance would not helpe, if they were not aided with speed. Did not the said Lord *Talbot* hearing this newes, with all hast assemble his Captaines and souldiers to the number of seauen hundred men of warre, and in the euening departed from *Alaunson*, and that night entred into the said castle of *Mans* at a posterne gate secretly? Whereupon about sixe of the clocke in the morning the English men issued out of the castle crying aloud, *S. George, Talbot.* The Frenchmen within thinking nothing lesse then of this sudden approchment, rose out of their beds and fled, leauing all their horses, armour and riches behind them: at which time there was slaine and taken foure hundred gentlemen of the French. And thus was the Citie of *Mans* reduced againe vnto English mens possessions by this most noble seruice and bold enterprises of this Lord *Talbot*. Did not the Lord *Talbot* likewise with a companie raise the siege of the French at *Awram*, then being in the allegiance of the King of England? Did not he and the Lord *Scales* and others, hearing the Frenchmen to be come within foure leagues of *Roune* (which was then also vnder the subiection of the king of England) by night issue out of that citie, and in the morning by day, came to the place where the Frenchmen were, and then set upon them, where many of them were slaine and taken prisoners. Also did not the Duke of *Burgundie* when he beseeged the towne of *Cretoy* with ten thousand men, hearing of the comming of the Lord *Talbot* raise his siege, the sayd Lord *Talbot* sending him word that he would giue him battell: if he would not, that the said Earle would wast and destroy his countrey in *Picardy*, and according to his promise so he did. Was not *Iohn* Lord *Talbot* for his approued prowesse and tried valiancy performed in the warres of France, created Earle of *Shrewsburie*, about the nineteenth yeare of *Henrie* the sixt, and after sent againe with 3000. men into *Normandie* for the better defence thereof, who neither forgot his duty, nor forslowed his businesse, but daily labored, and hourely studied how to molest and indanger his enemies? Did not the Kings Counsell then send the said Earle with an army into *Aquitaine* at the earnest sute of the Magistrates and inhabitants of the citie of *Burdeaux*, who receiued him and his power into that citie by a posterne gate, where they slue many of the Captaines, and others of the Frenchmen and so was *Burdeaux* taken by the said Earle, which he fortified, and after rode into the countrey thereabout, and obtained diuers cities and townes without dint of sword. And among others, did not he take the strong towne of *Castillon* in *Perigot*? where the French king when he vnderstood thereof, assembled twenty thousand men, and entred into *Aquitaine* (where *Castillon* is) and besieged the said towne of *Castillon* with a strong siege: whereupon the Earle of *Shrewsbury* assembled 800 horsmen and 5000. footmen, and went to the rescue of the said towne, in which battell very valiantly he behaued himselfe, and there was slaine with a small shot: and this was the end of this noble Earle, after he had with much

honor, more fame, and great renowne serued his Prince in warrs foure and twenty years in *France*, and was honorably interred amongst them, on whose Tombe is ingrauen as followeth:

Here lieth the right noble knight, Iohn Talbott Earle of Shrewsbury, Washford Waterford, and Valence, Lord Talbot of Goodrige, and Vrchengfield, Lord Strange of the blacke Meere, Lord Verdon of Alton, Lord Crumwell of Wingfield, Lord Louetoft of Worsop, Lord Furniuall of Sheffield, Lord Faulconbrige, knight of the most noble order of S. George, S. Michaell, and the Golden fleece, Great Marshall to King Henry the sixt of his realme of France: who died in the battell of Burdeaux in the year of our Lord 1453.

If I should set downe euery particular seruice of such as haue discended of this noble house, done from time to time in the warres for their prince and countrey, it would aske very long time, therefore he that desireth to knowe more thereof, I referre him to the Chronicles of this realme, where they are set forth at large, to their great honor and glory. And touching the loyalty of this noble house to the Crowne, I find it not attainted for any disloyalty to the same sithens the conquest of this realme, for which they are most deepely bound to yeeld their most humble thankes to the goodnesse of Almighty God, that so from time to time hath blessed the same; and so much the more, for that a great number of other Peeres and Nobles of this land, haue been attainted sithens that time for their disloyalty. In honor of which house of the Lord *Talbot*, I haue made these few verses following.

[*Woodcut of the Crest and Motto.*]

Talbot I am, that euer haue bene true,
Vnto my Prince, her crowne and dignity:
And hope in God, my fathers to eusue,
So as my bloud shall neuer stained be.

Prest I will be my countrey to defend,
As doth belong, to men of my degree:
And on her foes my life and land will spend,
As each man ought for her securitie.

The acts of warre, performed by my name
I shall increase, as God shall giue me might:
To serue my Prince when she commands the same,
As doth belong vnto a faithfull knight.

My gracious Prince, hath honored me,
With name of th' order of the garter knight,
Of which great kings haue much desired to be,
Wherein these words, with golden letters bright,

Hony soyt qui mal y pense are seene:
As much to say, as ill to him befall,
That ill doth wish, vnto so good a Queene:
And so I pray, and during life I shall.

And for some among many examples of the loyaltie of that noble house, first I find, that *William* Lord *Talbot*, in king Stephen his time, tooke vppon him to defend *Hereford* in *Wales*, as diuerse other nobles of this Realme did other Castles and townes in *England*, to the vse of *Maud* the Empresse and her sonne against the sayd king *Stephen*, who vsurped and detayned the Crowne against her said son being y^e^ right heyre to *Henry* the first his Realme of England. *Iohn* Earle of *Shrewsbury* was slaine at North, taking part with *Henry* y^e^ sixt against the Duke of *Yorke* and others: then I find how *Sir Gilbert Talbot* was sent by the yong Earle of *Shrewsbury*, being within age and ward to *Richard* the third, with two thousand of his tenants and friends to ayde *Henry* Earle of *Richmond* against the sayd Kyng *Richard*, being not onely an horrible murtherer of his Nephewes, king *Edward* the fourth his children, but also an vsurper of the Crowne, whom the sayd Earle ouerthrew at *Bosworth field*, and so obtayned the Scepter Royall of this Realme. I note also the great loyalty of the right noble *George*, fourth Earle of *Shrewsbury*, that where diuerse euill disposed persons in the rebellion in the North parts of this Realme, about the 28. yeare of the raigne of King *Henry* the eight, gaue forth very slanderous and dishonorable speeches against the sayd Earle, as though he had fauored more the part of the rebels, then of the King his Maister, for a full testimony and declaration of his truth to his Prince, he caused his Chaplayn to minister to him an oath in the presence of a great number of people, assembled by him to represse the sayd rebels, by which oath he did protest, that as his Auncesters had bene euer true to the Crowne, so he wold not staine his bloud in ioyning with a sort of rebels and traytors against their Prince, but sayd, he would liue and die in defence of the Crowne, if it did stand but vpon a stake. How faithfully did the Lord *George* last Earle of *Shrewsbury* discharge the great trust reposed in him by her Maiestie and her whole Councell, in the garding and safe keeping of the Queene of *Scots*, by the space of seuenteene yeares at the least; a matter of such importance, as the like so long time was neuer committed to any State or Peere of this Realme sithens the conquest thereof, and how carefully he did preuent the sundry deuises and subtill practises wrought by her selfe and others for her escape, it is sufficiently knowne. The trust was the greater, for that if she had escaped, no small danger might haue ensued to the person of our most gracious Queene, and to the whole Realme, as may appeare by her sundry conspiracies against the same. In like manner when any matter of great importance for the seruice of the Realme, in those parts was committed to him (as often many were) how carefully and painefully, and with what expedition he would dispatch the same, the world can testifie: what great confidence was reposed in him by the Queenes Maiestie when he was made Lieutenant of the counties of *Darby* and *Stafford* in those dangerous dayes, and how he performed the same trust to the preseruation of the common peace and quietnesse of those Shires, is well knowne to all men: what great trust was committed to himselfe also, when he had authority in times of rebellion and other outrageous actions in those parts, to suppresse the same in forcible manner. and to execute the offenders by Marshall iustice, without further proceeding in law against them, by the large Commission directed vnto him is manifest. And lastly, was not the right honourable *Gilbert* now Earle of *Shrewsbury* in

the xxxviij. yeare of her Maiesties most gracious Raigne, sent into *Fraunce* to receive the oath of the French king, for the confirmation of the most honorable league betwixt her Maiestie and the said king? and did not he performe that Embassage to his great honour? And did not the sayd king in proofe of his great good acceptation thereof, giue him a ring with a diamond therein, as I haue heard, valued at xv. hundreth pounds, a thing meet to remaine as an heire loome to that house for euer, for a remembrance thereof.

Whatever were the merits of Crompton as a prose writer and relater of history, — for his materials for which he was chiefly indebted to Holinshead, Grafton, Stow, Fox, Camden and others, and which are interspersed with quotations from the Scriptures and from classical authors, — he is certainly not gifted with any powers as a poet, his verses being mere doggrel. We therefore shall furnish our readers with only one more extract of a few verses from a long series of twenty-five, on the necessity of men leaving some good deeds behind them, that they may live in name when dead in body:

Though Death the fatal threed of ech man cuts in twaine,
Yet vertues ay shall liue, and worthie acts remaine:

For others to ensue, their painefull steps therein,
Whereby they may attaine, like lasting praise to winne.

But such as not regard, to leaue some deed of fame,
When they are dead, shall lie, without regard or name.

Some kingdomes to subdue by sword, both farre and neare
Their persons ventred haue, and dangers did not feare.

And some haue Churches built, in honor of our Lord,
Where they did giue him thanks and praise with one accord.

Some Colledges for such, as learning list embrace
Their countrey and their Prince, to serue in eurie place.

Some Schooles to traine vp youth, in skill and vertues lore,
While tender yeares do last, in age to haue in store.

Some Hospitals for poore, where they may be relieued
When crooked age of strength to worke hath them bereaued.

And these they haue endow'd, with liuing and with land,
To their immortall fame, for euermore to stand.

These for their Founders pray, and benefactors all,
And for their off-spring eke, on God cease not to call.

The summe of all is this, who that will liue in name,
Must leaue some deed behind, that worthie is of fame.

In the other parts of his work the author shows the various attempts made by foreign enemies, especially by the King of Spain and the Pope, to invade our country, and the preparations made by Queen Elizabeth to prevent the same. In doing this he gives numerous anecdotes of murders committed by the Spaniards upon Englishmen who had trusted them; and relates the sad ends of some of those who were traitors to their own country, such as Sir William Stanley and Rowland Yorke, the one giving up the town of Deventer, the other betraying the fort of Sutteven:

First, *Norris* chief Captaine and ring-leader of the rest, after hee had considered of the foulnesse of his act, and withall did see the scorne and contempt wherein hee liued under the Spaniard, it wrought such an impresion in his hart, that hee fell into a kind of lunacy, being in prison in *Flushing*, and in the ende ended there his life with his owne hand: *Gibson* rising out of his bed suddenly (being in manner naked) was by a Spanish horseman presently thrust through the body and so died, whose wife sued to the Duke of *Parma* for iustice, but the English bloud was there of such vile price being shed by a Spaniard, that the matter was thought not worthy to be inquired of. *Cornish* was in one of the sayd little forts at such time as it was surprised by the Frenchmen, where both himselfe, his Lieutenant, his Ensigne and whole company were miserably slaine and mangled.

Barners was shot through the right arme by a man vnknowne, with a small shot in such sort that he hath vtterly lost the vse thereof, and after liued in great misery and pouerty. Such was their fortune, and such is the ende of all trecherous and euill affected Englishmen to their Prince and countrey.

Pygot died suddenly in the Marshalsey at London, being sent thither as prisoner from *Ostend: Daulcon* became a Pyrate, and was hanged in the North countrey: Captaine *Tayler* was slaine by the Earle of *Westmorland* in the Spanish Campe: Captaine *Vincent* was hanged, *Chenie* at *Bergenopsome*, Captaine Welch was slaine vnder the walls of *Roane*, *Yorke* and *Williams* were executed at Tyburne. Thus you haue heard what it is to liue vnder, and serue a forraine Prince.

The remainder of the book is taken up with the manner how to suppress rebellion, and what plagues have fallen upon traitors; with a repetition of certain statutes relating to high treason: Of the conspiracies and treacheries of certain Nobles and others against their Prince and country, and what have been their rewards: Of the victories obtained in former times by the English nation, both by sea and land, against their foreign enemies: Of the necessity of joining together for the defence of our Prince and country against the enemy; with a repetition of certain laws tending to the preservation of her Majesty's person, and the safety and defence of the realm.

The work was finished on the "20th day of January 1599, in the one and fortieth year of the reign of Queen Elizabeth." On the last leaf is a

curious Table of the Statute of Armour, made in the fourth and fifth years of Philip and Mary, showing the exact quantity which each person was to furnish himself with for the wars, and the penalties inflicted for not having the same. On the reverse of this are six lines, "The Authour to his Booke," with which the volume concludes.

Of the author of this treatise we know nothing more than what he states of himself in the title, that he was a student of the common law, and that he was the writer of another work entitled *A short Declaration of the Ende of Traytors and fa'se Conspirators against the State, and of the Dutie of Subiectes to their Soueraigne Gouernour*, Lond. 1587, 4to, blk. lett., which is dedicated to Archbishop Whitgift; and of a work *On the Authority and Jurisdiction of Courts*, Lond. 1594, 4to, recommended by North in his *Discourse on the Study of the Laws*.

See Herbert's *Typog. Antiq.*, vol. ii. p. 1276, and Oldys's *Catal. of Pamphlets in the Harl. Libr.*, No. 395.

Freeling's sale, No. 1012, *4l. 4s.*

Collation: Sig. A to P 4, in fours; pp. 120.

The Freeling copy. Half-bound in Calf.

Crosse, (William.)—Belgiacs Trovbles, and Trivmphs. Wherein are trvly and Historically related all the most famous Occurrences, which haue happened betweene the Spaniards, and Hollanders in these last foure yeares Warres of the Netherlands, with other Accidents, which haue had relation vnto them, as the Battels of Fleurie, and Statloo, the losse of Gulicke and Breda, the Sieges of Sluce and Bergen, the Conquest of St. Saluador in Brasilia, and the taking of Goffe by Char es Lambert &c. Written by William Crosse, master of Arts of St. Mary Hall in Oxford, and sometimes Chaplaine vnto Colonell Ogle in the Netherlands.

London, Printed by Avgvstine Mathewes, and Iohn Norton, 1625. 4to, pp. 80.

With the exception of a short account of this heavy and rather wearisome poem in Mr. Collier's recent *Bibliog. Catal.*, vol. i. p. 165, it has remained entirely unnoticed by bibliographers. It is divided into two parts, the first

being dedicated to the Earl of Essex and Lord Mountjoy, "as being the Sonnes of two so Noble, and high deseruing Fathers, the Mirrours of these latter ages; whose Examples concurring with the inbred vertue of your owne Dispositons, inuite you to the Patronage of Arts, to the Profession and Exercise of Armes: the former you haue manifested by your Munificence; the latter, by the free aduenture of your owne Persons: as you my Lord of *Essex*, at your first ascent into the *Palatinate*, for your Ingagements in the Seruice of the *Netherlands*, and your last attending with much Constancy and Valour, in the troublesome Leaguers of *Meede* and *Rosendale*. And you my Lord *Mountioy*, for your Worth and Noblenesse, exemplified at the Siege of *Bergen op Zoom*, for the rescuing of *Monsieur Brecutees* Bodie from the *Spaniards* at *Meede* Leaguer neere *Breda*, and for the continuall perseuerance in your Noble Resolutions, and heroycall Indeauours." The second part, "wherein are related all the most famous Occurrences which haue happened in the Netherlands, from the Ascension of our Sauiour, 1622. vnto this present time, 1625," has a separate title-page, and is dedicated to "Edward Lord Conway Baron of Baggely, and one of his Maiesties principall Secretaries of State, and Sir Horace Veare, Col. Generall of the English in the Netherlands." In this part the author, with some degree of humility, acknowledges that they "are rather a Discourse then a Poeme, as truely and Historically relating the most remarkable and time-neerer Exployts, which haue passed betweene the *Dutch* and the *Spaniards*, in these last foure yeeres Warres of the Netherlands. In this List, the Siege of *Bergen*, and that of *Breda*, the Battels of *Fleury* and *Statloo*, with the taking of *Saint Saluadour* in *Brasilia*, challenge aboue the rest the chiefest place and prerogatiue. The rest are minor gests, and deeds of lesse consequence, yet worthy for their worths to bee kept in the closet of Remembrance."

Both books are preceded by an "Argument," and there are numerous marginal notes and explanations on the sides. The poem opens with a personification of Bellona, who calls forth a page "fell Discord hight," to break the bars of slumbering peace, and to inflame the various contending parties with the spirit of war, and will furnish a suitable specimen of the author's style:

> After the calmes of sweet contenting Peace
> Well passed were, and that luxurious ease
> Had griped on those Armes, which fighting were
> Imbru'd with blood, with danger, death and feare;

Bellona storming with a fatall rage,
Out of th' Infernall Cells calls forth a Page,
Fell Discord hight, with whom shee thus doth treat:
Doe not thy trembling vaines, dear Discord, sweat
Whole stormes of wrath? for that neglected warre
Crest-fallen mournes in peace; and that, that barre
Of milk-sop Treaties stoppes our raging Armes,
Stain'd with the blood of *Belgiaes* former harmes.
Behold that swelling State; observe and looke,
How proudly shee hauing the chaines off shooke
Of *Castiles* thraldome, liues in pleasing rest,
And roaues from Holland to the farthest West,
The West Indies were first discovered by *Columbus*. Spreading her tayle vnto* that Indian Maine,
Found by *Columbus* for Gold thirsting Spaine.
I long to drinke her blood, and to intombe
Her goared carkeise in my gaping wombe:
Rather let heapes of men, let millions die,
Then my blood-thirstie soule should want supply.
These three places in the Netherlands were famous for those fights which haue been made in them. Think'st thou that Turnholts field,* where thousands fell
Of slaughtered bodies could my longing quell?
Or famous Ostend, which for three yeares space
Maintain'd that siege, which did the world amaze?
Or that same blood, which fertiliz'd the sand,
That Mountaine like doth rise on Newports Strand?
These were but drops vnto my dropsie soule,
Which drinking still doth thirst; goe fill my bowle
Brimfull with vengeance, which I meane to powre
In stormes of blood on *Belgiaes* fruitfull shore.
There's liquor yet within the sacred vaines
Of great heroicke Spirits, that remaines
My Lord of Oxford, Sir Horace and Sir Edward Vere. An object for my lust: — there are the* *Veares*,
Three thunder-bolts of warre, whose courage dares
T' affront whole Squadrons: there is Cecill braue,
These would I haue to make the fielde their graue.
The Ogles of Lincolneshire came from the Ogles of Northumberland. With these time-honour'd * *Ogle* let mee place,
A Branch sprung from Northumbrian *Ogles* race,
And valiant *Mountioy*, who to *Blunts* great house
Fresh glory giues; with these then ioyne and rouse
Saintleger, *Conway*, *Burrowes*, and the rest,
Whose daring valour fitly may contest
With Romes old Minions; — let their whetted Armes
Vpon thy summons take on fresh Alarmes.
And since for richer streames of Princes blood,
My soule doth long to drinke a crimson flood,

Hirduo-like, faine would I sucke the vaines
Of great Nassaw, which with their mouing straines
Giue life vnto the members of that State,
Who with their power the Spanish pride doe mate.

Among the list of those who volunteered their services to join the wars, besides the Earls of Essex and Holland, he thus pleasingly eulogizes one of his own personal friends:

Besides this list there were of Voluntiers,
Braue numbers, and of brauer martiall Peeres,
Who for religions cause, for honours sake
Had left their deerest deares, to vndertake
The war gods seruice: here *Essex* his Counte
Appeares as Leader in the foremost frounte:
With him marcht he, that *Hollands* title beares
Amongst the liste of our illustrious Peeres,
And *Hopton* too, whom let me not forget,
(Borne in the fields of flowerie Somerset)
My friend and fellow both in Armes and Arts:
With the sweete tune of which harmonious parts,
Thou dost inforce my selfe, my muse, my loue,
T' admire their worths inspired from aboue.
Thee, vast *Herciniaes* woods, and *Isters* bedde
Swift Albis current, and the Neckars heade,
Know and resounde their Panegiricke layes,
Which blazon forth thy fame deseruing praise.

The author draws some strong pictures of the evils of famine which at times prevailed among the troops, and of the difficulty of procuring supplies of food; and also of the dreadful effects of the severity of the season in the Netherlands, of which the following passages may be taken as examples:

Nor is this all wee suffer, famine raignes,
Cleannesse of teeth in eury street complaines;
Things horrid are deuour'd, Dogs, Mice, and Rats,
Lowd croaking Toadpoles, hunger-starued Cats;
The *Flemish* Courser, and the *Frison* Steed,
High pamperd for the Saddle now must feed
The Riders Colon, whose vnsatiate maw
Both against Reason, Nature, Customes Law
Feeds on that flesh, whose liuing backe did beare
Himselfe through horrors mouth, through dangers feare.
Those high-fed palats, which not long since far'd
On *Frislands* fattest Fowle, *Westphalias* Lard,

Zealandish Salmon, and the wilde Boares haunch,
With which the richer Dutch doth cram his paunch
On solemne Feast-dayes; these, for want of meat,
Things vilifi'de and dunghil'd now must eat.
To redresse this our men their spirits rally,
And resolutely appoint a valiant sally,
By whose aduenture they might either die,
Or manumize themselues from penurie
Since better 'tis for Valour once to bleed,
Then still to feele affliction vnder need.

So also in the second book he again alludes near the close to the same cause of suffering among the troops:

Moreouer 'twas not the Castilians bent,
To take this place by forcible attempt,
By battering, *Petarring*, or *Scalado*,
By sapping, mining, or by *Camisado*,
They knew 'twere labour lost, 'twere worke in vaine
To seeke by force this Fortresse strong to gaine.
But famine was the plot, the *Fabian* course
By which they meant the Souldiers hearts to force,
And skrew to their conditions: for what strength
So Adamantine is? but yeelds at length
Vnto the force of famine; there's no law
Can giue prescription to a suff'ring mawe:
For *Cæsars* selfe must yeeld, and *Pompey* vaile,
If victuals with their hungry Colon faile.

* * * * * * *

But where the sworde one pettie squadron slew,
The Pestilence to *Plutoes* mansion drew
Thousands of soules, whose numerous Cohorts
Crowded the passage of the *Stigian* ports.
So that no stragling soule could portage gaine,
From th' vpper world vnto th' Infernall maine.
But O thou scourge of Armies, why shouldst thou
To *Mars* his steelie traine destruction vowe?
Why shoul l *Bellonaes* votaries indure
Thy bloodie fluxe, thy madding Callenture?
Why should the swelling blotch, the watrie blaine
That seate of valour with contagion staine,
And tainte that purer consecrated bloud
Which vow'd itselfe for *Belgiaes* publicke good.
Was't not inough to powre thy malice forth,
Vpon the colder Regions of the North?

To plague the warrelike *Danes*, the sturdie *Swecians*,
The *Rugians*, *Lappians*, and the slow *Norwegians*?
Was't not inough for thy death miniond selfe,
To *Golgothize* the streetes of stately *Delfe*,
And make faire *Leidens* trembling students flie
From learnings once, now deaths Academie?
Was't not inough to lay west Frieseland waste
And waste *Traiectum*? but with winged hast
Thou must inuade the Princes warrelike Campe,
And thousands kill with that obnoxious dampe,
Which first infects the subtle poared Aire,
And from thence doth our vitall strength impaire,
By tainting those vermillion flowing vaines,
Those life conducts with thy contagious staines.
And could not heere plebeian bloud asswage
The boundles bounds of thy luxuriant rage?
But must *South-hamptons* Earle, must Oxfords selfe
Dye by the darts of this accursed Elfe?
Must *Wriothsley*, *Windham*, *Chester*, *Halswell* dye,
Slaine by the shafts of dire mortalitie?
But deade they are, whether that angrie nature
Enuied to earth their more diuiner feature;
Or being malignant both to Armes, and Arts,
Skorn'd this Sublunar should possesse those parts,
Those seates of wonder, which with such a measure
Were powred forth of great *Pandoraes* treasure.
Yet these being gone, *Ratcliffe* reputed dead.
For *Pompeyes* repulse Fame-eternized,
Liues and suruiues, new Honours to attaine
From the defeated Colonels of Spaine.

At the end of the poem on a separate leaf are twelve lines of verse of no merit, addressed "To my industrious friend Master W. C.," and subscribed "Iohn Dowle Bristol." This leaf appears to have been wanting in the copy described by Mr. Collier, who states the number of leaves in the volume to be thirty-nine, instead of, as they really are, forty.

Of William Crosse, the author of the work, we know nothing more than that he was a Somersetshire man, born about 1590, and educated at St. Mary Hall in the University of Oxford, where in 1610 he took the degree of B.A., and in 1613 that of M.A. He shortly after left Oxford, and repaired to the Metropolis, where, according to Wood, "he exercised his talents in history and translation, as he had before done in logic and poetry."

He was one of the contributors to the *Justa Oxoniensium* in 1612, and to the verses published in 1613 on the marriage of the Count Palatine with the eldest daughter of James I. He wrote also *A Continuation of the Historie of the Netherlands from* 1608 *to* 1627, Lond. 1627, folio, which had been begun by Grimeston, and a translation of *Sallust*, published in 1629, 8vo. He appears to have joined the army in the Netherlands as chaplain, and in his poem to have related events of which he was himself a personal eye witness; but how long he remained there, or when he died, we have no further information.

Wood was ignorant of the poem now before us, neither is it mentioned in either of the editions of Lowndes, or in Watt. See Wood's *Ath. Oxon.*, vol. ii. p. 481, and Collier's *Bibliogr. Catal.*, vol. i. p. 165.

Collation: Sig A two leaves; B to L 2, in fours.

Bound in Calf extra, gilt leaves.

Crowley, (Robert.) — The voyce of the laste trumpet, blowen by the seuenth Angel (as is mentioned in the eleuenth of the Apocalips) callyng al estats of men to the ryght path of theyr vocation, wherin are conteyned xii. Lessons to twelue seueral estats of mē, which if thei learne and folowe, al shall be wel, and nothing amis.

¶ The voyce of one criynge in the deserte. — Luke iii.

¶ Make redy the Lords waie, make his pathes streight. Euery valley shal be fylled, and euery mountayne and lyttle hyl shal be made lowe, and thynges y^t^ be croked shal be made streyght, and hard passages shal be turned into plaine waies, and all flesh shall se the heath of God. — Esaie xl.

¶ Imprinted at London by Robert Crowley dwellynge in Elie rents in Holburn. Anno Do. MDL.

¶ Cum priuilegio ad imprimendum solum. blk. lett., sm. 8vo.

Among others who contributed to the metrical theology so prevalent in the early days of the Reformation, and who was equally well known as a printer, a puritan and a preacher, was Robert Crowley, a native of Gloucestershire, who became a student at Oxford in 1534, and took his degree of B.A. in 1540 as a demy of Magdalen College, of which he was made a

probationer Fellow in 1542, but probably left the university soon after to learn the art of printing, having, as is believed, acquired his knowledge of that trade under the celebrated John Day. In the reign of Edward VI. he commenced printing for himself, in Ely Rents in Holborn, and in 1550 printed two editions of the *Vision of Pierce Ploughman*. About the same time also he took Orders, and employed his leisure hours in preaching, in London and elsewhere; and we have seen in our notice of a former work, page 80, that he was found preaching before the door of Bishop Bonner's apartment, when he was confined in the prison of the Marshalsea. On the accession of Queen Mary, in company with many other Protestants, he left this kingdom and settled at Frankfort in Germany, to enjoy that religious liberty which was denied him in his own country. On the death of Mary he returned to England, and during the reign of Elizabeth had several benefices conferred upon him, including a prebendal stall in St. Paul's Cathedral, in 1563; the Vicarage of St. Giles's, Cripplegate, in 1566; and the Vicarage of St. Lawrence, Jewry, in 1576, which last he resigned two years after. To Crowley belongs the honour of being the first person in England who versified the whole Psalter, he having translated into popular rhyme the Psalms of David, and the Litany, with hymns, all which were printed together in 1549. He also attacked the abuses of his age in *One and thirty Epigrams*, printed in 1551, sm. 8vo, now become exceedingly rare, and printed and published many other works, chiefly controversial, both in prose and verse, a list of which may be seen in Wood. He was a strong predestinarian, and most zealous in spreading the principles of the reformed faith among the people, by whom he was much respected. Crowley lived to an advanced period, labouring diligently in his various avocations, and dying in June 1588, when he was about 70 years of age, was buried in the chancel of St. Giles's Church, Cripplegate, where he had been Vicar.

On the reverse of the title-page of the present little work are some metrical lines, "The boke to the reader," and underneath these is a list of "The contents of this boke." The work is divided into twelve lessons, bearing the title of that of "the begger," "the servaunt," "the yeoman," "the lewde or unlerned Prieste," "the Scholar," "the learned man," the Physician," "the Lawiar," "the Merchaunt," "the Gentleman," "the Maiestrate," and "the Woman." It is in alternately rhyming octave verse, of four lines each, with occasional marginal references to texts of Scripture. We select a portion of "the learned mans lesson" as a specimen of Crow-

ley's verse, the advice in which might be equally well applied in the present day to certain abuses still prevalent amongst us:

What shouldest thou speake of usurie
When thou dost take unlawfull gayne?
Or rebuke men for Simonie
When nothynge else doeth in the rayne?

Maye not the lay man saufly saye
I learned of the to by and sel
Benefices, whych to thys daye
Thou canst put in practise ful well.

Why should not I as well as thou
Haue benefices two or thre?
Sens thou hast taught me the wei how
I may kepe them and blamelesse be.

I can set one to serue the cure
That shall excel the in learninge
More then thou dost me I am sure
And also in godly lyueynge.

I can kepe hospitalyte
And geue as much unto the pore
In one yere as thou dost in thre
And wyl performe it wyth the more

Alas that euer we should se
The flocke of Christ thus bought & solde
Of them that shoulde the shepherdes be
To leade them saifly to the folde.

Repent this thyng I the aduise
And take the to one cure alone,
And se that in most faythfull wise
Thou walk in thy vocation.

Then shall no lay man saye by right
That he learned his misse of the,
For it is playne in ech mans syght
That thou doste walke in thy degree.

Morouer if thou chance to be
Made a Prelate of hygh estate,
To thyne office loke that thou se
And leaue not thy flocke desolate.

And fyrste before all other thynges
Seke thou to fynde good ministers,
And appoynt them honest lyuynges,
To be the peoples instructers.

Let none haue cure wythin thy see,
In whome any greate vice doth reigne,
For where mislyuyng curates be,
The people are not good certayne.

And for them all that do perishe,
Through thy defalte thou shalt answere:
Wherefore I do the admonishe
To loke earnestly to thys geare.

Take another extract from "the Lawiars lesson," which is also equally applicable at the present time, and is not without some humour:

Nowe come hither thou manne of lawe,
And marcke what I shall to the saye:
For I intende the for to drawe
Out of thy moste ungodlye waye.

Thy callyng is good and godly,
If thou wouldste walke therin aryght:
But thou art so passyng gredy,
That Gods feare is out of thy syght.

Thou climist so to be alofte,
That thy desyre can haue no staye:
Thou haste forgotten to go soft,
Thou art so hasty on thy waye.

But now I call thee to repent
And thy gredines to forsake
For Gods wrath is agaynst the bent
If thou wylt not my warnyng take.

Fyrst call unto thy memorye
For what cause the laws were fyrst made
And then apply the busily
To the same ende to use thy trade.

The lawes were made undoubtedly,
That al suche men as are opprest
Myght in the same fynde remedy,
And leade their lyues in quiet reste.

Doest thou then walk in thy callyng
When for to vexe the innocent,
Thou wilt stande at the barre ballyng
Wyth al the craft thou canst inuente.

I saye ballyng, for better name
To haue it can not be worthye:
When lyke a beast withoute al shame
Thou wilt do wrong to get money.

Thyne excuses are knowne to well,
Thou saist thou knowest not the matter:
Wherfore thou sayst thou canst not tel
At the firste whose cause is better.

Thou knowest not at ye first I graũt
But whye wylt thou be retained
Of playntyfe or of defendaunt
Before thou hast their cause learned?

For such a plea I blame the not,
When neither parties ryght is known,
But when thou thy selfe dost well wot
Thy client seketh not his owne:

It were a godly way for the
To knowe the ende ere thou began,
But if that can bi no meanes be,
To make shorte suie do what thou can.

If thou be a mans atturney
In any court where so it be
Let him not waite and spende money
If his dispatch do lie in the.

Apply his matter earnestly,
And set him going home againe,
And take no more then thy dutie
For God shall recompence thi paine.

The reader who wishes to know more of Crowley and his publications may consult Wood's *Ath. Oxon.*, vol. i. p. 542; and Strype's *Eccles. Memor.*, vol. ii. p. 139.

See also further concerning this little work, Warton's *Hist. Eng. Poet.*, vol. iv. p. 11; Dibdin's *Typog. Antiq.*, vol. iv. p. 327; *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 907; and an article in *Restituta*, vol. iii. p. 301, by Mr. Park. It is extremely rare, and is not in the Bodleian *Cat.* of 1843, nor in the Malone, Douce, or Grenville collections. A copy, wanting one leaf, was sold in Bright's sale, No. 1549, for 4*l.* 14*s.* 6*d.*; Midgley's ditto, No. 186, 3*l.* 13*s.* 6*d*; Sir F. Freeling's ditto, No. 314, ; Dr. Bliss's ditto, No. 1067, 10*l.* 10*s.*; and *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 907, 13*l.*

We may here mention that another short and excessively rare metrical tract by Crowley, entitled

Pleasure and Payne, Heauen and Hell,
Remembre these foure, and al shall be well,

London, 1551, sm. 8vo, sold in Dr. Bliss's sale, No. 1068, for 25*l.* 10*s.*

Collation: Sig. A to Diiii, in eights.

In Brown Calf extra, gilt leaves.

Chetham Society,

ESTABLISHED M.DCCC.XLIII.

FOR THE PUBLICATION OF

HISTORICAL AND LITERARY REMAINS

CONNECTED WITH THE PALATINE COUNTIES OF

LANCASTER AND CHESTER.

Council for the year 1868-9.

President.

JAMES CROSSLEY, Esq., F.S.A.

Vice-President.

THE REV. F. R. RAINES, M.A., F.S.A., Hon. Canon of Manchester, Vicar of Milnrow, and Rural Dean.

Council.

WILLIAM BEAMONT, Esq.
THE VERY REV. GEORGE HULL BOWERS, D.D., Dean of Manchester.
R. C. CHRISTIE, Esq., M.A.
THE REV. THOMAS CORSER, M.A., F.S.A., Rector of Stand, and Rural Dean of Prestwich.
JOHN HARLAND, Esq., F.S.A.
WILLIAM ADAM HULTON, Esq.
WILLIAM LANGTON, Esq.
MAJOR EGERTON LEIGH.
THE REV. JOHN HOWARD MARSDEN, B.D., F.R.G.S., Canon of Manchester.
THE REV. JAMES RAINE, M.A., Preb. of York, Fellow of Durham University.

Treasurer.

ARTHUR H. HEYWOOD, Esq.

Honorary Secretary.

R. HENRY WOOD, Esq., F.S.A., F.R.G.S.,
Mem. Corr. Soc. Antiq. de Normandie.

RULES OF THE CHETHAM SOCIETY.

1. That the Society shall be limited to three hundred and fifty members.
2. That the Society shall consist of members being subscribers of one pound annually, such subscription to be paid in advance, on or before the day of general meeting in each year. The first general meeting to be held on the 23rd day of March, 1843, and the general meeting in each year afterwards on the 1st day of March, unless it should fall on a Sunday, when some other day is to be named by the Council.
3. That the affairs of the Society be conducted by a Council, consisting of a permanent President and Vice-President, and twelve other members, including a Treasurer and Secretary, all of whom shall be elected, the first two at the general meeting next after a vacancy shall occur, and the twelve other members at the general meeting annually.
4. That any member may compound for his future subscriptions by the payment of ten pounds.
5. That the accounts of the receipts and expenditure of the Society be audited annually, by three auditors, to be elected at the general meeting; and that any member who shall be one year in arrear of his subscription, shall no longer be considered as belonging to the Society.
6. That every member not in arrear of his annual subscription, be entitled to a copy of each of the works published by the Society.
7. That twenty copies of each work shall be allowed to the editor of the same, in addition to the one to which he may be entitled as a member.

PUBLICATIONS OF THE CHETHAM SOCIETY.

First year (1843–4).

VOL.

I. Travels in Holland, the United Provinces, England, Scotland, and Ireland, 1634-1635. By Sir William Brereton, Bart. Edited by EDWARD HAWKINS, Esq., F.R.S., F.S.A., F.L.S. *pp.* viii, 206.

II. Tracts relating to Military Proceedings in Lancashire during the Great Civil War. Edited and Illustrated from Contemporary Documents by GEORGE ORMEROD, D.C.L., F.R.S., F.S.A., F.G.S., author of "The History of Cheshire." *pp.* xxxii, 372.

III. Chester's Triumph in Honor of her Prince, as it was performed upon St. George's Day 1610, in the foresaid Citie. Reprinted from the original edition of 1610, with an Introduction and Notes. Edited by the Rev. THOMAS CORSER, M.A. *pp.* xviii, 36.

Second year (1844–5).

IV. The Life of Adam Martindale, written by himself, and now first printed from the original manuscript in the British Museum. Edited by the Rev. RICHARD PARKINSON, B.D., Canon of Manchester. *pp.* xvi, 246.

V. Lancashire Memorials of the Rebellion, 1715. By SAMUEL HIBBERT-WARE, M.D., F.R.S.E., &c. *pp.* x, 56, *and* xxviii, 292.

VI. Potts's Discovery of Witches in the county of Lancaster. Reprinted from the original edition of 1613; with an Introduction and Notes by JAMES CROSSLEY, Esq. *pp.* lxxx, 184, 52.

Third year (1845–6).

VII. Iter Lancastrense, a Poem written A.D. 1636, by the Rev. Richard James. Edited by the Rev. THOMAS CORSER, M.A. *pp.* cxii, 86. *Folding Pedigree.*

VIII. Notitia Cestriensis, or Historical Notices of the Diocese of Chester, by Bishop Gastrell. *Cheshire.* Edited by the Rev. F. R. RAINES, M.A., F.S.A. Vol. I. *pp.* xvi, 396. *Plate.*

IX. The Norris Papers. Edited by THOMAS HEYWOOD, Esq., F.S.A. *pp.* xxxiv, 190.

Fourth year (1846–7).

X. The Coucher Book or Chartulary of Whalley Abbey. Edited by W. A. HULTON, Esq. Vol. I. *pp.* xl, 338. *Plate.*

XI. The Coucher Book or Chartulary of Whalley Abbey. Vol. II. *pp.* 339–636.

XII. The Moore Rental. Edited by THOMAS HEYWOOD, Esq., F.S.A. *pp.* lxx, 158.

Fifth year (1847–8).

VOL.

XIII. The Diary and Correspondence of Dr. John Worthington. Edited by JAS. CROSSLEY, Esq. Vol. I. *pp.* viii, 398.

XIV. The Journal of Nicholas Assheton. Edited by the Rev. F. R. RAINES, M.A., F.S.A. *pp.* xxx, 164.

XV. The Holy Lyfe and History of Saynt Werburge, very frutefull for all Christen People to rede. Edited by EDWARD HAWKINS, Esq. *pp.* xxviii, 10, 242.

Sixth year (1848–9).

XVI. The Coucher Book or Chartulary of Whalley Abbey. Vol. III. *pp.* xli–liv, 637–936.

XVII. Warrington in 1465. Edited by WILLIAM BEAMONT, Esq. *pp.* lxxviii, 152.

XVIII. The Diary of the Rev. Henry Newcome, from September 30, 1661, to September 29, 1663. Edited by THOMAS HEYWOOD, Esq., F.S.A. *pp.* xl, 242.

Seventh year (1849–50).

XIX. Notitia Cestriensis. Vol. II. Part I. *Lancashire, Part I.* *pp.* iv, 160, xxviii.

XX. The Coucher Book or Chartulary of Whalley Abbey. Vol. IV. *(Conclusion).* *pp.* lv–lxiii, 937–1314.

XXI. Notitia Cestriensis. Vol. II. Part II. *Lancashire, Part II.* *pp.* lxxvii, 161–352. *Plate.*

Eighth year (1850–1).

XXII. Notitia Cestriensis. Vol. II. Part III. *Lancashire, Part III.* *(Conclusion).* *pp.* 353–621.

XXIII. A Golden Mirrour; conteininge certaine pithie and figurative visions prognosticating good fortune to England, &c. By Richard Robinson of Alton. Reprinted from the only known copy of the original edition of 1589 in the British Museum, with an Introduction and Notes by the Rev. THOMAS CORSER, M.A., F.S.A. *pp.* xxii, 10, 96.

XXIV. Chetham Miscellanies. Vol. I. Edited by WILLIAM LANGTON, Esq.: containing

Papers connected with the affairs of Milton and his Family. Edited by J. F. MARSH, Esq. *pp* 46. *Plate.*

Epistolary Reliques of Lancashire and Cheshire Antiquaries, 1653–73. Communicated by GEORGE ORMEROD, D.C.L., F.R.S., F.S.A., and F.G.S. *pp.* 16.

Calendars of the Names of Families which entered their several Pedigrees in the successive Heraldic Visitations of the County Palatine of Lancaster. Communicated by GEORGE ORMEROD, D.C.L., F.R.S., F.S.A., and F.G.S. *pp.* 26.

A Fragment, illustrative of Sir Wm. Dugdale's Visitation of Lancashire. From MSS. in the possession of the Rev. F. R. RAINES, M.A., F.S.A. *pp.* 8.

Ninth year (1851–2).

XXV. Cardinal Allen's Defence of Sir William Stanley's Surrender of Deventer. Edited by THOMAS HEYWOOD, Esq., F.S.A. *pp.* c, 38.

XXVI. The Autobiography of Henry Newcome, M.A. Edited by RD. PARKINSON, D.D., F.S.A. Vol. I. *pp.* xxv, 184.

XXVII. The Autobiography of Henry Newcome, M.A. Vol. II. *(Conclusion).* *pp.* 185–390.

Tenth year (1852–3).

VOL.

XXVIII. The Jacobite Trials at Manchester in 1694. Edited by WILLIAM BEAMONT, Esq. *pp.* xc, 132.

XXIX. The Stanley Papers, Part I. The Earls of Derby and the Verse Writers and Poets of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. By THOMAS HEYWOOD, Esq., F.S.A. *pp.* 64.

XXX. Documents relating to the Priory of Penwortham, and other Possessions in Lancashire of the Abbey of Evesham. Edited by W. A HULTON, Esq. *pp.* lxxviii, 136.

Eleventh year (1853–4).

XXXI. The Stanley Papers, Part II. The Derby Household Books, comprising an account of the Household Regulations and Expenses of Edward and Henry, third and fourth Earls of Derby; together with a Diary, containing the names of the guests who visited the latter Earl at his houses in Lancashire: by William Farrington, Esq., the Comptroller. Edited by the Rev. F. R. RAINES, M.A., F.S.A. *pp.* xcviii, 247. *Five Plates.*

XXXII. The Private Journal and Literary Remains of John Byrom. Edited by RICHARD PARKINSON, D.D., F.S.A. Vol. I. Part I. *pp.* x, 320. *Portrait.*

XXXIII. Lancashire and Cheshire Wills and Inventories from the Ecclesiastical Court, Chester. The First Portion. Edited by the Rev. G. J. PICCOPE, M.A. *pp.* vi, 196.

Twelfth year (1854–5).

XXXIV. The Private Journal and Literary Remains of John Byrom. Vol. I. Part II. *pp.* 321–639.

XXXV. The House and Farm Accounts of the Shuttleworths of Gawthorpe Hall. Edited by JOHN HARLAND, Esq., F.S.A. Part I. *pp.* 232. *Frontispiece.*

XXVI. The Diary and Correspondence of Dr. John Worthington. Vol. II. Part I. *pp.* 248.

Thirteenth year (1855–6).

XXXVII. Che'nam Miscellanies. Vol. II. Edited by WILLIAM LANGTON, Esq.: containing

The Rights and Jurisdiction of the County Palatine of Chester, the Earls Palatine, the Chamberlain, and other Officers. Edited by JOSEPH BROOKS YATES, F.A.S., G.S., and P.S. *pp.* 37.

The Scottish Field. (A Poem on the Battle of Flodden.) Edited by JOHN ROBSON, Esq. *pp.* xv, 28.

Examynatyons towcheynge Cokeye More, Temp. Hen. VIII. in a dispute between the Lords of the Manors of Middleton and Radclyffe. Communicated by the Rev. F. R. RAINES, M.A., F.S.A. *pp.* 30.

A History of the Ancient Chapel of Denton, in Manchester Parish. By the Rev. JOHN BOOKER, M.A., F.S.A. *pp.* viii, 148. *Three Plates.*

A Letter from John Bradshawe of Gray's Inn to Sir Peter Legh of Lyme. Edited by WILLIAM LANGTON, Esq. *pp.* 8.

Facsimile of a Deed of Richard Bussel to Church of Evesham (for insertion in vol. XXX*).*

XXXVIII. Bibliographical Notices of the Church Libraries of Turton and Gorton bequeathed by Humphrey Chetham. Edited by GILBERT J. FRENCH, Esq. *pp.* 199. *Illustrated Title.*

XXXIX. The Farington Papers. Edited by Miss FFARINGTON. *pp.* xvi, 179. *Five plates of Signatures.*

Fourteenth year (1856–7).

VOL.

XL. The Private Journal and Literary Remains of John Byrom. Vol. II. Part I. *pp.* 326 *and two Indexes.*

XLI. The House and Farm Accounts of the Shuttleworths of Gawthorpe Hall. Part II. *pp.* 233–472. *Portrait.*

XLII. A History of the Ancient Chapels of Didsbury and Chorlton, in Manchester Parish, including Sketches of the Townships of Didsbury, Withington, Burnage, Heaton Norris, Reddish, Levenshulme, and Chorlton-cum-Hardy: together with Notices of the more Ancient Local Families, and Particulars relating to the Descent of their Estates. By the Rev. JOHN BOOKER, M.A., F.S.A. *pp.* viii, 337; *Seven Illustrations.*

Fifteenth year (1857–8).

XLIII. The House and Farm Accounts of the Shuttleworths of Gawthorpe Hall. Part III. *pp.* x 473–776.

XLIV. The Private Journal and Literary Remains of John Byrom. Vol. II. Part II. *pp.* 327–654. *Byrom Pedigrees, pp.* 41 *and three folding sheets; Index, pp.* v.

XLV. Miscellanies: being a selection from the Poems and Correspondence of the Rev. Thos. Wilson, B.D., of Clitheroe. With Memoirs of his Life. By the Rev. CANON RAINES, M.A., F.S.A. *pp.* xc, 230. *Two Plates.*

Sixteenth year (1858–9).

XLVI. The House and Farm Accounts of the Shuttleworths of Gawthorpe Hall. Part IV. *(Conclusion). pp.* 777–1171.

XLVII. A History of the Ancient Chapel of Birch, in Manchester Parish, including a Sketch of the Township of Rusholme: together with Notices of the more Ancient Local Families, and Particulars relating to the Descent of their Estates. By the Rev. JOHN BOOKER, M.A., F.S.A. *pp.* viii, 255. *Four Plates.*

XLVIII. A Catalogue of the Collection of Tracts for and against Popery (published in or about the reign of James II.) in the Manchester Library founded by Humphrey Chetham; in which is incorporated, with large Additions and Bibliographical Notes, the whole of Peck's List of the Tracts in that Controversy, with his References. Edited by THOMAS JONES, Esq. B.A. Part I. *pp.* xii, 256.

Seventeenth year (1859–60).

XLIX. The Lancashire Lieutenancy under the Tudors and Stuarts. The Civil and Military Government of the County, as illustrated by a series of Royal and other Letters; Orders of the Privy Council, the Lord Lieutenant, and other Authorities, &c., &c. Chiefly derived from the Shuttleworth MSS. at Gawthorpe Hall, Lancashire. Edited by JOHN HARLAND, Esq., F.S.A. Part I. *pp.* cxx, 96. *Seven Plates.*

L. The Lancashire Lieutenancy under the Tudors and Stuarts. Part II. *(Conclusion). pp.* 97–333.

LI. Lancashire and Cheshire Wills and Inventories from the Ecclesiastical Court, Chester. The Second Portion. *pp.* vi, 283.

Eighteenth year (1860–1).

VOL.

LII. Collectanea Anglo-Poetica: or, A Bibliographical and Descriptive Catalogue of a portion of a Collection of Early English Poetry, with occasional Extracts and Remarks Biographical and Critical. By the Rev. THOMAS CORSER, M.A., F.S.A., Rural Dean; Rector of Stand, Lancashire; and Vicar of Norton, Northamptonshire. Part I. *pp.* xi, 208.

LIII. Mamecestre: being Chapters from the early recorded History of the Barony, the Lordship or Manor, the Vill Borough or Town, of Manchester. Edited by JOHN HARLAND, Esq., F.S.A. Vol. I. *pp.* 207. *Frontispiece.*

LIV. Lancashire and Cheshire Wills and Inventories from the Ecclesiastical Court, Chester. The Third Portion. *(Conclusion).* *pp.* v, 272.

Nineteenth year (1861–2).

LV. Collectanea Anglo-Poetica. Part II. *pp.* vi, 209–456.

LVI. Mamecestre. Vol. II. *pp.* 209–431.

LVII. Chetham Miscellanies. Vol. III. Edited by WILLIAM LANGTON, Esq.: containing

On the South Lancashire Dialect, with Biographical Notices of John Collier, the author of *Tim Bobbin*. By THOS. HEYWOOD, Esq. *pp.* 84.

Rentale de Cokersand: being the Bursar's Rent Roll of the Abbey of Cokersand, in the County Palatine of Lancaster, for the year 1501. Printed from the Original. Edited by the Rev. F. R. RAINES, M.A., F.S.A. *pp.* xviii, 46.

The Names of all the Gentlemen of the best callinge wthin the countye of Lancastre, whereof choyse ys to be made of a c'ten number to lend vnto her Ma^{tye} moneye vpon privie seals in Janvarye 1588. From a manuscript in the possession of the Rev. F. R. RAINES, M.A., F.S.A. *pp.* 9.

Some Instruction given by William Booth Esquire to his stewards John Carington and William Rowcrofte, upon the purchase of Warrington by Sir George Booth Baronet and William Booth his son, A.D. MDCXVIII. Communicated by WILLIAM BEAMONT, Esq. *pp.* 8.

Letter from Sir John Seton, Manchester y^{e} 25 M'ch, 1643. Edited by THOMAS HEYWOOD, Esq., F.S.A. *pp.* 15.

The Names of eight hundred inhabitants of Manchester who took the oath of allegiance to Charles II. in April, 1679. Communicated by JOHN HARLAND, F.S.A. *pp.* 8.

The Pole Booke of Manchester, May y^{e} 22^{d} 1690. Edited by WILLIAM LANGTON, Esq. *pp.* 43. *Map and folding Table.*

Twentieth year (1862–3).

LVIII. Mamecestre. Vol. III. *(Conclusion.)* *pp.* xl, 433–627.

LIX. A History of the Chantries within the County Palatine of Lancaster: being the Reports of the Royal Commissioners of Henry VIII., Edward VI., and Queen Mary. Edited by the Rev. F. R. RAINES, M.A., F.S.A. Vol. I. *pp.* xxxix, 168.

LX. A History of the Chantries within the County Palatine of Lancaster, &c. Vol. II. *(Conclusion).* *pp.* 169–323.

Twenty-first year (1863–4).

General Index to the Remains Historical and Literary published by the Chetham Society, vols. I–XXX. *pp.* viii, 168.

LXI. I. Abbot's Journal. II. An Account of the Tryalls &c. in Manchester in 1694. Edited by the Rt. Rev. ALEXANDER GOSS, D.D. *pp.* xix, 32; xxi, 42; 5.

LXII. Discourse of the Warr in Lancashire. Edited by WILLIAM BEAMONT, Esq. *pp.* xxxiv, 164. *Two Plates.*

Twenty-second year (1864–5).

VOL.

LXIII. A Volume of Court Leet Records of the Manor of Manchester in the Sixteenth Century. Compiled and edited by JOHN HARLAND, F.S.A. *pp.* xix, 208. *Frontispiece.*

LXIV. A Catalogue of the Collection of Tracts for and against Popery. Part II. To which are added an Index to the Tracts in both editions of Gibson's Preservative, and a reprint of Dodd's Certamen, Utriusque Ecclesiæ. Edited by THOMAS JONES, Esq. B.A. *pp.* x, 269, 17.

LXV. Continuation of the Court Leet Records of the Manor of Manchester, A.D. 1586–1602. By JOHN HARLAND, Esq. *pp.* viii, 128.

Twenty-third year (1865–6).

LXVI. The Stanley Papers. Part III. Private Devotions and Miscellanies of James seventh earl of Derby, K.G., with a Prefatory Memoir and Appendix of Documents. Edited by the Rev. CANON RAINES, M.A., F.S.A. Vol. 1. *pp.* i-ccviii. *Four Plates.*

LXVII. The Stanley Papers. Part III. Vol. 2. *pp.* ccix-cccxcv. *Four Plates.*

LXVIII. Collectanea relating to Manchester and its Neighbourhood, at various periods. Compiled arranged and edited by JOHN HARLAND, F.S.A. Vol. I. *pp.* viii, 258.

Twenty-fourth year (1866–7).

LXIX. The Admission Register of the Manchester School, with some Notices of the more distinguished Scholars. Edited by the Rev. JEREMIAH FINCH SMITH, M.A., Rector of Aldridge, Staffordshire, and Rural Dean. Vol. I., from A.D. 1730 to A.D. 1775. *pp.* viii, 253.

LXX. The Stanley Papers. Part III. Vol. 3. *(Conclusion.)* *pp.* 112 and 65. *Frontispiece.*

LXXI. Collectanea Anglo-Poetica. Part III. *pp.* x, 282.

Twenty-fifth year (1867–8).

LXXII. Collectanea relating to Manchester and its Neighbourhood. Vol. II. *pp.* viii, 252.

LXXIII. The Admission Register of the Manchester School, with some Notices of the more distinguished Scholars. Edited by the Rev. JEREMIAH FINCH SMITH, M.A., Rector of Aldridge, Staffordshire, and Rural Dean. Vol. II., from A.D. 1776 to A.D. 1807. *pp.* v, 302.

LXXIV. Three Lancashire Documents of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Centuries, namely: I. The Great De Lacy Inquisition, Feb 16, 1311. II. Survey of 1320–1346. III. Custom Roll and Rental of the Manor of Ashton-under-Lyne, 1421. Edited by JOHN HARLAND, Esq., F.S.A. *pp.* xiii, 140.

Twenty-sixth year (1868-9).

LXXV. Lancashire Funeral Certificates. Edited by THOMAS WILLIAM KING, Esq., F.S.A., York Herald. With additions by the Rev. F. R. RAINES, M.A., F.S.A., Vice-President of the Chetham Society. *pp.* viii, 102.

LXXVI. Observations and Instructions divine and morall. In Verse. By Robert Heywood of Heywood, Lancashire. Edited by JAMES CROSSLEY, Esq., F.S.A. *pp.* xxiv, 108.

LXXVII. Collectanea Anglo-Poetica. Part IV. *pp.* vi, 260.

Charles Simms and Co., Printers, Manchester.

18.19

6223.1